

ANNIVERSARY

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE

VOL. XXV

NO. 1

NOVEMBER
1912



PUBLISHED AT
AUGUSTA, MAINE

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which is combined and consolidated
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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United States and Cuba, 25c. for 15 months
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Subscriptions for England and Foreign Countries, 50c. per year.
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Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine, as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by

W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,

Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

November, 1912

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Crumbs of Comfort

The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. Some people dig their graves with their teeth. The battle of life is not won by keeping off of the firing line.

Every time a person laughs it adds good to his fragment of life.

If your aim be right, your life in its details cannot be far wrong.

If one will try to make it so, old age may be as beautiful as youth.

'Tis good in every case, you know,

To have two strings unto your bow.

—Churchill.

Adversity is the diamond dust that Heaven polishes its jewels with.

A prayer in its simplest definition is but a wish turned heavenward.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

People who are always hesitating which of two things to do first, never do either.

The man who is always looking about for what he can find, never finds anything.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be thrown into the very lap of fortune.

When life is ruined for the sake of money, the ruined life cares nothing for the money.

Every day comes to us like a friend in disguise with a priceless gift in an unseen hand.

Take life as though it were a grand opportunity to carry forward great and good works.

You can't throw a candle through the side of a tent, but you can shoot it through an oak plank.

Sometimes the truest lives of all are lived by those who fall and fall.—Veon.

Whoever is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point, he will progress no more.

The man of grit carries in his presence a power which spares him the necessity of representing insult.

It is the part of a wise man to keep himself today for tomorrow and not to venture all his eggs in one basket.

Gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing on the best moments of life.

The Memory House

A Thanksgiving Surprise Party

By Louise Taylor Davis

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"YOU can take it from me," remarked the conductor affably, "you won't get no further tonight on this here trolley." Pulling his coat up about his ears, he composed himself for slumber on one of the seats, while Sherwood peered gloomily through the misted glass, in a vain attempt to discern something beyond the huge snowdrift in which the car was stuck, finally and irrevocably, after a series of stickings and dislodgments which had consumed the last half hour. From the front platform the motor-man stamped snowily in.

"Hard and fast, eh, Sam?" inquired the conductor.

"Hell, yes," returned the motor-man dispassionately, preparing to steam himself at the red-hot stove which occupied the central position in the battered little car. "Nothing doing now until the snow-plough hunts us up, and Lord knows when that'll be. These little country lines certainly do get tied up in a blizzard," this last to Sherwood.

"Just where are we?" inquired the latter, turning from the window. "It's so dark I can't see a thing."

"I judge we're about a quarter of a mile from your place, now," the conductor answered. "Ain't you Mr. Sherwood that owns the boongalow? I ain't seen you around here for some time, but I remembered you right away."

"No," said Sherwood, "I'm not living here now, but I came to get some things from the house, and selected the worst day in the year to do it. Guess I'm a prisoner over Thanksgiving with nothing to eat."

He buttoned his overcoat, turned up his collar, and started for the back platform. "Once I get my bearings I can make it all right," he said. "What are you two going to do?"

"Oh, we'll stay right here in this parlor-car 'till we're dug out," returned the jocular conductor. He accompanied Sherwood to the platform, and stood peering into the darkness.

"There's your house," he announced suddenly, pointing to a speck of light, which from a point some distance up the track, gleamed dimly through the falling snow. "That light must be shining through one of the windows."

"That can't be the house," said Sherwood, doubtfully. "There wouldn't be any light in it, because no one is living there."

"That's it," reaffirmed the conductor. "Only house hereabouts, and it's right in that direction. You'd better steer by that light."

Head bent doggedly to the storm, Sherwood swung off into the drifts. Through the shrieking of the wind, the conductor's voice reached him faintly. "Say! Them boongalows, sittin' on top o' lonely hills, is all right in summer, but gimme civilization in the winter. Haw, haw—"

The laugh ceased abruptly, as the closing car door shut in its owner.

Sherwood stumbled along, the snowflakes hissing past him and cursed the luck which had led him to make the trip on this day of all others, to be greeted at his journey's end by such conditions. The prospect of a dark, icy-cold, deserted house was not pleasant. He had expected to arrive long enough before dark to get a roaring fire started, and make himself snug and comfortable for the night. Now, owing to the vexatious delays caused by the storm, it was six o'clock, he was tired, chilled through, ravenously hungry. However, there was nothing to do but make the best of it, he told himself, and plodded on. He was now beginning to distinguish familiar landmarks, and to his surprise, discovered that the light pointed out to him by the conductor, was indeed proceeding from a window of the house he had thought tenanted. Its bulk loomed close before him, dark except for the little ray of light that winked cheerfully at him through the snow.

"Who in thunder—" he wondered aloud, and stepped into an apparently bottomless pit. Struggling up again, both sleeves full of snow, wild with unreasoning rage against the elements, he launched himself desperately through the drift and gained the porch. The "boongalow," a nine days' wonder to the country folk, for this and other reasons, turned its back uncompromisingly to the "trolley-line" and the road, and looked out over the far-away hills. Thus the porch upon which Sherwood now stood was the back porch of the little dwelling, and it became

apparent that it was the kitchen window from which the light streamed.

Completely mystified, he fumbled the key from an irritatingly inaccessible pocket, discovered the keyhole by some sixth sense, and for the first time in a year, stepped across the threshold. The quaint little kitchen, cheery with lamplight, warm, well-ordered, received him hospitably. Signs of disorder and desertion, such as he had pictured, there were none. His amazed eyes beheld the familiar little room, just as so many times he had seen it, when, tired and cold, he had come home from "the city" to its rest and cheer. Benumbed with cold and dazed with surprise, he stood motionless, until a slight sound made him wheel suddenly. Elizabeth, in a blue gingham dress, stood in the doorway between the kitchen and the dining-room.

These two who had so often in this room flown to each other, rapturously greeting, now stood staring blankly.

"I thought—I thought it was Amos," she stammered, stupidly.

"Did you?" he inquired, with no less idiocy.

Surprise then became a trifle more articulate, but the ensuing jumble of questions and exclamations was too incoherent to afford any enlightenment.

"Well, what on earth—"

"When did you—"

"Have you—"

"How—"

"Stop, Jimsy," she cried at last, her fingers in her ears. "I can't hear either you or myself. Now let me talk. You must wonder why I'm here. I came this morning before it started to snow so hard, but goodness knows, I wouldn't have come if I'd known it was going to be so awful. There were some things I wanted to get, and I thought while I was here, I'd get the house in order. I wrote Amos (you remember the old man who took care of our garden), sent him a key, and told him to come here yesterday, and make a fire in the furnace, and one in the kitchen stove. I told him I'd arrive this morning, and asked him if he and his wife couldn't come and stay here with me for several days. When I arrived," her voice rose on a tragic note, "the house was warm and in perfect order, but no Amos, and no Amos's wife. I've been expecting them every minute since, but they've never come, and then this blizzard started, and it got dark, and I heard you and was simply frightened to pieces."

She paused, then "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

Seeing Elizabeth before him, looking just as he had last seen her, hearing her voice, noting the well-remembered, vivid gesticulation, Sherwood gradually lost his first dazed feeling of being in a dream. He began to take off his dripping overcoat, answering his wife's question.

"I'm doing the same thing you are," he said, cheerfully—the situation, from its very embarrassment, had best be met lightly—"I came to get some things, and should have been here hours ago, but the train was late, and the confounded trolley—"

"Trolley?" she interrupted. "Are they running? I wanted to go back when I found Amos wasn't coming, but I haven't seen one for hours."

"They aren't running," he assured her. "The one I came on was crawling, and it ceased even that much progression some distance down the road."

The glowing stove invited him, and he moved toward it, chasing his numb hands.

"You must be frozen, and I've kept you here talking," Elizabeth's tone was contrite. "Come in to the studio at once. There's a huge fire on the hearth—Amos must have cut the logs, and I found it all laid."

He followed her through the dining-room to the long studio he had loved so. Apparently, nothing had been changed since he had last seen it. It was deliciously warm in there, and the leaping flames in the great fireplace at one end, lit up the room with a mellow, flickering light. The feeling of unreality stole over him again, and Elizabeth's voice seemed mistily far off, a part of the dream.

"Please take off those things. There are lots of your clothes up-stairs, and I'll get them for you in a jiffy, and a big rough towel. You can undress here in front of the fire and rub yourself dry. I'll drop the things over the banister to you."

Sherwood sank down on the settle at one end of the fireplace, and watched her mount the stairs at the other end of the room. She ran up

lightly, a girlish figure in the short blue dress, and—yes, the heels of the frivolous, big-bowed slippers she wore click-clacked on the steps, just as they had always done when she ran up-stairs. The sound brought him back quickly to reality, and a quick resentment gripped him that fate should have played this most distressing practical joke upon him.

Many clothes rolled into a big bundle, thudded over the banister to the floor below.

"Everything's there," said an unseen Elizabeth, "and here are some shoes—look out! Now hurry, and call me when you're dressed. I'll have something else for you."

No matter how uncomfortable one's frame of mind, it must, to some extent, be reacted upon by dry clothes and a warm body, coming after long-continued, damp discomfort. Ten minutes later, a very much more cheerful man signified the completion of his toilet. She must have been expecting the summons, for almost instantly she appeared on the landing, carefully carrying two bottles.

"Scotch and rye," she announced gaily.

"Found 'em up-stairs in the linen-closet." She bustled off to the kitchen for glasses, leaving him wondering a little bitterly, that she could appear so natural, so little perturbed by the situation in which they found themselves. It is possible that something of his thought was communicated to her, for she said, as she stood watching him pour out the "big one" she had advised: "Jimsie, don't let's be foolish about this matter. It's too bad we both hit on the same time to come here, but we did, and we needn't get uncomfortable about it. Let's be sensible, and—"

and— the down-cast eyes were following an intricate pattern her forefinger traced on the table top. "We won't refer to things at all."

Sherwood's eyes were on the glowing logs.

"All right, Bets," he said, gravely. She noticed that he used the little nickname for the first time. "Here's to our sensibleness."

He looked at her over his lifted glass, and something in his eyes made her turn quickly away.

"Now then," she said, "let's get some dinner."

"Where?" he demanded. "I'm wildly hungry, but I didn't suppose there'd be anything to eat but some sandwiches I brought in my pocket."

"I have provisions for two or three days," she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.)

The Early Bird

By Wallace Arthur

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SILMSON threw his hat on the desk and grined. "Wilkes, you're the best friend I have in the bunch, and moreover, you're a man in authority, and I've got a scheme I want to put through with your help. Will you do it?"

The other hesitated, then said, "I guess I'm with you; what is it?"

"Well, here's the whole story. I'm pretty much in love with a girl this motorman of yours, Reed, loves; I've been seeing quite a little of her out at the boarding place, but this Reed has an awful strong hold with her. Now, I got wind that she is going to give him an answer tonight after he is through work as to whether or not she will marry him. She's the kind of girl, you know, that thinks such a thing as that the greatest thing on earth. Now, I am anxious to stave this off; and I want you to help me in this way. I heard you giving Wells orders to take that extra into the city; give that job to Reed—see? He will be in from his run in a few moments; don't give him time to telephone or anything. Then, I'll go up and see her, and if I'm not much mistaken her pride will be touched, and perhaps things may break my way. Get the idea?"

"I get the idea—but—it's rather raw—"

"All's fair in love and war—here he comes in now to report."

A young, quiet-faced fellow entered the office with his papers. He deposited them and started to go out. Wilkes called him back.

"Reed, you're one of the best men we've got for the front of the car, and I am going to send a special into the city tonight for a load; it's a particular job, and I want you to hustle out; there's your car all ready for you in the barn."

The honest face went pale. "But, Mr. Wilkes, I—my—I—"

"Don't tell me you can't—I don't take that from my men; there are too many on the waiting list."

The young fellow stood silent and dazed. He started for the telephone.

"No time, for that—I tell you to take that car and go; the gong's ringing now."

Reed hesitated, wavered, fumbled his hat, then went out, took his place on the car and started. Silmson laughed. "By Jove! that was good. You blocked him so short, he couldn't talk—"

"Perhaps, but I feel like a cad. Son, it's going to cost you a good many dinners to pay for this what I'm doing."

"I'm game—and you ought to see the girl. I will go up now. Then, I'll come back—some later to report; and she'll be on the road to me. Terrible thing for a fellow to do what this Reed's doing. So long."

About eleven o'clock Silmson came in smiling.

"Great! here you have it. When I landed, she tried to make it plain that I would be welcome any other time, that just about that time she expected someone else—Jove! she was looking pretty—I worked around the conversation to the effect that I saw Reed going out of the yard on a car—ha! ha! she came up straight and cool in her chair. I went on to explain that he saw a chance to make a little more money, so he thought he would take it; you can bet I left out that you compelled him to do it—"

"Suppose he tells her that I ordered him to?"

"Bah! why man, she knows that no day-men are ever asked to run the night cars; there's always plenty to do that; her father was running them for years. Then, I tell you her pride was pretty badly hurt to think that a man should put anything whatever before his love for a girl. Well, anyway, under the circumstances I stayed, and stayed, and before I left, she agreed to tell me what my chances were, but not until morning; and poor old Reed takes the five o'clock car out, and she won't be up that time, so I've got him. I'm pretty sure of her; Reed's nothing but a country-boy—two years in the city, and he's lots to learn."

"Did you stop to think that he might stop the car and telephone to her from some place; did she leave the room while you were there?" Wilkes asked.

Silmson stared. "By George!—Bosh, you're trying to jolly me. Reed wouldn't any more leave a car because it's against rules, than he would shove one from here to the city. No—I've got him good and dead. Has he come back yet?"

"No, but it's about time—but he'll be late tonight; I forget there's a rule out that the late extras give way to the regulars; it will be twelve-thirty before he comes in."

"Well, I guess I will bustle for home. I shall be up bright and early—the early bird gets the worm you know—only in this case I got the bird."

Wilkes watched the young fellow go out, and his feelings were mixed, but the principal ingredient was shame; but he turned to his other work.

About half past twelve Reed came in; his attitude was that of a man worried beyond speech, and having the will to keep silent. He filed his papers without a word and started out.

"Wait a moment, Reed; why did you make such a fuss about taking that car out?"

Wilkes expected that he would plead the usual

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

NEW CHRISTMAS SONG

BY UNCLE CHARLIE

Uncle Charlie has just finished this Christmas carol and has set it to music for an aristocratic New York church where it will be rendered by the choir as one of the musical features of the Christmas service. Words and music, both new and beautiful, will be printed complete in December COMFORT.

December Christmas COMFORT

will contain a fine Christmas story complete, and other bright short stories and interesting Christmas features, and will explain the

New Parcels Post Law

which will go into effect the first of the new year. It is a very poor and unsatisfactory substitute for the real Parcels Post that other nations have and we ought to have. But such as it is you should understand it and join in the effort that will be made to get the real Parcels Post.

Don't Miss December COMFORT

If the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 290, or any less number, you should renew your subscription at once. Send us 30 cents today for two-year renewal, using the coupon below and taking advantage of the old subscribers' special low renewal rate.

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and a nice premium, too. Enter our Fifth Grand Prize Competition announced on another page; now open for December cash prizes. Easy way to earn fine Christmas presents and spending money, too.

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November, 1912.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

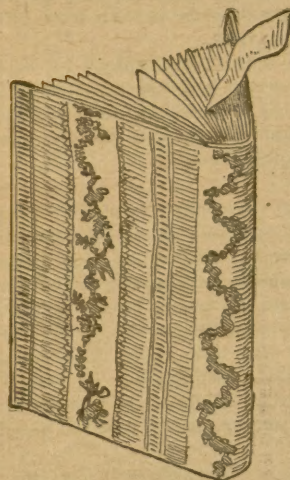
Home-made Christmas Gifts

IT IS always easy to find elaborate and expensive gifts but the demand for the homey, handy, little things, which are practical and also pretty, is not usually half met, so these ideas may prove acceptable and suggestive to the many women who are already puzzling over a list of names and wondering "What I can make for—"

But even with a limited amount of money one can enjoy giving to a goodly number if care is used in planning rightly. Remember that individuality is the main thing to keep in mind in making a gift; always select something which you know the recipient desires and can use and if it is anything that can be, it should be marked, as this makes it so much more personal and especially for you.

Made of Cretonne

A great variety of articles, both large and small, may be made of cretonne, and because it is so soft, yet strong, and so gay and cheerful in appearance it seems especially adapted for making Christmas gifts. It comes in all imaginable color combinations both light and dark. For making several of the articles here illustrated, especially the boxes, flowered wall paper could be substituted. But for the book or magazine cover the cretonne would, however, be best. The illustration is so clear that a description seems almost unnecessary.



BOOK COVER.

Simply cut a piece of goods the desired width and long enough to fold back and form into two pockets by overcasting closely along the top and bottom edges. Into these pockets the covers of a book or magazine can be slipped.

For an invalid friend one can make this cover still more useful by attaching the ends of a yard and a quarter of inch-wide ribbon to the center of each side of the cover; the ribbon loop is to slip over the user's head and serves to hold a book in position without having to do so by propping up the knees.

A similar cover designed for the usually unsightly telephone book can be made to suit the color tone of the room or hall in which it is to hang. One of bright colors, lined with green and bound with red ribbon, will have a Christmas appearance. The word telephone can be painted across the front or large black letters can be cut and pasted in place.

A Portfolio

Cover a heavy pasteboard, 16 by 21 inches, with cretonne, gluing down edges on wrong side. In lower right hand corner place a blotter held in place by two elastic bands. Above this tack a four-inch elastic, forming loops for pens and pencils. On the left side place two bands for note paper and above this envelopes. In the center tack a calendar pad and small waxed envelope for stamps. Complete this attractive little article by placing a penwiper in right hand corner and covering the back with paper.

A Set of Doily Cases

These are quite different in style but equally useful. For each size case two pieces of pasteboard will be needed, the outsides of which can be covered with flowered cretonne and the linings of plain goods. Finish the edges by turning in and overcasting neatly all around. To the center of the under circle of each set catch a piece of inch and a half wide ribbon sufficiently long to tie in a full bow on top.

Linen table covers, sofa pillows and laundry bags are very pretty trimmed with bands of flowered cretonne.

The Useful Darners

This darning is such a useful thing and can be made so pretty and sold for so little that it has proved to be a popular article. The one in the illustration is made of two balls of darning cotton which are fastened between two cretonne covered shields. These shields are made of pieces of cardboard seven inches long and two and a half inches wide and shaped to a point at each end. Two of these pieces of the shaped



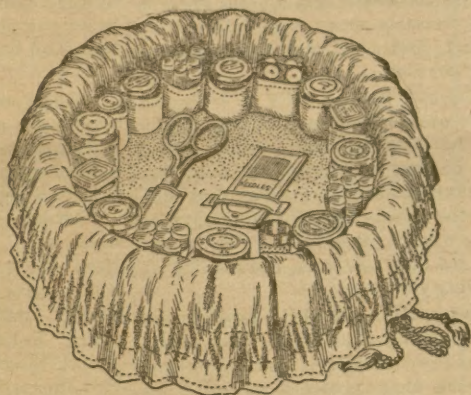
THE USEFUL DARNER.

cardboard are covered with cretonne and neatly buttonholed together to form each shield. The balls of cotton are placed between them and a ribbon run through the spools and through the top and bottom shields in both of which holes have been made for this purpose. A bow of the ribbon, which is three-quarters of an inch wide and of a soft old rose satin to match the stripe in the cretonne, finishes the darning and helps to make it one of the most attractive of inexpensive articles. The materials used in making this are, and always should be, of good quality, for the beauty of it depends largely on the color and design of the cretonne, and the soft colors and designs suitable for these little things seldom come in the cheaper grades, and besides the texture of the material in an article one handles so much is very noticeable.

The same idea may be utilized for a spool case by substituting four or more spools of cotton or silk. These encased spools cannot roll away and will save a busy sewer much needless reaching.

A Sensible Workbag

If you know of some busy mother with an always overflowing workbag near at hand, and usually a well-worn silk one at that, you will readily see how a nice generous one, made for its wearing qualities, would be appreciated.



A SENSIBLE WORKBAG.

Choose finely woven soft natural tone linen and then make it in the good old-fashioned way, with a covered pasteboard circle for the bottom, the sides felled on and a silk cord of golden brown to run through the top.

A circle six inches in diameter is a good size for the bottom. The sides should measure 12 by 28 inches and can be made of double linen if it is not too heavy. Add a two-inch hemmed piece to the bottom of the inside stitched into sixteen or more pockets for holding threads, buttons, etc., where they may be readily found. Such a workbag as this fully stocked with all kinds of sewing necessities such as cotton and silk, scissors, needles, beeswax, emery, shoe and glove buttons, tape, hooks, eyes and snap catches, is a gift not to be despised.



BAG CLOSED.

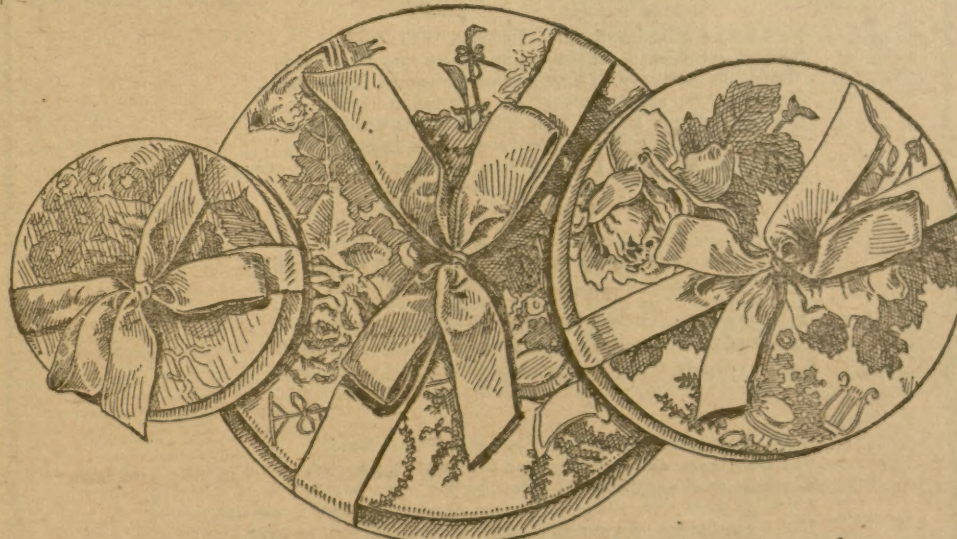
Centerpiece Roll

This little article is wonderfully easy to make and is as inexpensive as it is pretty. Saw off a troom handle about 30 inches in length, cover



CENTERPIECE ROLL.

with a couple of thicknesses of sheet wadding, gift will be welcome. Four boxes of the same size and shape and one twice as long will be needed. Cover each one nicely with either



DOILY CASES.

with rosette bows. An elastic covered with shirred ribbon to hold the doilies in place makes the gift even more complete.

Needlecase

A woman who sews is always glad of something new in the way of a needlecase. The little one shown is covered with bits of white kid, the edges bound with shirred ribbon and trimmed with ribbon bows. To finish the edges, put a running thread in both edges of inch wide satin ribbon, draw in to fit and sew in place. This makes a full soft finish and adds much to the attractiveness of this useful little affair. Pinked flannel leaves should be added or if one wants to take extra precaution against needles rusting, insert a number of small waxed paper envelopes.



NEEDLECASE.

A useful little novelty for a near-sighted person is a little needlecase filled with needles of different sizes threaded with cotton and silk.

Such a case can be lined with eider-down through which the thread can be darned and the needle inserted; then when needed it can easily be drawn out and until then the threads will be kept from tangling. On the outside these words can be appropriately worked:

A needle, though but small and slender,
Is both a maker and a mender.

Aprons

Those who do not care to or do not know how to embroider, can very quickly make attractive little aprons of flowered lawn or dimity trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Such aprons can be made up in various shades for different occasions as elaborate or simple as one desires. With a minimum of work one can be developed of a gentleman's colored handkerchief and a couple of yards of ribbon. The only bit of sewing necessary is in making the buttonholed slits through which the ribbon is run. A handkerchief used in this way makes quite a sizable apron with a tiny bib.

Another sort of apron which makes a really good Christmas or birthday gift is a toilet apron to use when traveling. For this natural colored linen is perhaps best, as something is needed which will not show soil readily.

Take a piece a yard long, bind around three sides with red satin ribbon, then turn up a piece at the bottom and divide into pockets as in making shoe bags. Make pockets for brush and comb, hand mirror, manicure set, talcum powder, hairpins, etc. Finish with a ribbon band which ties around the waist when in use. Such an apron does away with the difficulty of keeping one's toilet accessories all together when traveling or visiting.

Kettle Holder

Cut a piece of an old quilt, or several layers of heavy cloth tacked together, about six inches square. Cover with scarlet flannel or cashmere, and sew a cord around the edge, leaving a loop in each, or only one corner, as desired. Cut a piece of black cloth the shape of a teakettle and sew on the center of one side. Then work with black silkateen the words *Polly put the kettle on*, and, on below it—*Polly, put the kettle on.*

Trinket Box

For the friend whose motto is "a place for everything and everything in its place" this



TRINKET BOX.

strips of brass, finished at each end by small screws, the longest strip being made doubly secure by a screw in the center. If the boxes are small enough the transparent celluloid

collar stays can be used instead of the brass. The illustration shows plainly how these are placed so the boxes open by sliding outward upon each other.

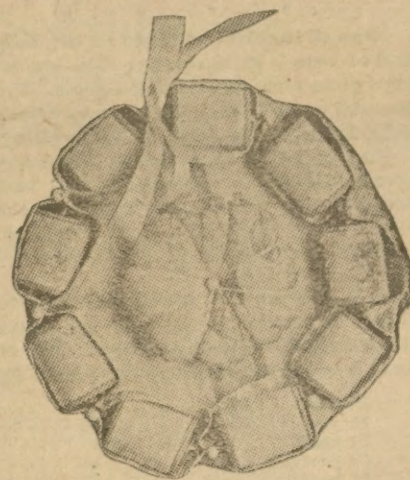
The heads on the covers are merely prettily colored prints which can be cut from any picture and fastened in place.

Sewing Case

The task of taking the necessary stitch in the nick of time is much more easily done if one has a place for everything and everything in its place.

After much experimenting a clever soul devised this easily made case, which is so small and compact it will be especially welcomed by any friend who has to economize space.

For anyone who does not enjoy the comforts of a home, no more useful gift could be made. Linen or cretonne would be most suitable to make it of. Cut two circles of materials eight inches in diameter, bind the edge of each with ribbon and then sew together around a circle of pasteboard five inches in diameter. Make a cunning little cushion divided into eighths with silk and finished in the center with a bead.



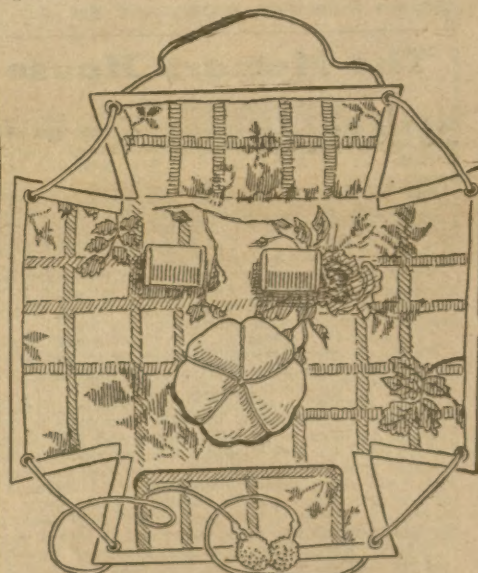
SEWING CASE.

Fasten this in place. Buy eight spools of silk and cotton including black and white fine and coarse cotton, and standard shades of silk.

Run a ribbon through these and encase each by catching the material together with a bead to form a little pocket.

Flat Sewing Case

The important feature of this case is that it can be laid out perfectly flat and then by simply pulling up and tying the cords one has a square work basket.

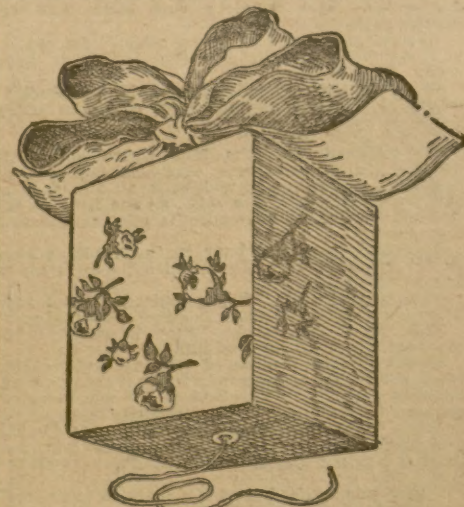


FLAT SEWING CASE.

The foundation of this is pasteboard, while cretonne, silk or other material can be used for covering. The edges are bound with ribbon and a strong silk cord used for the drawing string. To one side is added a ribbon bound flap under which is placed several leaves of pinked-out flannel for needles; a small cushion is also desirable but otherwise the fitting up depends on one's judgment and purse.

Twine Box

Plenty of twine always at hand is a great convenience, and a square box large enough to hold a ball of twine, nicely covered with a pretty silk or ribbon, is one of the things which can be easily and inexpensively made.



TWINE BOX.

Punch a hole in the bottom of the box and work an eyelet in the covering through which the twine can be drawn. Finish off the four sides, which fold over the top, to a point, allowing them just to lap; sew a button on one point and in the point of three work button-holes, then finish with a full bow.

A Few Words by the Editor

HERE'S wishing you all a happy Thanksgiving! "May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and even if 1912 has not brought you all the good things you anticipated you will find that there is much for which you have ample reason to thank kind Providence. So count your blessings and thank the Creator for all his goodness.

When barn and byre are safe,
When flocks are in the fold,
When far and near the burdened fields
Have bowed 'neath harvest's gold,
When clusters rich have dropped
From many a blushing vine,
And genial orchards, wide and fair,
Have owned the touch divine,
Then up from grateful hearts
Should joyful praise arise
To Him who gives the waiting earth
The blessing of the skies.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

One of the foulest blots on the fair fame of this great land of ours is child slavery. The last census report on child labor gives some astonishing figures. From it we learn that the total number of children under fifteen employed in mines, mills, factories, etc., reaches the appalling total of 1,752,187.

In the period from ten to fifteen, occurs the transition from childhood to adolescence, and normally each year included in that period marks important changes in the child's growth and development; herein any question relating to the education and welfare of the child, a difference of only one year is significant.

It is evident that as regards the problem of child labor, a child of ten or eleven years does not belong in the same class with a child of fourteen or fifteen. The census report classifies the ages of these infant wage-earners as follows:

10 years	-	-	-	-	142,107
11 years	-	-	-	-	158,778
12 years	-	-	-	-	221,313
13 years	-	-	-	-	288,427
14 years	-	-	-	-	406,701
15 years	-	-	-	-	522,854

An examination of this report shows that the great majority of these little wage slaves are employed in the South Atlantic and Middle Atlantic States, with New England bringing up in the rear. Our western friends will be glad to know that scarcely any infant wage-earners are to be found in the mountain and Pacific states.

The industries these children are engaged in are many and various. They include clothing, food products, canning, crops, confectionery, electric machinery, cordage, fur goods, patent medicines, gloves and mittens, artificial flower making, tobacco industries, pottery and fire clay products, woolen,

worsted and felt goods. Then, too, there are many children engaged in glass factories and coal mines.

Those interested in the agitation now going on to free children from their lives of slavery, have presented to Congress a mass of information that is simply appalling. Children have simply been torn from homes, schools and playgrounds, and chained to looms, sewing machines, and locked up in sweat shops for twelve and often thirteen hours a day.

The census report, however, does not deal with the abuses of child labor. It has come, however, to the knowledge of Congress from those noble men and women who are seeking to free the youth of our land from the thralldom of slavery, that children who are forced to become wage-earners before they have scarcely learned to become children, are stunted physically, morally and mentally, and the death rate among them is terribly high. In some Massachusetts cities hygienic conditions are terrible beyond belief, and here the death rate of babies is often as high as fifty per cent.

Senator Borah's Child Labor Bureau bill it is hoped when it is written into the law of our land, will rectify many of these horrible outrages on helpless children. Every effort so far that has been made to combat this frightful evil, has been defeated by mercenary manufacturers and heartless employers of child labor, who in the Senate have found plenty of men of wealth, or representing wealth, equally heartless, ready to defeat any measure that would interfere with the coining of the life and blood of children into dividends.

An attempt to forbid the handling of child-made goods in interstate commerce, failed dismally. As usual the constitution, which is supposed to be the bulwark of our rights and liberties, the mighty breastwork that protects us all from oppression, was used as an instrument to defeat this humane and Christ-like measure. It is unconstitutional to prevent those living in one state from poisoning and killing those residing in an adjoining state with the vilest of liquor and the rankest of alcoholic poisons; it is unconstitutional to prevent child-made goods being sent from one state to another, as they claim. In the light of such facts would it not seem that the constitution when interpreted by unscrupulous, unprincipled men, has with it many elements which are a menace to the nation and not a protection. But the truth is the constitution, rightly interpreted, contains no such baleful restrictions.

We must not, however, expect too much from Senator Borah's bill, for already the manufacturers are using their all-powerful influence to see that a man of their own choice is appointed to head this Bureau, and if such a man is appointed, the slaughter of the innocents will continue. Laws are of little use unless there are honest, fearless men behind them to enforce them. One of the very worst features of government in

America is the non-enforcement and public disregard of law. U. S. meat inspection has proven to be a farce. The nation has been paying a big sum for protection, but the public is being fooled and poisoned as of yore, and it has been charged that this is because the packers have a pull with the departmental heads in Washington while the public has none.

Let us hope and pray that public opinion and public sentiment will force Congress to see that the laws it passes are administered without fear or favor. Other nations enforce their laws and so must we.

Much of the social unrest, discontent and general dissatisfaction existing in this country today is due to the fact that the laws are enacted for the benefit of the people and are set aside and made nugatory by wealthy monopolists who profit by their non-enforcement. It is such conditions as this that breed anarchy and threaten the very existence of our institutions and liberties.

The demonstration farmwork in Arkansas has brought about such astonishing results that Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department has issued a special bulletin that will be read with avidity by all those who are interested in farm and crop production.

There are seventy-five counties in the state, and in sixty-one of these counties all the agricultural work is supervised by an agent of the Farmers' Cooperative Association, which began this work in 1897, when this movement was first started. Each county agreed to pay half the expenses of the agent. In 1911 there were 3,760 demonstrations, and no less than 9,788 co-operators, who represented more than four hundred thousand acres of agricultural land.

As a result of the scientific knowledge spread by those engaged in this movement, the average increase in yield from the farms owned by those receiving instruction, was from fifty to a hundred per cent. in grain and cotton, and the increased production in other crops was equally large.

Let no agriculturist despair. Let no bad seasons dishearten the toiler in the slightest. Scientific farming will yet make the poor farmer a thing of the past. Scientific farming will increase the value of farm lands. The up-to-date farmer knows this and has put the knowledge he has acquired to good use and to such good use that there are going to be as many automobiles in the country as there are in the city, and in many cases a great many more. What has been done in Arkansas can and will be done in other states. COMFORT is doing its share in this movement through its Modern Farmer department which is much appreciated by our readers who are mostly interested in farming.

Comfort's Editor.

The Memory House

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

told him over her shoulder, as she led the way to the kitchen. "A ham, and lots of canned things. You forget that I had planned to stay here."

She seemed all fun and merriment over the preparation of the meal, and Sherwood forced himself to respond to her mood. When they sat down finally, in the familiar dining-room, they were as gay as two children.

"You mustn't eat so much," she remonstrated, as he helped himself to a third slice of ham. "Goodness knows, when we'll get away, if this storm keeps up. It's getting worse, too."

"Whee-ee-ee," assented the wind, vociferously. "I don't care," declared Sherwood, recklessly. "I'm going to satisfy this interior gnawing now, and let the future take care of itself."

They lingered over coffee, and leaning back in his chair, the smoke of his cigarette half veiling Elizabeth's face from him, Sherwood fell silent. Everywhere he looked, some dear, familiar object brought back the past he had struggled to forget. The little room with its dark-paneled walls, the tall candlesticks, whose shaded lights were reflected in the polished table, the very look of the blue-and-white china, wove about him a spell of remembrance. Memories, associations, thoughts of dear intimate moments, rose like specters before him. Elizabeth herself, seen dimly through the smoke veil, might have been a wraith, a figure called up by fancy. She sat motionless, her head slightly bent, gazing unseeing into the depths of her coffee-cup. She was lovelier than ever, Sherwood thought.

He regarded her furtively, studying with that same pang of memory, the delicate line of the profile, the soft brown hair, the grace of the slender throat which the collarless gown left bare.

He stirred restlessly in his chair, and she started from her absorption.

"This will never do!" she declared. "Just look at all these dishes to be washed."

When they came back to the studio, after washing and putting away all the blue-and-white china, the fire was a bed of glowing embers.

"Don't," said Elizabeth, arresting his movement to throw on another log. "That is, unless you want it. I think I shall go to bed. I—I'm a little tired."

He wondered if he had imagined the catch in her voice. Her vivacity was gone, and she looked pale.

"I'll sit here and smoke a while," he said.

"Very well. You'll find the little blue room ready for you."

On the bottom step she paused, looking back to where he stood by the fireplace, watching her.

"Good night, Jimsy."

"Good night, Bets."

He watched the slim blue figure go slowly up the stairs, the heels click-clacking a little wearily. When he turned back to the fire, he saw its gleam through a mist, as the light in the window had shone through the mist of the falling snow.

Elizabeth was very busy in the studio with a duster when he came down-stairs the next morning.

"I'm awfully late," he apologized. "and I have a feeling that the furnace fire is on its way out."

"Horror!" she cried. "Stop it quickly! It's too cold for that sort of thing."

Following much noise of rattling and banging from below, he reappeared, triumphant, and announced that he had arrived at the psychological moment to prevent the total disappearance of the furnace fire. Elizabeth was engaged in the preparation of a most delightful breakfast, and leaning against the kitchen dresser, he watched her.

"Have you noticed that it's stopped snowing?" she asked.

He cast a judicial glance out of the window, inspecting the high-piled drifts and the lowering gray sky.

"Not for long, I'm afraid," he answered. "Those clouds look full of snow. I'm afraid you'll have to have me as a Thanksgiving guest."

He noticed that Elizabeth was looking distrustfully pretty in a pink dress, and audaciously he told her so. She turned grave blue eyes upon him for an instant, then looked away without a

word. He wondered if the air of gaiety he was forcing himself to assume, was quite convincing.

"Did you bring all those pretty frocks with you?" he asked her wickedly, as they sat at breakfast.

"Jimsy Sherwood!" She paused dramatically in the act of pouring the coffee. "Do you

mean to say you think these things are new? Don't you remember—" she paused, caught his eye, choked, then went on bravely. "They were some old things I left here when I—went away."

She broke the ensuing silence desperately.

"What have you been doing this last year?"

"I've been abroad," he said. "Studying."

Tough Times for the Turkey

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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I'm sorry Mister Turkey, but Thanksgiving day you see is scheduled for tomorrow, and that anniversary. Though a period of rejoicing for human beings, 'tis true is mighty tough, I will admit, poor Mister Turk, on you. You've got to lose your head, old boy, don't mind that trifle small; I've lost my head a score of times, it didn't hurt at all. Now, don't get all your nerves unstrung, and don't begin to cry; You'll feel elegant tomorrow in the oven with the pie.

We'll have a spread tomorrow, the finest in the land, Here's a note from Aunt Maria, I guess you know her hand; "Dear Bill," she says, "I'll be on time tomorrow for the feast, Shall bring my appetite along, and eat a ton at least. Regards to Mister Turkey, hope he's fat and in good trim, When he's on the table tell him, I won't do a thing to him." Don't mind Aunt Ria, Turk, old boy, be brave and wipe your eye; You'll feel elegant tomorrow in the oven with the pie.

Here's a note from Uncle Billy, fine fellow Uncle Bill; "Look for me, folks, tomorrow, and I'm going to eat my fill; Been starving now I calculate for sixteen days at least, Am going to fill up good you bet, tomorrow at the feast. Regards to Mister Turkey, and I'll try and do my best, To get away with both his legs, a wing and half his breast." You're weeping Mister Turkey, well, it's tough I won't deny, But you'll feel elegant tomorrow in the oven with the pie.

Sister Susan's coming, and she's just sent Mother word, "I'll bring baby after breakfast and help you fix the bird. Chestnut or oyster dressing? Now mother don't refuse; I'll bring them both, and you can then decide just which you'll use. If you can't make up your mind, dear Mom, which way to have him dressed Just go and ask the turkey which stuffing he'd like best." Don't get down-hearted Mister Turk, and for heaven's sake don't cry; You'll feel elegant tomorrow in the oven with the pie.

Don't worry Mister Turkey, for on Thanksgiving day, You'll be monarch of the table; king of all that you survey; You'll hear the minister say grace, and get a splendid view, As he raises one eye skyward, and keeps t'other eye on you. You'll hear them pass you compliments, laugh at the jokes they crack, If mad you feel when the cold steel is drawn across your back, Give the whole bunch indigestion, make them think they're going to die; Fix the details in the oven when you're roasting with the pie.

So cheer up Mister Turkey, though tonight your head you lose, There's not the least occasion for you to have the blues; Though you're going to get it in the neck, we'll see the axe is sharp, Biff! and you're in the turkey heaven, performing on a harp. Don't go and have hysterics, get your nerves all out of whack; Think how nice 'twill be when mother pours the gravy down your back. Now bid your friends adieu, and mention when you say good by, You'll feel elegant tomorrow in the oven with the pie.

She turned quickly to him, her face vividly alight.

"Oh! Have you been successful?"

"Yes, I suppose I have," he answered, rather listlessly. "I've been commissioned to do the mural decorations in a millionaire's ballroom, and ———'s magazine is paying me a very nice sum for the exclusive right to all my published work in the next two years."

She clasped her hands delightedly.

"Jimsy I always knew you'd do it some day! Why, don't you look more excited about it?"

"Well, you see, I've grown used to it by this time," he said, lightly. "However, I'm none the less elated, for all my blase air."

"It doesn't surprise me that success has come to you," said Elizabeth, seriously. "I always knew it would."

"You were always my kindest critic—more kind than just, I am afraid."

"Do you remember," she asked him, "how anxious you were to study in Paris? You said you would be sure to succeed with that added prestige. And now your wish and your prophecy have come true."

"Yes," he said, "Uncle John's money has done that much for me, at any rate. Do you remember how we used to wonder whether he would leave it to me, or to hospitals and colleges? I'm sure he never really approved of me, but I suppose the ties of blood were too much for him."

He pushed back his chair and went to the window. "Snowing hard again," he announced, but with very little regret in his tone. This solace de deux was beginning to lose its first embarrassing aspect, and was becoming a pleasure, keener from the very poignancy of the pain it caused him at times. Perhaps the "Do you remember" mood that they drifted into, was the cause of this change of feeling on his part.

Elizabeth came and stood beside him, looking out over the snow-buried country.

"It reminds me of 'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,'" she quoted.

The sense of her nearness caught at his heart, so that he moved hastily away. "It's apt to be our lodge for some time," he remarked. "Come on, Bets, let's do the dishes. Then we can loaf in front of the fire."

The day passed, outside a swirl of blinding snow, a chaos of wind-blown drifts, growing ever deeper. Inside, the fire leaped, died down, roared afresh as new logs were cast upon it. In two old friends of easy-chairs, dragged up before the hearth, the two spent the day, surrounded by books. They read infrequently—there seemed much to talk about. "Do you remember?" had their large share in the conversation.

At dusk they dined, then went back to the easy-chairs. There was no light in the room save that of the leaping flames. After a while, silence.

Sherwood, leaning back into the shadow, surveyed the occupant of the other chair from half-closed eyes. The firelight touched her flickeringly, bringing out the lines of the girlish figure in relief against the dark leather. Elizabeth's eyes brooded upon the flames, her face, he thought, had never been so tenderly beautiful.

"Elizabeth," his fingers gripped the chair-arms, but he made no other movement.

"Yes?" she said very softly, her eyes still on the fire.

"Elizabeth, I didn't."

Her eyes met his then, steadily, although her lips trembled. The dim room waited, breathless.

"I know, dear," the voice was bravely unsteady. "I've known for a long time."

The strained hands gripping the chair-arms opposite seemed to relax a little. Sherwood leaned forward, his attitude a question.

"I didn't write, because I was too ashamed of my injustice to you—" her voice was fighting bravely to reach the end, but it shook and wavered. "I—I know you could never forgive—"

The voice gave up the unequal battle.

A brown head, going down abjectly to meet the arm of the chair, found a different resting-place.

"Dearest! dearest!" said Sherwood. "Don't you know there never was, never could be anyone but you? Oh, I have missed you so!"

"It's still snowing," he said happily.

"And the ham's almost all gone," laughed Elizabeth.

On the bottom step they turned, to say good night to the fire-lit room, heartily thankful for the happiest Thanksgiving they had ever known.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"I FIND the best way to get my children to do the right thing, is to make sure that in fact, what I considered right was the easiest and most practical," says a mother of six.

"I tried to have the children keep their rubbers and overshoes in an out-of-the-way back room. This was a failure because my children are usually in a hurry and would not want to bother 'just then,' the same as you and I would not take the time to hang our kitchen apron up-stairs whenever we took it off. This arrangement would certainly result in our laying it down until a time when we were going for something else, just as my back room did for the children's rubbers, for they were scattered just because the place assigned was not a reasonable one. So in the back hall where the children pass when coming into the house, I had a strip put up two feet from the floor with wooden pegs set in. The novel plan interested the children, and nowadays I seldom see a rubber or overshoe out of place, and moreover, there is a saving of clearing the floor."

This mother tells me that when she falls in getting the children to form certain habits, she looks well into her plan and often finds a flaw that explains it.

The family I refer to is a wonderfully happy one. The children's rights are respected, which teaches the children in turn to respect those of their parents. A child will not stay at home any longer than possible who is forced to do hard and inconvenient things and is continually hampered at.

Talk with any child in a way to give him or her the idea that they amount to something and observe how quickly you will bring out the best in them. We are only grown-up children ourselves, and should never forget that in our childhood days an inconsiderate act hurt even more than now.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON:
Please may I come in this lonely afternoon to join your happy band of workers. I am a farmer's wife. We have forty acres a mile and a half from the little town of Genoa.

I have taken COMFORT but a short while and think it a grand old paper. I get so much help and comfort when I read the Sisters' Corner. I agree with Mrs. Burger in the pen words she told the girls in June COMFORT. Take her advice girls and be content on the farm. No matter how poor you are stay on the farm, and not go to the city to work, and I am sure you will be better off in the end.

I think Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson are doing noble work for the shut-ins. Mrs. Wilkinson is just the kind of neighbor we all need, don't we sisters?

I am a young housewife of eight months' experience, and I know she could help me wonderfully as a neighbor and I know that I would love her dearly. Would enjoy hearing from all the sisters.

Mrs. J. W. LONG, Genoa, Ark.

Mrs. Long. "This very complimentary of you to say you would like me for a neighbor, and were I, should try very hard to merit your good will. When I hear of women who have lived in one community the greater part of their lives (and this applies to the majority of those in New England) and are alluded to as 'a fine woman who never speaks ill of anyone and is always ready to do a good turn,' they rise very high in my estimation. It is the test of worthiness."

I hope the housekeeping will steadily improve, and that COMFORT will materially assist you.—Ed.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I am a new sister, but thought I would venture to send in a few words which I hope will prove helpful to some sister.

Have not seen any letters from good old Nebraska so will give a short description of the northeast part of the state where we are situated. It is quite hilly but our farm of one hundred and sixty acres is about the most level and one of the best farms around here. Lots of wild fruit, such as grapes, chokeberries, plums, elderberry, buffalo and gooseberries and strawberries are plentiful. Some tame fruit is raised, but not very much. I like this country very much.

There are lots of Indians around here, several of them have land joining ours. The Sioux tribe lives here. The young Indians are civilized, but the older ones are not. They try real hard to be like white people. They farm and some raise good crops. The squaws have some nice gardens. When we came here ten years ago they held picnics every Fourth of July and the first of August which always lasted a week, but now they only celebrate the Fourth and hold a fair at Santee agency, twelve miles north of here, every September. They still have their war dances at their picnics. They make fine beadwork of all kinds and they weave horsehair into watch chains, hat bands and bridles which are very pretty.

This is our first year of married life, and I have one of the best of husbands. I was three months from being twenty years old when married. My father owns his store at LeBlanc, two miles east of here and is postmaster. I go home once a week and don't get so very homesick.

I have one of the finest gardens, also three hundred and twenty heads of fine cabbage and lots of tomatoes. I have canned one hundred and twenty-five quarts of fruit for winter so far and have lots more to can as this is only the first of September. I will tell how I canned my peaches which are fine. Scald peaches, then peel them, remove stones and make a syrup by taking one quart of sugar to two quarts of water, put on stove and let boil about three minutes.

Drop peaches in boiling syrup, let come to a boil and boil about three minutes. Have cans hot, put peaches in and fill with syrup but do not put lid on. Then have a pan with two or three inches of boiling water in it, and set in cans, and put in hot oven and let bake for ten minutes. Remove cans, fill up with remaining syrup as some of syrup may boil out in oven, then screw top on tight, let cool, then put in cool, dark place. These are fine.

The people in our neighborhood have started a circle. We call it the "Good Hope Circle." I am the secretary. We also have a superintendent. We meet every other Sunday, studying two Sunday school lessons every Sunday, have Bible references, sing songs, appoint a member to read a good Christian story for each Sunday, have roll call and take up a collection for supplies and what is left over we use for song books. Also have three excuses for absence which are: First, sickness; second, bad weather; third, necessary duties at home. We meet at two o'clock.

I do lots of fancy work such as crocheting, embroidery, piece quilt and cross stitch, also do my own sewing. My husband has one hundred acres of corn and fifty-five acres of small grain. He also has a farm in S. Dakota of one hundred and sixty acres. We milk six cows and make lots of butter. In six months I have made four hundred and sixty-five pounds of butter, which has amounted to ninety-five dollars and fifty cents. I also have one hundred and twenty-five fine young chickens. Success to you all.

Mrs. MABEL BLANKENFELDE, LeBlanc, Nebr.

DEAR SISTERS:
As so many ask about the South I will try and tell something about it.

First it is the best place in the world for poor people because you can have a garden the year round. Most everything planted here does well. We raise all kinds of vegetable, and an abundance of berries for the picking. Peaches, pears, figs, oranges and lemons all do well. I live in the southern part of Texas and often wish that some of the sisters who know nothing of good health could spend a summer here. There are hundreds of acres of land which can be purchased at a low price and converted into pleasant homes. People who come here however must not be idle dreamers and think they are to be crowned with success and fabulous wealth in a few brief years, without effort on their part. The sturdy oak must be made to yield to man's progress and the rolling prairies contended with, but the free, happy life in the pure air and amid healthful conditions is so alluring that many are willing to brave the difficulties and labor with patience in the building of a real home. There is no "upper ten" here, no "big four," no caste, nor creed; all are lords and ladies of the prairies.

Sisters please tell me how to can the so-called apple mellow. I have quite a few and would like to use them.

Three cheers for COMFORT and its readers.

ALPHA McBEZ, Velasco, Texas.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I have just finished reading September COMFORT and how I do enjoy the Sisters' Corner.

Those who are troubled with constipation try eating bran for breakfast, a little milk and sugar improves it. If other food is taken, eat bran first.

A cup of hot water with a pinch of salt in it about one half hour before meals is also good. I take both.

I would like to hear from the sister who wrote to this corner a year or more ago asking a remedy for her baby which had dysentery since birth; would like to know if she found a remedy to help it. Our baby boy now three years has had dysentery since he was nine months old and the doctors have failed to cure him. They can check it but it always returns. So I turn to our helpful corner for advice.

Mrs. GUST ROCHESTER, Oak Harbor, Box 244, Ohio.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Today I received my September COMFORT and am reading it now.

I see where Miss Nannie Walters asks a remedy for scaly leg hens. Take a can or small lard basket fill about two thirds full of coal oil, and stick the hen's legs down into the oil up as far as her feathers. If the first treatment does not cure, repeat in a few days.

And now that winter is coming there will be many in need of a cure for chilblains. When butchering hogs, save a handful of the water that the hogs were scalded in. At night heat, and soak the feet in it, repeating for three nights. This is rather an unclean sounding remedy, but it will do the work.

I wish to tell that "happy mother of five" what a grand woman I think she is. She is what I call a good and brave woman, and wonder if there ever was such another.

I would like to write again and tell you how much I love the West. This is not my real home; I have just strayed off my range.

With best wishes to all I am your sister.

Mrs. DELLA MANGEL, 3611 Deodar St., Ind Harbor, Ind.

Mrs. Mangel. Your remedy for chilblains (one of the attending discomforts of cold weather) is most timely, and I want to add one that has relieved a good many cases.

Grate raw Irish potatoes and poultice feet over night. Still another way is to cut potatoes in small pieces without peeling, boil in about four quarts of water until soft, and while hot soak the feet in this. If the water has boiled away, add enough to bring it well above the ankles.—Ed.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON:

In September COMFORT, in the "Ancient Prayer," and should like to tell of my experience. Mine is somewhat different, but means about the same thing. It is rather long and I hope I shall not tax your strength. I wish however to speak of myself and why I wrote this prayer as requested.

I am twenty-one years old and have been married four years in October. My little girl is three Christ-mas. I have a good husband who is two months older than I. I can say I never once have regretted my girlhood marriage and my early motherhood. At the time I received this prayer, my little girl was sick with indigestion, and my husband was a terrible cold on his lungs health since last spring and with all got so I was very nervous and unstrung, so you may imagine just how I felt if I failed to carry out instructions. In fact it read thus:

"This prayer was sent to me and is to be sent all over the world, copy it and see what happens. 'Twas said in Jesus' time all who wrote it would be delivered from calamity, those who passed it by would meet with misfortune. Copy it within nine days and send to nine of your friends and on the ninth day some great joy will come to you. Do not break the chain. Do not sign your name, only the date you received this."

I copied it the same day. With all our illness I dared not disobey. But no great joy came, just the every-day happenings.

I feel better after reading what Uncle Charlie wrote and after writing this. My husband and baby are well again and I am somewhat improved.

Will say you may do with this letter as it best interests you to do as you see fit.

Mrs. ERMIA LEMDGREW, 216 Crescent St., Jamestown, Chas. Co., N. Y.

Mrs. Lemdgrew. I can readily understand how the strain of illness induced you to copy this so-called "prayer." Your loved ones were in danger.

I am glad you wrote me, and I use your letter by that to point out the fallacy of this document, the circulation of which is an abuse of the mails; something the government should check.

I cannot condemn too strongly anything that provokes superstition, for such an unsound method of reasoning will cause fatal mistakes through life.

I hope every one read Uncle Charlie's editorial on this "Ancient Prayer."—Ed.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
As I have never seen a letter from this part of Texas (Panola Co.), I will write a few lines.

I enjoy the letters very much. Mrs. Wells I have just read your letter in September COMFORT and I agree with you on that subject.

I have two children, both girls. My mother has been dead twenty-six years, my father died in the war in 1862, when I was one month old. Georgia is my native state.

I like books very much, but read most anything. Books are true revelers; they give all who will use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

I also am a dear lover of flowers. I think they help me to love a home so much. I will send a remedy for eczema as it cured my daughter's foot after having it for several years. One tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of calomel, mix all together and rub on the affected parts.

Until a short time ago, scarcely one person in a thousand had ever tasted a really good soda cracker—as it came fresh and crisp from the oven.

Now every man, woman and child in these United States can know and enjoy the crisp goodness of fresh baked soda crackers without going to the baker's oven.

Uneda Biscuit bring the bakery to you.

A food to live on. Stamina for workers. Strength for the delicate. Bone and flesh for little folks.

It will cost you just 5 cents to try Uneda Biscuit.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Would like to receive letters from the sisters.
Mrs. M. A. CRAIG (nee Propes), Carthage, E. R. 4, Texas.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
May I step into your pleasant circle for a few moments? Under your clever management there is being so much done to help COMFORT sisters and a great many that are not subscribers. I will tell you how I do. As soon as I finish reading my paper I pass it to a neighbor who does not take COMFORT. I have got a good many subscribers this way and for myself I would not be without COMFORT for three times the subscription price. I think Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie are doing noble work. My heart goes out to the poor shut-ins.

Mrs. Bell Johnson's rupture cure of oil of egg is all right for I cured my boy of two years who had been ruptured since six weeks old, and have also seen others cured. If I had to make the second batch of it I certainly would not get discouraged for I know it's a sure cure if used right.

I have neuralgia, have been confined to my bed for three weeks and part of the time not able to turn myself. I also have neuralgia of the heart. If any of the sisters could tell me anything that would help me I would surely appreciate it. Five different doctors have given me little relief so decided to turn to the Sisters' Corner. Your loving sister,

Mrs. A. TAYLOR, Pleasant Green, E. R. 1, Box 48, Cooper Co., Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

I live in Canada, but don't think I am a Canadian, as I came from the states three years ago. I was born in Michigan.

I live in the eastern part of Alberta, a rolling prairie country. We have a homestead three miles from town. Most of the homesteads are filed on near the railroad, but ten or fifteen miles away there are lots of them. A man can get a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres in three years, or a homestead and preemption by paying three dollars an acre for the preemption of one hundred and sixty acres and living on the homestead five years. We have a nice little town four months old. It has about fifty inhabitants, two restaurants, three lumber yards, two groceries, a harness shop, a hardware store, a church, a barber shop, a meat market and a pool room.

The winters here are quite cold; fifty below zero is the coldest it has ever been. We don't mind the cold so much. Last year I went to school through November and December and only missed about a week through the cold weather, riding horseback three miles. We are building a schoolhouse about half as far from here.

I am fifteen years old and have dark brown hair. I am five feet tall and weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds.

Marian. Your courageous letter is very promising and shows good spirit and determination. While a resident of another country you must be loyal to her, but do not forget your native state. I hope the little town in which you live will continually grow in prosperity.

Out of the fifty inhabitants, how many subscribers to COMFORT are there?—Ed.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please admit a Nebraska sister into your charming circle? I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for a long time, and I think there is no better all-around paper for the home.

We live in the northeastern part of the state. The climate is considered healthful for most people. Corn and small grains are the chief crops. A great deal of live stock is also raised.

What charming letters the sisters write! I enjoy reading them very much. Mrs. Nchemiah Kelley wrote again. I, too, think that children should be taught not to be afraid to speak the truth.

What noble work Mr. Gannett, Uncle Charlie and Mrs. Wilkinson are doing for the shut-ins and the public in general! How I sympathize with the poor shut-ins. There is a hard lot. Let us try to help them all we can. We can never tell how long we may keep our health either.

Now let me say a few words to the sisters who wish to vote. Do you suppose it would do the good we expect it to? A great many would not vote at all, and countless numbers would vote as their husbands do. Now I hear someone say we could close gambling dens, saloons and other places of vice, but sisters did you ever stop to think that many of these evils could be lessened if women would refuse to marry drinking men, gamblers and such? Girls be wise; look well before you leap. Much good could be done without the ballot if we could only see things in their true light. Now do not for a minute think I am not in favor of women voting, for I am. But there are two sides

to every question as you all know. Surely we might as well help make our nation's laws as the thousands of immigrants who come to this country every year, and help to make our laws before many of them know what they are voting for.

Sisters, how many of you have ever been across the ocean? We spent our honeymoon abroad last summer, and what a pleasant trip we did have. We were gone six months, visiting Denmark, England and Norway. They are all beautiful countries, but there is no place like good old U. S. A. for me. I think however, we might profit by their example, inasmuch as they have old age pensions, good homes for the old and helpless, something we will have to do after a while.

I will now close with a description of myself as most of the sisters do. I am five feet and three inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-six pounds. I was twenty-one years old last April. Would enjoy letters but could not promise to answer as I am very busy every day.

I, too, have one of the best husbands in the world and a sweet little girl four months old.

Long live COMFORT and its staff and readers.

Mrs. M. E. NIELSEN Monowi, Boyd Co., Nebr.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON:

As I have not written to dear old COMFORT in quite a while I thought I would write a letter tonight, and see if I could say anything to benefit anyone. I wish to write a letter on the "Care of Babies" and I hope every mother will derive some benefit from what I say.

First a baby must be cared for properly or it will not be a healthy child. Do not neglect your baby in order to do a little work. Let baby's cries be heard first and then you will find plenty of time to care for other things. Never leave a young baby on its back for it is liable to strangle to death. Do not feed a baby sweets, raw fruit, vegetables, or anything that is liable to cause bowel trouble. Plain food is the right thing for babies. Keep baby dry, or its skin will become rough and sore. For heat, rub well every little while with talcum powder or corn-starch, and also bathe with soda water, and sometimes weak salty water is good. Be sure to do all you can for a baby with heat, for heat is perfect torture to them. When a baby cries try all of the following, if one does not stop it from crying: Rub it well all over, feed it, see if it is too hot, or if the band on its stomach is too tight, give it a drink of cool water, and dry it if it needs it. A baby must have plenty of cool water, not less than eight or ten drinks every day, at night if it wants it. Be sure not to neglect this; try drinking warm milk and no cool water a while and you will see why baby is often cross and restless.

Do not let baby lie on one side too long, turn it over and rest it. Borax dissolved in water is good for sore mouth, wash baby's mouth out with soda water—a teaspoonful to a cup of warm water and it will often prevent thrush.

A woman is not a good nurse just because she is a mother. It takes study, care and love. The hand of the Divine Creator will help you lead your child right, if He is called upon in earnest.

Keep your floors carefully examined or baby may find and swallow a pin, or something of the kind. Glass is often in the yard and baby must be watched everywhere to prevent trouble. Care for your baby and do as I have asked you and your baby will be healthier.

Mrs. Webb, Center Hill, Ark.

Mrs. Webb. Your letter contains much sensible advice which can be easily followed. Of course some babies cry from nervousness, due to a condition of the mother, but as a rule bodily discomfort is the cause.

I want to endorse what you say about bathing. It's very beneficial, and many do not realize how heated a babe in arms becomes. Regular feeding goes a long way toward keeping the stomach and bowels well. A child cannot lurch any more than an adult without injury.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

This is my first letter. I love COMFORT better than any paper I ever read. It does so much good. I am a young girl eighteen years old. I help mamma at home. I have one brother and two sisters younger than I am. We just moved here from Texas. We have lived in Missouri, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas. Wish I could talk to the good COMFORT sisters.

I really wonder why it is so many people forget Jesus. He loves us so much; He even gave His life for us, and still we live without doing anything special for Him. We common people live peaceful, quiet lives, go to church and do not commit any great sins; but oh, dear ones, can't we realize we are doing so little. I know we all appreciate God's goodness but we fail to show it, and do you know the reason why? Just be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is questioned by an old wizen-faced man, a gypsy, as to Raven Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Colistine Denleigh, and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence, knowing the short cuts gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Sacerborne, the legal adviser of the Belmaynes and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke and his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of Mr. Sacerborne's client, Lord Belmayne. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children. Lady Marie, now a beautiful girl of twelve, and Lord Philip Belmayne, who suffers from a lameness scarcely perceptible, are going on the terrace Mr. Sacerborne looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp. Leaning over the parapet she could nearly reach Laurence Harding, who lies in wait. He knows the gypsy, calling himself Snapper is there. He detects him swoop upon something. Laurence thence blazes over the wall and clasp him on the throat demands what he has stolen. There is a flash of steel and Laurence feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. He releases his hold and the Snapper disappears. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp and Mr. Wharton shaking the lad demands it. Fellow, the butler, sees that Larry is cut and the knife is found. Giving the clasp to Lady Marie, Larry makes his escape and enters Belmayne Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmayne. Going home he tells the story to Reuben Payne, who recalls the name, Miriam, of a young gypsy girl, who lived at one of the Hall lodges and married John Gray, a sailor. Lady Marie goes fishing with Larry. Returning to the shore they see a strange boat, two at the oars, and the third Larry recognizes as the Snapper. Turning to answer the questions of one something is thrown over his eyes, his arms pinioned and he is flung into a boat. Nine years later Lady Marie, returning from London meets Reuben Payne. Inquiring for Larry he gives the only letter ever received and she recalls her promise to marry him. Lady Merston welcomes her home and leaves it for Mr. Wharton to tell why she is glad she is heart free.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY MARIE'S ALTERNATIVE.

THE light from the rose-shaded wax candles shone on Lady Marie as she stood looking at Mr. Wharton, and yet through him.

She had risen slowly, not springing to her feet, but she had risen as one rises under great stress and strain, her brows drawn straight, her glorious eyes full of wonder and pain, and, yes, indignation. For Mr. Wharton had waited until Fellows and the footmen had placed the dessert, and then told her the story of the engagement her father and Philip's mother had made between her and Philip.

He had broken the news to her as well as he had been able; had chosen his words wisely—how often had he rehearsed them! But even his calm, legal eyes had flickered and fallen before the pallor on that beautiful face, before the gaze in the violet eyes; and as he fidgeted with his silver fruit knife, Lady Merston drew a sigh of apprehension and made as if to move to the side of the girl.

But Marie, by a gesture, kept her in her place, and stood quite silent for a moment or two. She had not uttered a single exclamation, had not even said: "I don't understand," as most girls, most women, would have done; for she had understood well enough. Her own lawyer had spoken too plainly.

She was pledged to marry Philip or lose the castle and Ravensford; and he was pledged to marry her—or lose Belmayne. But it was not of Philip she thought in that electric, overwhelming moment; it was of herself. Lose Ravensford! A pang shot through her heart and seemed to deaden it.

"Is there no—escape?" she said at last, when the silence, the tension produced by the sight of the girl's white face and proud, indignant eyes almost caused Lady Merston to scream.

Mr. Wharton raised his head and met the appeal with a mute negative. "I have explained," he said. "Your father's will, Lady Belmayne's, leave no loophole. I drew them both up—acting under instructions. Need I say, Lady Marie, that I urged all that even you might urge against their resolution? But your father was not an easy man to advise; and Lady Belmayne—" he made a gesture with his hand. "It was the dream of their lives. They had both loved each other and been separated; to both, this dream, the union of their children, was dearer than life itself. I firmly believe they cherished the dream at the time of their death."

Lady Marie swept the hair from her forehead as if its weight oppressed her.

"But—but why was I kept in ignorance? I might have seen someone else; might have wished to marry—"

Mr. Wharton shook his head. "We had to run that risk, Lady Marie. You were not to be informed of the compact until you were twenty-one; or unless you should have seen anyone you wished to marry. Your father desired that you should learn to appreciate the estate, to realize all that its loss would mean."

"Yes!" she breathed. "If you had told me, two, three years ago, I should have said, 'No. No! A thousand times no!' But now!" involuntarily she glanced out of the window. "My father was wise. And—and—Philip? Does he know?"

"Yes," Mr. Wharton replied. "She knew now the meaning of his gaze, of his shyness, when they had met in London. She smiled slightly.

"And he?"

"Consents willingly—more than willingly," said Mr. Wharton, with a significance that brought the color in a flood to her white face.

Her head drooped.

"He consents?" she echoed, in a low voice.

Mr. Wharton nodded. "Yes, Lady Marie, it is right that I should tell you that the marquis is hoping—hoping fervently, eagerly, that your decision will be the same as his."

She turned from the table and went to the window, her back turned to the other two; and they, like conspirators, avoided each other's eyes. They both knew that a human soul was in travail, and that neither of them could help her.

"To lose Ravensford," she murmured inaudibly—as she thought; but Mr. Wharton heard, and, with a sigh, said:

"It is a fine property, Lady Marie; but—but it is not the only one you possess. There is Normandyke with its title in your right. And there is—"

"Have I another place in England? No. Not an inch of ground I can call my own," she broke in, not hastily, but slowly, as if she were communing with herself. Mr. Wharton shook his head.

"No," he said. "But if you desired, you could purchase an estate—"

"Purchase! Buy!" she said. "And this was my father's, and his father's before—and how

far back? Centuries. Buy! A strange place, among strange people! And if I give up Ravensford I shall lose my hold on England, shall scarcely be English; shall be Norman, French. Ah!"

She drew a long breath and her lips set tightly. "Yes, my father was wise—he knew, he knew. Give up Ravensford! And I love every stone in it." Her eyes swept the gray line of weather-stained masonry that projected from the west wing. "I love the people—they are mine, mine! I cannot do it."

Mr. Wharton half rose, then sank back again. He would not hurry her, would not snatch at her first impulse of surrender.

"Consider, Lady Marie," he said gravely. "You can take time—"

"Time!" she echoed, with fine scorn. "Do you think that one could grow less fond of this?"—she swept her arm outward with a magnificent gesture—"by taking time? No. Every hour I spent in contemplating its loss would make it seem keener, more impossible. To yield it up to someone else. Who is it?" she broke off to inquire.

Mr. Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "A young man named Talbot—Talbot Merston," he said. "You never saw him."

"Or heard of him. To give it up to a stranger!" She said, in a low voice. "I cannot; oh, I cannot. And yet—" Her face grew pale again.

Mr. Wharton gave a perfunctory cough.

"Lord Belmayne is—not a stranger, Lady Marie," he hinted. "He is young, handsome—forgive me if I speak plainly, and recite his advantages. He is a most estimable young man, with a fine and generous nature."

"Philip may be an angel of light," she broke in, but quietly and calmly, "but I would not be chained to even an angel." Her lips quivered, and for the first time her lovely eyes grew moist. But with a proud heart she forced back her tears. "He is all you say, no doubt; but—but one would wish to be free to take—or leave—even a paragon."

"I understand," he said, in a low voice. "You will talk it over with Lady Merston—no mother could bring to you a deeper sympathy, a finer wisdom—"

He had risen. She turned to him, her arms hanging by her sides.

"No. I have decided," she said, in her low but clear tones. "I will consent. Like Philip, I will consent."

La Merston breathed painfully—it was almost a cry; Mr. Wharton gave a nod of satisfaction.

"May I say that you have decided wisely, Lady Marie?" he said fervently. "I believe, I heartily believe, that nothing but happiness will come of your union. You will have the blessed conscious-

too sweet for this earth of ours—and an accusing vision."

"They—have told you, Marie?" he said, almost inaudibly.

"Yes, they have told me, Philip," she said, her eyes fixed on his.

His heart fell at her calm tones and the undimmed gaze.

"And—and you have decided? It is 'no,' Marie?" His voice became almost inaudible at the last word or two.

"Yes; I have decided—it is 'yes,'" she said. The blood rushed to his fair face, and his eyes glowed with a sudden light that transformed them.

"Marie!" he cried, approaching her with eager step and with outstretched hands.

She met him with hers; but pushed outward, and so kept him back.

"Wait, Philip," she said slowly, almost solemnly. "It is 'yes,' I will marry you. But it is because—"

"Ah, well, you know. I will marry you, will keep the engagement they made when we must have been in our cradles. For their sake—and ours; for Ravensford and Belmayne. But—" she paused a moment, and he waited—"you will not"—she paused again—"you will not expect too much—at first?"

His hands dropped to his side, and his eyes lost their glow and grew sad.

"I understand. Oh, I understand!" he said. "I did not expect, did not hope that you—"

She held out her hand, and, as he took it, he went on, with a catch in his breath: "But it is different with me. I—I was glad, my heart leaped when they told me. For I—I love you, Marie. Don't be afraid." She had withdrawn her hand, and her brows had come straight. "I have loved you since we were boy and girl; I can't remember the time when I have not loved you. No, you must not be afraid. I will wait, I will be patient. You shall see. It is enough for me that you consent, that you agree to be my wife. In time—I will wait, and hope, and pray for that time; but until it comes I will ask for, expect, nothing!"

She looked at him with a touch of gratitude in her eyes.

"I feel that you are being good to me, Philip; good and—generous. Shall we go to them? They will be waiting."

"Yes," he responded; "they wish me to sign some papers, something—"

"Come, then," she said.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WRECK OF THE "LORNA."

On this very evening the steamship *Lorna*, of the port of Liverpool, lay tossing in the moun-

on the floor, others stood in groups clinging to each other and shouting at intervals—a low, monotonous, hysterical wail that reached no farther than the deck ceiling. Others were at their prayers. The men, for the most part, were behaving well; but some of them, being in utmost straits, had lost their heads and were hammering at the locked door and yelling hoarsely like Bedlamites; shouting, with curses, that they would not be left there to die like rats in a hole.

A few yards from the captain a man crouched on the deck, clinging to a stanchion. He was an oldish man, with a wrinkled, hardened face, keen eyes, and a sharp, peaked beard. In his thin lips he had the stump of a cigar, drenched and out long since, of course; and he bit hard at it as he gazed across the raging waters.

Suddenly the captain signed to him, and he rose cautiously to his feet.

"I want Darnley," he shouted. "Can you hear? Can you get him, Spon?"

Mr. Spon nodded, and, crawling along the decks to the steps, staggered down them and made his way—it took a long time—to the men working the pumps. They were panting like thirsty driven bullocks, the sweat dripping from their faces. He singled out a stalwart young man, touched him on the arm, and pointed to the captain. Darnley looked up, nodded, and the two men crawled to the stern deck.

"Darnley," said the captain, "I think the wind's going to drop a bit. If it should, I want you to get the boats lowered—all of 'em. Get the women off first. You understand?"

The young man who bore the name of Darnley, but had Larry's face and eyes, touched his streaming forehead, and crept back, and waited. The captain's knowledge—safer to call it instinct—had not misled him. The storm began to subside, the wind fell. Darnley waited till he saw the skipper signal with his arm, almost too stiff for raising, then gave the word, and the men sprang for the boats. Darnley waited until one was nearly launched, then he went below, to the saloon where raged the men, mad with fear, making the saloon a forebode of hell. He unlocked the door, for the key had been given to him; and, as the men who had been hammering made a rush, he hurried them back.

"The women first!" he shouted loudly but calmly.

A few of the men made way, but some of the others would have overwhelmed him if one or two of the least mad had not held them back.

Shrieking, sobbing, and, to their honor, be it said, some silently, the women came out, and Darnley passed them on to the deck. Hands seized them there in frantic yet disciplined haste, and passed them on to the boat. It started, rowed by some of the crew, and another boat was lowered, and more women put on board. Up to now Darnley had not had much trouble, but the cowards among the men began to assert themselves; and, with a rush, half a dozen of them threw him aside and dashed on deck and for the boats. Darnley followed, but he was helpless to stem the tide of frantic sheep in their ecstasy of terror. He fought them, dealing blows right and left, but they took them as sheep take them, insensible in their brutish fear and selfishness. But suddenly Spon crawled, staggered up to him and shoved something cold into his hand. It was a revolver, and with a groan, a sigh of relief, Darnley presented it at the head of one hulking man, who had thrust a woman aside and was almost standing on her.

"Keep back!" Darnley shouted. "Keep back! No man enters the boats while there's a woman left!"

There was only a moment's pause in the wild, brutal rush, then he fired, and the hulking coward staggered and fell to the deck. The rest, still like sheep, fell back, and Darnley passed the women into the boat. Another and another was filled and left the wreck; the last was so crowded that there was only room, with safety, for one man more. Darnley signed to Spon, who held on to a torn wire rope beside him.

"Go now, Mr. Spon," he said quickly. "Go now!"

Spon hesitated, then shook his head.

"Go you," he said in Darnley's ear. The young man laughed.

"No; I stay—with the captain," he shouted. "Look sharp! They'll put off in another moment!"

Still Spon hesitated.

"You're young," he said; and the way he had to shout to make himself heard was grotesque at such a moment, in connection with such a sentiment. "You're young—life's worth—all the world before you—Go."

Darnley shook his head again and looked significantly at the upright figure on the deck.

"I stay with the captain," he said. "And I stay with you," said Spon.

The next moment the boat had put off, and the three men were left alone on the doomed ship. The abatement of the storm was but a temporary lull; before the boats reached the shore the wind rose again, and, as if in mockery of the transient hope, beat and buffeted the helpless vessel. The waves rose mountains high, shut out boats and shore, and the now silent deck as if they meant to engulf the ship, to wipe her out of existence at one fell swoop.

Darnley uttered a cry, and Spon, looking up, saw that the erect figure that had stood on the stern deck was no longer there.

Darnley bit his lips and stifled a groan, for he had been fond of the captain; and Spon turned his face away from the sight of the young man's anguish.

"She's sinking," he said presently. Darnley looked round with a calm eye; for despair brings calm.

"Yes," he shouted. "If the wind hadn't been off the shore, she'd have gone down an hour ago. She's drifting out."

"Shall we swim for it?" asked Spon. He spoke with a soft, nasal twang, that made his tone seem phlegmatic.

Darnley shook his head and glanced at the waves.

"It would be over in five minutes," he said. "The best swimmer that ever lived couldn't live in it for longer."

"Then it's cling on while we can," remarked Spon philosophically.

The tide as well as wind set off the shore, and the vessel, though hogged as she was, drifted with what seemed to the two men hideous rapidity.

Presently—men like to die together—they crawled to each other and clung on side by side.

"You were a young fool not to go," said Spon. Darnley smiled grimly.

"And you?" he said.

"Yes," assented Spon laconically, "I was a fool. A bigger fool than you in a way."

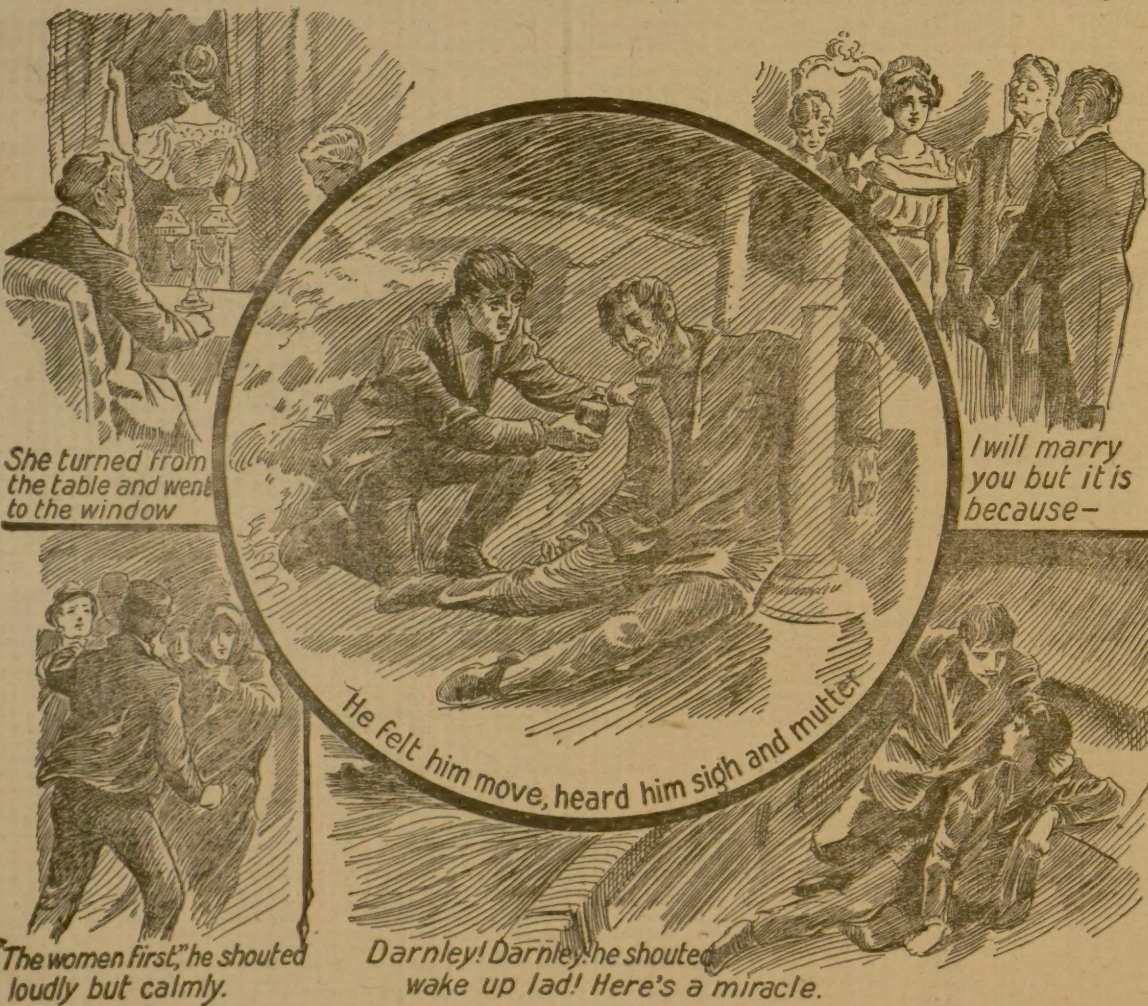
Darnley eyed him with dull curiosity.

"Yes, I reckon you haven't much to lose," said Spon contemplatively.

"Only my life," replied Darnley.

"So I suppose. But life's sweet, though one may be as poor as a rat. And you're young. Life's sweet to me, though I'm older than you by a long sight. But I'm losing more than my life."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



She turned from the table and went to the window

I will marry you but it is because—

He felt him move, heard him sigh and mutter

The women first," he shouted loudly but calmly.

Darnley! Darnley! he shouted wake up lad! Here's a miracle.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

cause no one takes the lead. Let us wake up! We do not have to be rich to be good. No, read your Bible and you will find it is the poor that Christ loves; do just as much good as you can in your homes every day. For it is not the great things that count but the common, small things done well. I wish I could impress upon everyone's mind that no matter how sinful you are if you will just come to Jesus He will save you. Read what it says in the tenth chapter of Romans. I have my own Bible and every time I come to a verse that applies to me or that helps me I mark it by putting an X on the margin next to it. All the Bible is true but some verses are more helpful to us than others.

The more we read the Bible the more we love it. I know because I used to not read mine and now I would not do without it.

I have "The Tree of Knowledge" and I hope it will help some of you sisters as much as it has me. Here it is:

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. Longest chapter is 119 Psalm; shortest and middle chapter 117 Psalm; longest name in 8th Chapter of Isaiah; 37th Chapter of Isaiah, and 18th Chapter of 2nd Kings are alike. Longest verse is 9th verse of 11th Chapter of Esther, shortest verse is 35th verse of 11th Chapter of John.

Must close now hoping this is not too long and I will hear from the sisters. I am your new sister.

MYRTLE PRATHER, Pocahontas, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Although I am a subscriber to COMFORT, I have never before attempted an entrance to its charmed circle, and may not be admitted now. Like the able editor of COMFORT, and Uncle Charlie, I believe there are cruel wrongs that should be handled without gloves—or red tape. The editorial in the August issue was grand, and I said aloud "amen" when I finished reading it. I quote this from it, "If men will not protect women both in the factory and the home, then only a man dead to all honor and decency would deny a woman the right of the ballot to protect herself." Allow me to say that I have voted eighteen years in Colorado, and it was always men without either honor, or decency that opposed the ballot for women. Why? Because they knew she would use it against the liquor interests, and the red light districts. Two of man's pet creations. In apology for the existence of the latter, they have advanced the argument (?) that women would not be safe on the street without them—speaks well for man's morals, does it not? But what about protection for the poor women of the under world, that are the victims of these human hyenas? Woman needs the ballot to have tried its influence has been all for good—statements to the contrary notwithstanding. If men who spend their time criticizing woman's dress and advising her how many children she should have—and making cheap jokes on their mother-in-law would devote that time to the improvement of the manners and morals, they would be more respected by intelligent women. Again I quote—"There are marked signs of national physical degeneracy appearing on every hand." True, and some of the causes for this, are plain to those who read and observe. There are too many diseased fathers—too many unwilling, overtaken mothers. Frances Willard once said: "Every child has a right to be well born." They cannot be under such conditions.

I should like to write more—but fear I have already trespassed upon your space and patience.

Mrs. A. E. COCHRANE, Kissimmee, Fla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow me space to write just a few words? I'll be very brief. I have been a reader of COMFORT for several months, and think it's the grandest paper published.

I do so much enjoy reading Uncle Charlie's sayings. Last night I read where, when he was a bashful boy and going to say something soft to his sweetheart stepped up and whispered "mashed turnips." I laughed outright and husband who was dozing nearby thought I had lost my mind.

I think the subject of how to treat the hired person is good, but not of half so much importance as how to rear children. Some people pay more attention to their horses, cows and even hogs than they do to their children. If a man owns a young mule he is very particular to not let anyone "prank" with it, for fear of being spoiled, and yet he will allow his boys to associate with others who drink, curse, chew tobacco, smoke and all such bad things and never think anything about it.

Think just a moment please and then answer these questions: Is your child as pure and sweet as it ever was? Have you done the very best you could for it? Have you always acted in your child's presence as you would have them act when they grow up? If your child should die today where would it spend eternity? The last is a serious question. If well considered God gives us these precious jewels and wants us to return them pure and sweet and not doom them to an eternity of woe and misery.

Dear sisters, now, want to ask a favor. My husband has lung trouble and is thinking of going to Texas this fall. Will some of the sisters out there please write and tell me where would be the best place. I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters, as we sometimes get very lonely, R. R. 2, Miss.

Mrs. DORIS DABBS, Dossville, R. R. 2, Miss.

Mrs. Dabbs. There is no question that some fathers will give more real thought to the careful handling of their stock than to their sons; really offer them greater protection. One of our Harvard professors candidly asks what is to be done with our boys. And again calls attention to the conservation of our great natural resources while we are wasting more people than anything else.

More good homes, mothers and fathers is what the country most needs.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Is there room for another North Carolina sister? I have been a reader of COMFORT for three years and have enjoyed the sisters' letters and Uncle Charlie's talk more than the unfortunate. My husband has been entirely helpless for ten years and has to be cared for like a baby, and I have no one to help me now but two little children. Our two oldest boys became dissatisfied and left home at the age of fourteen and sixteen years, one of them is in Oregon, thirty-six hundred miles away in a city in N. C., and the other, the heart aches that I have had no one knows, but one.

I have had many sorrows in my life, and I would be glad to have a word of cheer from anyone that feels disposed to give it as I am almost to land myself, and get very lonely and much discouraged at times. I close for this time, with a heart full of love and sympathy for all of the shut-ins.

Your sad-hearted sister,
Mrs. LAFAYETTE SWANSON, Boomer, R. R. 2, Box 36, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
Please allow me a little space for a few lines. I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT since last Christmas when I received it as a present, and a very nice one I think.

I am sixteen years old, dark brown hair and blue eyes, weigh one hundred and forty pounds, with read a great deal on account of poor health, not being able to do much work. I have chronic appendicitis and am bothered with my limbs. I cannot complain for there are hundreds worse off than I am.

I live on a farm of about eighty acres, most all woodland. We raise oats, buckwheat, potatoes, corn and all kinds of vegetables. We have a few chickens. We have lots of apples this year but not much other fruit.

I am next to the youngest of a family of ten, seven living. A dear little sister died when only two days old, and we lost two dear brothers four years ago last May, one twenty-three, the other sixteen years old. They were both drowned at the same time where they were fishing. Mother nearly lost her mind for a while, but thank God we did not lose her. She is very brave and trying to keep up for our sakes.

I like the COMFORT Sisters' Corner better than any other part of the paper and can hardly wait from one month to the other.

God bless all the COMFORT readers, Mrs. Wilkinsons and Uncle Charlie.

Miss RUTH GROVER, Blossburg, Penn.

Ruth. I want to be included with the sisters whose sympathy will go to your stricken mother. May God, the great author of peace, comfort and blessing her.

I am sorry one so young should be afflicted, and I will tell you of a simple appendicitis remedy used by an old and successful practitioner. As soon as you realize an approaching attack, drink a strong solution of hot epsom salts; two table-

spoonfuls of salts dissolved in half a cup of boiling water. At the same time, through a long colon tube, inject into the bowels double the amount taken into stomach. Repeat in half an hour. Chronic appendicitis usually means a catarrhal condition and is often relieved by a thorough evacuation of the bowels.

I am glad you enjoy COMFORT so much, and your letter will serve as a reminder to those who would remember some friend at Christmas time with a subscription to COMFORT.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will some kind sister tell me how to cure a cancer wart? It is as large as a thimble and on the instep of my foot. Has been taken out with doctor's medicine, but it grows again. It is hard and of a purple-pink color.

EMMA S. PHILLIPS, Jacksonville, R. R. 2, Box 80, Ark.

Mrs. Phillips. I would suggest keeping the wart saturated with Castor oil. It has been known to permanently remove a wart-cancer, but requires months.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to tell you all that I have been a reader of COMFORT for years, and think it is the best little paper ever published.

A number of COMFORT readers and myself went to see Uncle Charlie in his Brooklyn chicken coop and found him to be a very wonderful man. He is as cheerful and witty and entertaining. Although he has been in bed about sixteen years he knows everything that is going on in the outside world. He can talk on every subject and he told us quite a number of interesting things we did not know. We also saw Billy the Goat and Maria. We think they are a very happy little family. I would advise all readers who can to pay him a visit (letting him know beforehand) and I am sure they will never regret or forget it.

Mrs. A. J. BELL, 618—54th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of this splendid paper for many years, always receiving cheer and help each month when dear old COMFORT comes. The paper bears just the right name and there is only one thing that I regret about it, that twice a month would be better for COMFORT to come to us, though, of course, at the present subscription price we receive more than our value.

Three cheers to "Happy Mother of Five" and one that is interested in the care of orphans. If my health would permit, I would rather today than tomorrow take another one for legal adoption as my very own.

One bright boy of six we have now. He is the sunshine of our home. "Son" I have gladly and proudly called him, ever since his first hour of life in this world.

There is no one for him like mamma. Am I not well repaid? Own mothers love your children; be their friend as well as mother, confident and comrade. It pays each and every mother, for thus she will raise a noble son and an innocent, sweet, pure daughter. Teach them kindness in every way, truth and obedience to yourself. Teach them to love "Our Savior," and you will then rejoice in your old age. And never let those who have none of their own feel that they are not your equal, as it has happened time and again to me and others that I personally know of. It is unjust that wrong. Now let the adopted children feel they have no right to the name they bear, or the love and kindness bestowed upon them by their foster parents. It hurts the child's feeling and deeply grieves his mother, by law at least, if not by birth. All the misunderstanding, trouble and heartache between fosterparents and children is generally caused by third persons continually interfering. How would own mothers like continual advice from fostermothers? Not at all. It is the same with us.

How many of the sisters know that wormwood is good for indigestion, improving the appetite, also for offensive breath.

Thyme for disorder of the bowels causing headache, also gives strength to the heart. Sage, common nettle leaves, roots and all, and horhound leaves are good for removing phlegm from throat, lungs and stomach.

Violet leaves are excellent for whooping cough. Mistletoe for any flow of blood. Juniper berries taken internally, from four to six a day for a grown person, are excellent against infection from contagious diseases, also good for stone and gravel from bladder, kidney and liver complaint.

Take one tablespoonful and cover with a cup of boiling water and steep for ten minutes, then strain and drink in two or three doses. This rule applies to each herb.

How many of the sisters will try my way of starching, then report how they like it. Someone else taught me. Take lump starch or any kind you like, dissolve in cold water, then add as much hot water as for cooking, but instead starch your clothes, wet or dry, as you have them, in the starch. Wring well, roll tight and lay away for ironing, ten minutes, then take a hot iron and go to work. Be sure to have the water as hot as you can bear your hands in, and not use quite as much starch or else your clothes will be too stiff. Starching this way makes the clothes look glossy and white.

Do any of the kind sisters know of a cure for a bad case of piles and rupture, for which I can get no rupture truss to fit or help me? Also a relief if not a cure for an inflamed appendix?

I have not seen a well day for nearly fifteen years. With love and best wishes for all of you and dear Mrs. Wilkinsons remain.

Your loving sister and friend,
Mrs. ANNA E. KOENNECKE, Jewett, Leon Co., Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have often thought I would write a few lines to COMFORT to show my appreciation for the many helps I get from its dear old pages. I have never felt the confidence to write but now I'm going to claim my "corner" in COMFORT Sisters' Corner. That is, if the waste basket is covered up good. Please see that it is Mrs. Wilkinsons so I may proceed with my letter.

I'm not visiting you to chant of my domestic happiness for I've never been over-blessed with it. Yes—I'm married, but I have no husband. I don't know exactly where he is. He would rather be off roaming around than at home with babe and me. I have one dear little boy just turned three years (Ed.). I keep house for an invalid lady, so you see I can keep my little one with me and take care of him the same as I could in a home of my own. Still that doesn't answer or satisfy; our hearts call for "Home Sweet Home," but it ever so humble there's no place like home. But I just go on and take life as it comes, making the best of circumstances. So I always try to have a smile and good word for everyone.

Let me offer a little help for all I have received. For ingrowing toenails, under the corner of each, crowd all the absorbent cotton that you possibly can. Of course it will hurt, but I know from actual experience that it cures for I've suffered tortures from those horrid nails growing in. I tried that and now they've grown out perfectly well.

When baking pies, just brush over the top with sweet milk and see what a delicious brown they will bake.

When churning, drop just about one half teaspoonful of soda into a gallon or so of cream and it will be much thicker after it is churned and butter will gather much easier.

I will close by asking you all to pray for me, and I would be glad to hear from anyone of you. I will come again if I may. Love to all, your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. LELA GREENE, Glenwood, Ark.

Mrs. Greene. It helps everyone to find a person who in the face of adversity is true to themselves, for there is nothing easier than to keep slipping where life's plan miscarries. Keep a brave heart and happiness will yet be yours as a reward for caring for baby Edward and yourself when another failed.

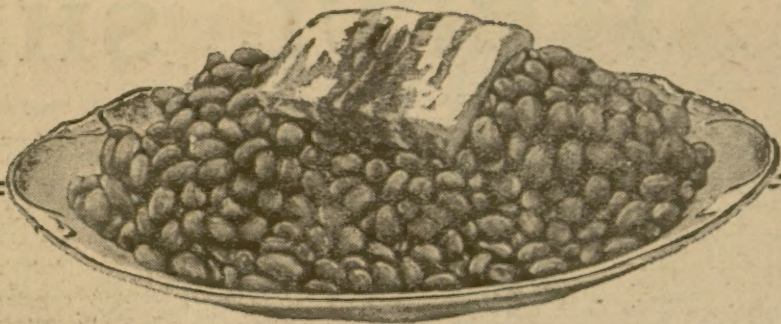
May a new light dawn on the roaming husband and cause him to return to where perhaps his heart is even now.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for nearly two years and have thought many, many times I would write, and this morning decided to when I read Mrs. Joy T. Wells' letter. It brought back to me the great sorrow of a short time past; on the twenty-fifth of June, the death angel called and took away the pride of our home, a beautiful, blue-eyed baby boy, eleven months old. He was an only child and oh dear sisters, to think I had to give up my first born! I am so lonely at times I can hardly stand it, but as Mrs. Wells says when one sees the sin and daily temptations we would not call them back if it were in our power to do so, and we know he is at rest and well do I know my baby had no sins to account for. Oh dear sisters pray for me in this dark hour of trouble.

I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters, especially those who have had to give up loved ones; they can sympathize.

Mrs. EMMA JONES, Collinsville, Texas.



This Famous Dish of Beans

A dish that never has been imitated. It has made this kitchen famous, and Van Camp a household word.

Now a million homes pay tribute to the chefs who bake these beans.

Always baked with ripe, plump beans of almost equal size.

Baked with a sauce made from whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines.

Baked in steam ovens, so no beans are crisped, none broken.

Every bean nut-like and mealy and whole. And they always have the fresh oven flavor.

Some of the materials cost from three to five times the grades in common use.

Our methods have for 50 years been constantly improved.

The only way you'll ever get beans like these is to insist on the name Van Camp.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

Now the National Dish

Three Sizes: 10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Made by Van Camp Packing Co., Indianapolis, Indiana

Established 1861

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DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I see in one of my copies of COMFORT where a sister asks for a remedy for constipation for her baby. When my boy was about four months old he became constipated just as she says hers is. We carried him to a doctor and this is what he told us to do and it cured him. Use three ounces of olive oil in the fountain syringe, having the hips elevated eight or ten inches by a quilt rolled, use once daily (at night). Warm soap suds with hips elevated will also prove beneficial, using two teaspoonfuls. Castor oil in tablespoonful doses is also good. Give less if that proves too much.

I will close hoping this will help someone as it did my baby.
Mrs. DONA CROFT, Flynn, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT'S BAND:

First I want to say the letter from a "Happy Mother of Five," fairly made my heart throb with a great joy, to know of so noble and true a mother. For it is said to see the longing for childless homes or the avoiding of motherhood which is prevalent most everywhere, instead of the natural longing for the sweet baby arms and touch of soft, dimpled baby hands.

Lines from "The Land of Little Faces," often come to my mind.

"I wonder, oh, I wonder
Where the little faces go,
That come, and smile, and stay a while,
And pass like flakes of snow—
The dear, wee baby faces
That the world has never known,
But mothers hold so tender-eyed
Deep in their hearts alone."

The leaves will soon wear their brightest hues, and then shortly only the stately pines on the hills, the big yuccas in the yard and the bright cherry red birds will be left to brighten the landscape.

With best wishes,
Mrs. LILLIAN L. MOORE, Puritan, Howell Co., Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

Mrs. Eva Carpenter requests a cure for catarrh. A very simple remedy is a weak solution of salt and water, slightly warmed and sniffed up the nose, letting it run down through the mouth and spitting out. It will clear the nose and throat making the breathing easier. I am now twenty-seven years old and not troubled with catarrh, but mother often tells me how badly affected I was when a baby and that this simple remedy cured me. I use it for a bad cold with the same results.

Mrs. MAY V. LUCAS, Pemberton, R. R. 1, N. J.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

MEAT CROQUETTES.—Take either beef, veal or chicken left over from meals and chop fine. To each cupful of meat take one egg, an onion and about a tablespoon of cracker or bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Mix in some gravy, if you have any, and if not add a little water. Form into round balls, roll first in cracker crumbs, then dip in beaten eggs, and roll in cracker crumbs again. Fry in deep fat till brown.

DINNER OMELET.—To each slice of cold ham take a small onion and chop together. Break as many eggs in a bowl as you have slices of ham and beat. Put the chopped ham and onions in and beat again. Melt a tablespoon of butter in your baking pan, pour some of it in the mixture and just leave enough to have your pan greased. Bake till brown on top.

CORN FRITTERS.—When you have any stewed corn left over beat an egg or two into it, and mix a stiff batter with flour with a teaspoon of baking powder in it. Fry in deep lard like doughnuts.

Mrs. JOHN FLAGET, Devils Lake, N. Dak.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Wash smooth tomatoes, cut a piece from the stem ends the size of a quarter and in each put a teaspoon of salt, half as much pepper and butter size of a nutmeg. Set them in a pan and bake moderately for nearly an hour.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter creamed with two cups of brown sugar. Beat in four whole eggs until mixture is light and creamy. Now add one cup of molasses and one cup of strong coffee, one teaspoon of soda, two each of cinnamon and cloves, one of grated nutmeg, and four cups of flour. Lastly add half a pound each of seedless raisins and currants rolled dry in a little flour.—Ed.

HOT WATER SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs beaten light

with one cup of sugar, one cup of flour sifted with a heaping teaspoon of baking powder and a pinch of salt, one half cup of hot water and flavor. I double the ingredients and make layer cake, too.

GRUEL FOR THE SICK.—Chop beef, chicken or any kind of meat preferred, cover with cold water, stand over night or for several hours, then cook and thicken with either meal, corn-starch or flour. When ready to move from fire stir in a raw egg. Remove the meat before thickening is added.

CREAM CANDY.—Two teaspoons of sugar, one half cup of water, butter size of walnut and teaspoon of strong vinegar. Boil without stirring until it hardens when dropped in cold water. When cool, pull a long time and it will be like the cream candy we buy at store.

ELLA V. SMITH, Decatur, R. R. 4, Tenn.

SOFT GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of lard, one half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, six tablespoons of hot water, two tablespoons of vinegar, one half teaspoon of soda. Flour enough to make a soft dough. Mix soda with two tablespoons of the hot water. Bake in a quick oven. Improves if left in an earthen jar a few days.

Mrs. ELIZABETH EBERHART, Mt. Pleasant, R. R. 3, Box 53, Va.

SPICED CAKE.—Two cups of brown sugar, one half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, three and one half cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda and one of baking powder, one tablespoon of chocolate, cloves and cinnamon.

Mrs. EFFIE GODWIN, Belington, W. Va.

FRUIT PUDDING.—One cup each of rice, sugar, currants, raisins and dried apple, and one teaspoon of salt. Put into a crock and cover well with sweet milk and bake three hours. Stir often and as milk boils away add more.

Mrs. N. M. GERIG, Salem, R. R. 7, Box 145, Oregon.

ELDERBERRY JELLY.—Equal parts of elderberries and grapes or sour apples. Boil until soft and strain. Put two cups of sugar to three of juice in kettle and cook until it jellies.

Mrs. ELLA JOHNSON, Waynesboro, Box 220, Va.

TO KEEP PUMPKIN.—To one quart of pumpkin cooked dry, add one and one half cups of sugar, one half cup of molasses, one teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. Cook well together and stir thoroughly. Fill jelly glasses when cool and cover with molasses. Will keep for two or three months. For one pie use one glass of pumpkin, one egg, one tablespoon of melted butter and one cup of milk.

MARGARET BROTEN, Jarden, N. Dak.

CAKE MIXTURE.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one egg, two cups of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder and one large cup of milk. To put together, beat butter to cream, add sugar and egg unbroken and beat mixture well. Next add flour and baking powder, then stir in the milk and beat all together thoroughly.

For loaf cake, add to the above mixture a small teaspoon of almond flavoring and bake forty minutes in a deep tin.

For fruit pudding, place a layer of fresh or preserved fruit in the bottom of pudding dish and pour the mixture over it and bake.

CREAM FILLING.—Two cups of sweet milk and one of sugar heated to boiling point. Thicken with a little flour moistened with water and one beaten egg. Mrs. VALLIE HARPER, Statham, R. R. 18, Ga.

GRAHAM WAFFERS.—Four cups of sifted graham flour, one cup of sifted white flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter or lard, one teaspoon of soda. Roll thin and bake quickly.

OAT MEAL COOKIES.—Three quarters scant cup butter, one cup of brown sugar, two eggs, well-beaten, two tablespoons of sweet milk, one quarter teaspoon of soda, one cup of flour, three cups of rolled oats, one teaspoon of cinnamon, and a little clove. Drop on buttered pans in spoonfuls.

FUDGE.—One pint each of brown and white sugar, two squares of chocolate grated, one cup of milk, one level tablespoon of butter. Flavor with vanilla after removing from stove. Stir while cooking and until ready to put in plates.

SPANISH BEANS.—Two cups of beans washed and put on to cook in warm water, one tablespoon of sugar, one cup of tomatoes, one large onion sliced fine, and one half pound of bacon. Red pepper. After boiling about two hours add salt.

Mrs. VENETA GARDNER, Elton, Oregon.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hamilton Vining, a wealthy New Yorker, threatens to stop his son Clifton's allowance unless he cuts the acquaintance of a fast set and gives up his club. Angry words follow and Clifton leaves home with ten dollars—a loan from his sister Annie. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingstone, a refined, educated young girl from drowning and takes her to the home of Abby Knapp, his childhood nurse, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left an orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumes control of her money, and promises to befriend her. He loses her money and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, an old friend of his father, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vining, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office.

CHAPTER IV.

SHIRLEY'S STORY AS RELATED TO MRS. KNAPP.

"Poor child!" said Abby, with unforgotten sympathy; "it was hard lines for you, and you needn't tell me anything more if it is going to upset you so."

"Oh, I shall tell you everything," Shirley returned, looking up quickly. "It would not be fair to tell you only half my story."

"All right; go on, then," said Mrs. Knapp, who had become intensely interested in her recital.

"I made some inquiries of Mr. Hubbard during our journey regarding my future home," Shirley resumed, "but he seemed somewhat reticent about the matter, said I must not expect to find New York anything like Colorado Springs, while he was not living exactly as he wished, but was contemplating a change to a more agreeable locality before long. This was rather disheartening, but I can never express the sense of loneliness and desolation that I experienced when we at last alighted before that dismal house in Houston Street."

"Mr. Hubbard had told me that he had no wife—she had died several years previous—but he had a competent housekeeper, who, he assured me would be kind and attentive to me, while there was also a son and a daughter in his family. The housekeeper was a coarse, untidy looking woman of about forty years. The son was a second edition of the father, only more repulsive. If possible, while the daughter—a rather good-looking girl of sixteen—appeared neglected and unhappy."

"Humph!" sniffed Abby, contemptuously, "that was a pretty place to take a girl like you into!"

"I was wretched, Mrs. Knapp," Shirley continued; "I had to share a room with Helen Hubbard, and it was disorderly and unclean; I cried myself to sleep that night, and for many nights after, and then was ill for a week from homesickness, and a heavy cold which I had contracted on my journey. When I was able to get about the house again, I was told by the housekeeper that I must take hold and help, and she set me to washing the dishes and doing the dusting. I did not mind a little work, but I was surprised at the requirement, for I supposed I had money enough to pay my board, at least until I could secure a position as a teacher, companion, or governess, by which I might increase my slender income. I spoke of this to Mr. Hubbard, but he only smiled in a peculiar way, and said 'he guessed I'd better make friends with Miss Sanders, for her temper wasn't of the sweetest when aroused.' So I endeavored to make the best of my uncomfortable situation for a while, but I asked Mr. Hubbard if he would try to get me a position of some kind, as I wished to be earning something for myself."

"He looked at me rather queerly, I thought, and said 'he'd see,' and that was all I could get out of him."

"I began to notice after a time that I was never left alone—I was never allowed to go out upon the street unless someone accompanied me. At first it was Helen, now and then Miss Sanders, but often Henry Hubbard would force his company upon me, to my great disgust. This last arrangement aroused my indignation, and I finally refused to go out at all, except when Henry happened to be away from home. More than this, I soon discovered that the house into which I had been brought was a den of gamblers."

"I made up my mind that I would leave and seek a place of refuge just as soon as I could learn of a home where I should be safe. The only comfort I had during this terrible time was the use of the piano, which was a fairly good one, and I spent much of my time, especially evenings, in the parlor, trying to drown my misery by practicing."

"Why on earth didn't you go straight to some policeman, and tell him your story?" Abby here interposed, with considerable excitement; "he would have got you out of that miserable place in quick time."

"I did think of doing so several times," Shirley replied, "but as I told you, someone was always with me when I went out, and I had no opportunity."

"One day I was terribly frightened by an offer of marriage from Henry Hubbard. Of course I flatly refused to listen to his proposals, and I treated him with so much scorn that he became very angry, and swore at me in the most fearful manner, threatening that he would yet break my proud spirit and bring me to his terms. I resolved that I would leave the house that very night as soon as it should grow dark enough for me to steal away. But I was more closely watched than ever after that, and found it utterly impossible to escape observation long enough to get away."

"Yesterday the vile wretch renewed his demand that I should marry him, and to escape his persecutions I shut myself in my own room, retiring at an early hour and crying myself to sleep. I was awakened about midnight by a fearful carousal in the room directly below me, where Mr. Hubbard was entertaining his usual guests, and it was evident that they were having a more uproarious debauch than common. I lay awake some time, shivering and quaking with fear, for it seemed as if the brutes were becoming more lawless every moment. A little later I heard someone staggering up-stairs."

"My heart leaped into my throat when the steps paused before my door. Then there came an imperative knock, and Mr. Hubbard ordered me to get up and come down-stairs to play for his friends to dance. I told him I could not. He swore and said I must. I then resolutely said I would not. He became furious at that, and declared that he would burst the door open and drag me from my bed if I persisted in refusing to obey him."

"I saw that it would be worse than useless to resist him, and I finally said that if he would allow Helen to come with me I would consent to this, then retired, after ordering me to 'waste no time in prinking.'"

"We both arose and dressed, when, with a trembling heart, I followed Helen down-stairs. I was terribly frightened, on opening the door of the room where the revelers were gathered, to find half a dozen tipsy men and as many women in the same state."

"I went directly to the piano and played for them to dance until they were weary of their

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sport, and began to grow stupid from their numerous potations, sinking into chairs and upon the floor in a maudlin state."

"Thinking I was not needed any longer, I was about to steal away unobserved, as I supposed, when Henry Hubbard reeled up to me, and commanded Helen to play a jig, and said that he must have a dance with me."

"I sprang away from him, declaring that I would not. He tried to seize me in his arms, while the company, evidently enjoying my distress, cheered him on, telling him that 'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"I do not know how I managed to elude him, and get out upon the street; I think that Helen, pitying me, must have helped me. I only know that I finally found myself outside upon the pavement, while oaths and curses followed me as the door was banged after me."

"As I fled I imagined I heard the key snap in the lock. I believe Helen did it to give me time. I was nearly beside myself with fear. I felt that I would rather die than submit to be touched by the vile fellow from whom I was fleeing; and then, as I went on, I heard someone running after me. I believed it must be Henry Hubbard. I knew that he was drunk and would show me no mercy, and so, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I made straight for East River."

Shirley shivered over the remembrance. "I did not discover my mistake," she went on, "until Mr. Vining had dragged me some distance from the pier, and even then I feared that he might be one of those wretches—one of Henry Hubbard's boon companions, who had followed me to take me back to a worse fate than I had yet known. But when he spoke to me in such a respectful way I was assured that he must be a gentleman, and then I saw his face. I instinctively trusted him."

"And well you might, miss," said Mrs. Abby, much gratified by this tribute to her former nursing; "and he'd never see a lady in trouble and not try to help her," she concluded proudly.

"He told me that you had been his nurse," Shirley remarked.

"And so I was—I was in his father's house close on to fifteen years, and took care of him

finding that her guest was not above work. "I reckon you'll need to rest a bit, after the hard time you had last night. I imagine it will be kind of pleasant to have you about the house," she went on, regarding the beautiful face opposite her with a tender look. "I've missed Master Clifton and Miss Annie more'n I can tell you ever since I left my place to get married, though they do come here now and then to see me, and never forget to bring old Abby something nice or pretty, bless their hearts!"

CHAPTER V.

SHIRLEY SEEMS TO FIND EMPLOYMENT.

Clifton Vining seemed suddenly and entirely changed from the fast, reckless, society-loving young man that he had hitherto appeared.

He gave strict attention to his business, and showed himself so interested in his work that Mr. Norwood was both surprised and delighted, and wondered that Mr. Vining had not long ago been able to discover the strong, promising traits in his son's character."

He did not, however, feel quite comfortable about entering into business relations with him without consulting his father, for he did not wish to create unkind feeling between the families."

Consequently, one morning, shortly after engaging Clifton, he sought Mr. Vining, in his office, and gave him an account of just how matters stood, although he refrained from going into all the details which Clifton had given him."

That gentleman seemed greatly surprised by this report of his son's conduct, but, although he appeared to feel somewhat sensitive because he had given him the cold shoulder and sought employment of another in preference to going into his office, he was, on the whole, gratified to learn that he seemed inclined to turn over a new leaf."

Clifton found a respectable boarding-place for himself, where he determined to live within his salary."

He resigned his membership with his club, for several reasons; first, because he knew that his

command me in any way," the young man answered eagerly.

"Thank you," said Shirley heartily; "I wanted to tell you that, although Mrs. Knapp makes me feel entirely welcome to remain with her, and is exceedingly kind to me, I am not content to live here in idleness, and I would like to find some employment, so that I may be able to support myself."

"Why, bless your heart, dearie," interposed Abby, who had entered the room in time to catch this last remark, "you've nearly sewed them little fingers off since you have been here. And such sewing! Master Clifton, it would do your mother's eyes good to see."

"Well, then, I should think you might help Miss Livingstone to get all the work of that kind that she wishes," Clifton remarked. "Just speak to some of the ladies for whom you do fine washing and ironing, and I feel sure that they will be glad to avail themselves of her services in that line."

"Well! well! sure enough!—and I never thought of such a thing!" cried the woman, in a regretful tone. "Here she has been stitching away for dear life for me, when she might have been earning dollars and dollars for herself."

"Pray do not feel at all uncomfortable about that," said Shirley brightly. "I have been very glad to work for you, and now you will not need to have any care or trouble over your spring sewing."

"And a great burden is off my mind, I can tell you, Miss Shirley," said the good woman, with a sigh of relief, "for it would have taken me months to do all that work with my clumsy old fingers. But I'm going up to Madam Damon's this very evening, with some white dresses I've been doing up, and I will speak a good word for you," she concluded.

CHAPTER VI.

SHIRLEY DISPLAYS TRUE HEROISM.

Abby Knapp was true to her word, and immediately acted upon Clifton's suggestion to seek employment for Shirley."

Wherever she went to get fine washing or ironing, she mentioned the skill of her protegee with her needle, displaying samples of her work with great pride, and Shirley soon succeeded in getting all the sewing she could do."

She gave such satisfaction that many of her employers tried to get her to come to their homes to work for them."

But this the young girl steadily refused to do, feeling that she could be far more independent and have more time to herself if she took her work home."

She was up every morning almost as soon as Mrs. Knapp herself, and performed many simple services for her; and thus the woman was enabled to get through with her own duties with far more ease than she had heretofore been able to do."

"She's like a sunbeam in the house," she once confidentially informed Clifton. "I'm sure I don't know what I shall do when she goes away, as of course she will some day; a little lady like her couldn't be expected to be content in a place like this for very long."

Clifton was a frequent visitor at the home of his old nurse, and frequently accompanied the young girl when, after her day's toil was done, she went to take home the work she had finished; while, as the weather became warmer, they made little excursions down the harbor to get a whiff of fresh air."

One Saturday, they went for a long sail—Clifton always having the afternoon of that day—and, having persuaded Abby to accompany them as chaperon, they took a dainty lunch along, intending to stop off at some point and eat it on the rocks."

They carried out their plans and had a most delightful time, then, after the sun went down, they took a returning steamer to go back by moonlight."

Clifton arranged some seats in the prow of the boat, on the lower deck, where they could enjoy the sail without being disturbed by the chatter of the crowd above."

But poor Abby, who could have washed all day long without being one half as weary as from this unaccustomed pleasure, was obliged to succumb to her exhaustion, and so went in the cabin, where, throwing her tired frame upon one of the couches, she was soon unconscious of either time or her surroundings."

Meantime, the young people gave themselves up to the enjoyment of each other's society and to the charm of the witching night."

"How I love a night like this!" Shirley breathed in an eager tone, as she took off her hat and leaned her bright head against a stanchion, thinking that the water had never seemed quite so beautiful before. "Shirley has beautifully expressed something of what I feel:

"Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world."

"That is a very appropriate quotation," Clifton remarked; "and Homer has very aptly described the moon as 'a silver-footed queen.'"

His eyes rested upon the fair girl beside him as he spoke, while he thought:

"She is like a beautiful queen herself. She is certainly a silver-footed queen, with her low, sweetly modulated tones, her calm, self-possessed bearing, and her high-bred ways."

"There is something queenly about the moon," she responded musingly; "especially when it seems to rise directly out of the sea, then sails upward so quietly yet so majestically into the heavens."

"You are very appreciative of nature, Miss Shirley, and I should think you might also be of art. Have you ever been abroad?" Clifton inquired.

Shirley darted a quick look at him, for it was the first time that he had ever addressed her by her given name, and somehow it thrilled her strangely."

"No, only through the medium of books and imagination," she smilingly replied. "But I have longed to go ever since I was old enough to realize the advantages of travel. I especially yearn for Italy and Switzerland—Scotland, too, with its wonderful natural beauties and many historical attractions. But," she added, with a sigh, the prospects for such a trip are not very favorable just at present. Hark!—oh! what was that!" she cried in a voice of alarm, and started to her feet, as there came a sudden jar and thud, after which the engines ceased their motion, while speed was instantly checked, and a wild panic above, mingled with cries and shrieks, indicated that an accident of some kind had occurred."

She had thrown out her hand to Clifton, in the act of rising, and he clasped it with a thrill of joy, that she should have turned to him with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



Wherever she went to get fine washing, she displayed samples of her work.



When the girl began to tell a pleasant story



With his own gentle hands he lowered her into the boat



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To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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A HAPPY THANKSGIVING to you all! heaps of turkey and slathers of pie, and plenty of peepsin tablets to help you digest them. It always amuses me when Thanksgiving and other festival occasions come round—holidays and holy days—to watch the magazines do you out year after year the same old goody, goody, conventional stereotyped talks with the seasonable flavor, and especially at Thanksgiving when you are told to thank kind Providence for the glorious privilege of being permitted to draw your breath, in this paradise of the politician and the happy hunting ground of the money hog.

To Almighty God let us be grateful for all His blessings, but Hog Man does not intend that the plain people shall get more than one and a half per cent. of the blessings that God Almighty intended they should have, and if there was any method for charging us with sunshine and fresh air, you bet your life we'd have to pay for it. What the world needs is light, truth, knowledge and facts, more than sermons, and these are the things that most publications take mighty good care not to give you. They are willing to preach, but they don't want to enlighten. It's dangerous to let the people know too much, they might get dissatisfied; so they sermonize and drool out their platitudes, and sit down to their well-provided tables, shimmering with cut glass, carving out a place to lay your head. There is a terrible responsibility resting on one who has the confidence of millions and the ear of the multitude. I wish I could talk to each one of you individually, but as that is a physical impossibility, I can only talk to you in the mass. In spite of the genius of the American people and the natural wealth of the mighty land we inhabit, things today in this country are in a terribly unsatisfactory condition. Few people realize to what an extent the mighty powers of predatory wealth have undermined the foundations of this republic. We are passing through probably the greatest crisis in the life of this nation, and yet the majority of the people seem to know little about it, and to care less for, though they hear the mutterings of the storm, the tempest in all its fury has not as yet broken on their heads. Many of you, probably, seldom if ever see a big metropolitan daily paper. My bed is loaded with them, and I spend from four to five hours every day studying newspapers of all shades and varieties of opinion. Then there are the weekly publications and a number of monthly periodicals which contain articles that demand thought and study. I want you to know I'm on the watch tower looking out for your interests, and I am more than ever watchful at the present moment now that an election is at hand. A friend while visiting me the other day left a weekly publication by my side. He had brought it to point out a joke. Having a private joke factory of my own I soon passed by the jocular page, and turned to a double page cartoon in the middle of the paper. On this cartoon was a rough map of the United States. On the right hand side of the Mississippi river were three well-known characters, Morgan, Rockefeller and Carnegie. On the left and western side were four other figures, representing the Guggenheims, the Morgans, the Guggenheims was saying to Morgan, I forget which: "Let's shake dice to see who owns it all." The majority of people who saw that cartoon probably thought it a joke and paid little heed to it, but I want to tell you, that cartoon was no joke to me, for I knew it was meant to convey a truth and a warning to every thinking man and woman in the United States.

Congress has been investigating the steel trust and the money trust and some staggering facts have come to light. It appears that by a system of interlocking directorates, twenty-one officials and directors of the steel trust plan the operating of two hundred and thirteen companies. The capital of these companies with surplus and funded debt reached the staggering total of over fifteen billions of dollars. The mind cannot conceive what fifteen billion dollars means but you will get a slight idea when I tell you that it is almost five times as much money as there is in actual circulation in this country today. Imagine twenty-one men having this enormous financial power at their beck and call. Remember it is money that rules. Our politicians may scream and shout, but they can't even run the smallest campaign without going to some of these big money kings to get the price to do it with. You will now understand I hope when I tell you that no matter who you elect as president in this coming election, it is the men behind those fifteen billion dollars who will be the real rulers and masters of this country, and will hold Congress and every legislative body in this land in the hollow of their hands.

One thing more I want to say in justice to myself. In our August issue and at many other times I have spoken of a progressive party as being the one great thing we needed in this country. A progressive party has been formed and many people have written to me, asking me if this is the progressive party that I have been longing for, my political ideal. I cannot and shall not discuss political issues in this department, but as the progressive party now in the field sprang into existence after I had written the article which appeared in the August issue, I feel in justice to you and myself that I should make the following statement: Please remember a progressive party as outlined by me in our August issue, cannot be manufactured in a moment by mistreated democrats or disgruntled republicans stung to madness by a feeling of resentment at the tyranny and dishonesty of party bosses. The party I have outlined cannot allow itself to be financed by tainted trust money or have its leader or leaders hob nob with notorious monopolists and neither must it seek to control and use the machinery of the nickels and dimes of its own members and made great and glorious by their sacrifices. A party willing to accept money from trust magnates might call it progressive to win an election, but once in power, off would go the mask, and you would find it republican or democratic as of yore, with the same old machinery and bosses doing business at the same old stand. The progressive party I have in mind must be a party conceived in righteousness and not born of spite or fostered by revenge. It must be a party inspired by liberty, love of right and humanity. It must be a party of patriots and thinkers and not disgruntled pap hunters and bolters. A party of principles and not a party dominated by personalities, or conceived for the special purpose of furthering the ambition of in-

dividuals, worthy though those ambitions may be. That's the kind of party I have in mind, the party we need and ought to have, but it will take hard work and hard knocks to get it. In forming a new party it is not a question of merely changing names. You may call a cabbage a rose, but it will still be a cabbage, but it's a question of being born again, a new political birth, a putting off of the old, and discarding the false, corrupt, the spurious and discredited, and taking on the new inspiring and godlike. It can be done and it will be done, and when it is done we shall have a Thanksgiving day that will be worth while, a Thanksgiving day on which all hearts can rejoice, all stomachs be filled, and every heart be satisfied.

Christmas is almost here and the gift problem as usual is uppermost in your mind. The best gift in all the world for young or old, rich or poor, is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. It makes joy and sunshine in the heart and home as no other gift could ever do. Everybody loves it, and so will you. It is chock full of screamingly funny pieces for Thanksgiving and Christmas: "How Father Carved the Turkey," and "Flow Pop Played Santa Claus," and scores of other screamingly funny pieces. A beautiful bound in gorgeous 160 page volume, beautifully bound in lilac silk cloth, a heart touching sketch of Uncle Charlie's life and splendid pictures of the author dictating his monthly talks to you will be found in this superb volume of riotous fun, which can be secured free for a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Get an autographed copy while you have the opportunity. Don't delay.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is another perfect Thanksgiving and Christmas gift. It contains twenty-eight gems of mirth, melody and sentiment, and one of the prettiest Christmas carols ever written. You could not duplicate the contents of this beautifully gotten up song folio in a music store for five dollars. The superb cover with its numerous pictures of Uncle Charlie is an artistic dream. A club of only two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each secures you this dandy song folio. A club of six will secure both books. Use them in your Christmas giving. There is nothing to equal them. Send in your orders early and avoid the rush. These clubs count towards our grand cash prize competitions.

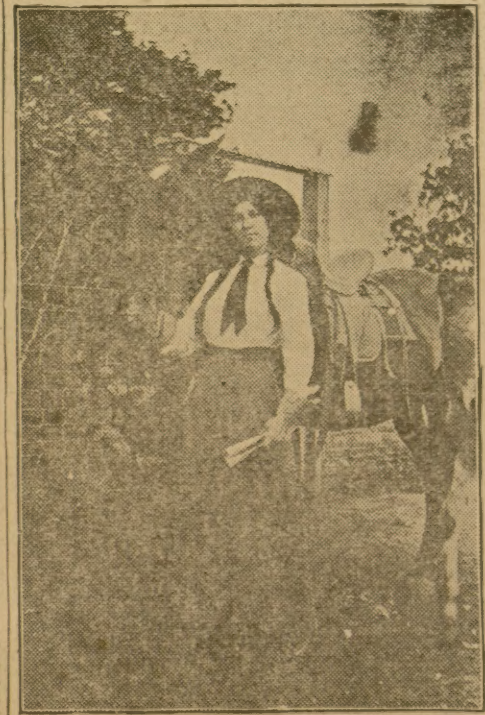
Now for the letters:

IVERSON, MINN.

COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Please give these lines to Uncle Charlie. He will be glad to read them—nlt.
From an old subscriber, and a warm friend of Uncle Charlie. With best wishes for COMFORT.

I have often remarked that I do not care to reply to anonymous communications. People who are afraid to sign their names to what they write or to send them privately, are about in a class with children who ring doorbells and run away. They think they have done something wonderfully clever, but they haven't, for



COUSIN MARY L. MUELLER, ST. PAUL PARK, R. 1, MINN.

every mischievous kid who rings a doorbell always touches the button in such a half scared way that no one ever pays any attention. I am glad, however, our "scaredy" friend sent me the few lines. The lines in question are a couple of columns clipped from a Minnesota paper telling what dreadful things are going to happen to every village, small town and community in the United States, if we ever have parcels post. The "warm friend of Uncle Charlie" who thought that this particular article would scare Uncle Charlie and get his goat, evidently does not know much about Uncle Charlie. As a matter of fact I was delighted to get this particular article, which has evidently got the party who sent it scared out of his wits; almost as scared in fact as if he had had a dozen black hand letters from a bunch of real "Eyetalian" bandits. The article in question is some of the machine-made dope that is being handed out at substantial advertising rates to country newspapers all over the U. S. It is an article written for and inspired by that bunch of conscienceless pirates, the Captain Kidds of transportation, highwaymen and footpads of commerce, known as the express trust. For thirty years the people of this country has been trying in vain to get the tentacles of this octopus from off their throats, and still the over-gorged octopus choked to the very gills with public plunder, has its merciless grip upon city and country. The article before

me shows how insidious and diabolical are the methods of this gang of buccaneers. You must remember there is a terrific amount of ignorance in this world. The anonymous letter is proof of it. As long as you can keep people in ignorance you can rob and plunder them as you wish. When people are ignorant or thoughtless, which is about the same thing, you can talk your head off, and spend your whole life trying to get a new idea into their heads, because people hate new ideas. They have a terror of the unknown. Try to educate them and tell them something for their own good, something that will help and benefit them, and you have a heart-breaking, lifelong task, because half the time they turn a deaf ear, and they won't believe what you say anyway, but if you want to scare them, frighten them and give them a ghost story, tell them something that will put them back a hundred years, rope them to the hitching post of poverty while you empty their pockets, you can do it all in a few seconds. One article in a local paper telling how a town will be ruined and a community wiped out of existence, if Uncle Sam allows you to send the skirt Samantha Jane left behind when she was visiting you, to her home in the next state, for eight cents a pound instead of the usual sixteen cents a pound for transporting such articles, will give a whole community a convulsion fit. Of course if you took Samantha's skirt into town seventeen miles distant and spent half the day getting there and the other half getting home, and paid the express company three dollars for sending it (and that's about what they would charge) the whole town would be tickled to death, and think everything was as it ought to be. It does not care how much the express trust robs you, because it has always been robbing you, and you think that is the correct and proper thing for it to do, but let Uncle Sam's mail-carrier take that parcel from your door and save you a day's jaunt to town and back, and let you send it to Samantha Jane for eight cents a pound, and the whole town according to the express trust literature will be ruined; weeds will grow in the street, business blocks tumble to decay, the population vanish and only the hoot of the screech owl will be heard o'er a once smiling land. Now that's the kind of dope the express pirates are handing out to country people. They are telling them ghost stories. They are picturing the ruin and desolation on every hand that they claim will follow if the U. S. Government, and that by the way is the people and the people means you, should stop the express trust pirates from robbing you, by allowing you to send and receive packages to the amount of eleven pounds at the rate of eight cents a pound, instead of the usual sixteen cents, which Uncle Sam at present charges. Because it would help you, and you would be given a great convenience and a great reform would be inaugurated, and you would be allowed to have a privilege that Europe has had for some forty years,—the whole country, of course, would go to the demnition bow wows—that is if you are foolish enough or ignorant enough to believe the pitiful dope that hired scribblers in the employ of the express trust manufacture for the special purpose of fooling you. The Interstate Commerce Commission has at last got this robber-trust within leading strings, and public opinion has forced Congress to give us a poor substitute for the real parcels post, so the vicious squeals of the pirates can be heard rising from every public sheet in the land, and the pirates are invoking imprecations on the people, forecasting the ruin of their cities in the hope that they may be allowed to keep on with their game of plunder, taking a hundred and fifty million dollars yearly from the people's pocket, which ought to and will eventually remain in the people's pockets, as soon as they quit getting scared by the ghost stories, and decline to be slaves to folly and ignorance, which has ever made mankind an easy prey to predatory wealth and business highwaymen.

If the government owned the express trust, and ran it in conjunction with the rural free delivery service, it would be a glorious thing for the whole country. Unfortunately we are not civilized or sensible enough to have a government run on helpful, practical lines. Government is a machine that is run in the interests of big business, and big business is chiefly concerned with the robbing of the people. In this article which the "scaredy" gentleman has sent me, we are practically told that every dollar in the country when we have parcels post, will go to the big mail order houses and the local merchants in the country town will buy to ruin and decay. Did you ever hear such rot and rubbish. The proposed parcels post law only allows you to mail a package weighing eleven pounds, and as this is the case, could you buy a piano, a folding bed, a rocking chair, a keg of nails, a barrel of sugar, a sack of flour, a plough, a washing machine, or anything else but the lightest kind of articles from a mail order house, and have it come by parcels post? I guess not. Mind you I have nothing to do with mail order houses. I never bought anything from them in my life because I never had to, though thousands do and find it convenient and advantageous, but it gets my goat when people write a lot of rot so that robbers may be permitted to keep up their robbery without interruption. People have a right to buy where they like, when they like and how they like. According to the article before me, the whole foundation of the nation's prosperity rests on the local storekeeper and middleman. This is a lot of arrant bosh. The so-called merchant who may be busy putting sand in the sugar, handing out short weight, selling cotton goods for all wool, and buying in any and every old market, no matter how far distant from home, which will give him the lowest prices and the highest possible profits on what he retails, often foisting on the public as first-class goods, articles that are second rate and inferior, purchases just where he chooses to you, however, are not even to be allowed the privilege of sending where you like for a miserable little package of goods weighing only eleven pounds. You have got to buy any and every old thing that the local merchant likes to hand you or the country is going to ruin. Now what part does the storekeeper play in the business life of a nation anyway? He is simply a distributor of articles which others produce. Of course he performs a useful function, if he performs it honestly and well, but he is only a distributor. He produces absolutely no wealth, and if the producers cared to get together they could at any time run a cooperative store, sell at cost, and tell the local merchant or merchants that they belonged to a past era and could hike. In Europe the cooperative idea is rapidly spreading and the middleman and the storekeeper are being put out of business by the wholesale, and no one is being hurt, because there are tens of thousands of retailers and small storekeepers the country o'er who are a drag upon the community instead of a help—non-producers who make a bare existence, living in stores largely tenanted by millions of flies, carrying moss-grown stock and making a few pennies on the articles which people have forgotten to buy in the big stores. I live in one of the boroughs of greater New York. There is a street close to me some seven miles long, and the whole seven miles is lined with wretched, miserable little stores. It's a sight to make a goat sick. If you go to one of these stores, you will find a consumptive, sad-eyed man or woman at the counter, and at the back of the store you will catch a glimpse of a number of anemic children. Now in this big borough with over a million people there are only four stores that really amount to anything. These big stores do all the business and flourish, the rest of the storekeepers merely exist. At a recent investigation into the high cost of living in New York, it was estimated that there were from ten to fifteen thousand food stores in New York City that could and should be dispensed with. The people who own and run these stores ought to be out in the country, or anyway in some line of productive industry. We are overburdened with dis-



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tributors and produce handlers, middlemen, commission men, and people who of necessity are forced to levy a tax on the public so they can live. You will probably say tear down the big stores, and let all the little stores do some business. No stree. You can't go backward, you must go forward, even if it hurts. The day of little things is past forever. The big department store is here to stay. The man with five thousand dollars capital simply can't compete with the man who has five millions. So the big capitalist who opens his gigantic store filled with the most tempting merchandise gathered from every corner of the earth, housed in a palatial building, with all his wares temptingly displayed for sale at a price lower than the small retailer can even buy them, is going to get the patronage and is going to win out, and does. People have to trade where they can get goods at the lowest price, and everyone will buy in the cheapest market,—that is a law of business based on human nature and legislation cannot overcome it. The small storekeeper and the small capitalist belong to a fast disappearing class. You have got to either have a big business of your own, or work for a big business. Con-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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to you may find out what a wonderful entertainer it is before sending me one cent for it. Then when you've decided to buy it I will make the terms of payment so light that you'll hardly realize you're paying for it. You don't have to promise to buy and you don't have to send me a cent of money to borrow this machine. Send for

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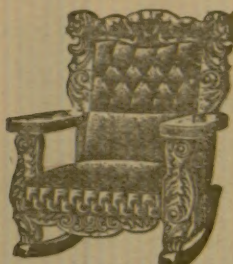
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Hair to its Youthful Color.
Prevents hair falling.
50¢ and \$1.00 at Drugists.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

centration of capital and of effort are the slogans
of the industrial world today. Capital is or-
ganized and the farmers must organize. Econom-
ic evolution is bringing about a change in every
line of effort in every section of this country
and of the whole world. We have to adjust our-
selves to the new order of things. The world
has outgrown the short pants of childhood and
small things, and is now putting on the long
trousers of manhood and great accomplishments.
The change from the old to the new methods will
bring suffering to many, while the readjustment is
going on, but don't be afraid, and don't be
scared. All that makes for progress makes for
good, everything that retards progress makes for
evil. Look what blessings the sewing machine
and the spinning jenny have been to mankind,
and yet ignorant fanatics tried to destroy these
God blessed products of man's genius when they
first came into existence. Machinery will eventu-
ally set man free from crushing, laborious toil,
and give him an opportunity to develop mental-
ly and spiritually. The real parcels post, if we
ever get it, will be a blessing to the nation.
Only ignorance, greed and superstition oppose it.
I have seen it working full blast in foreign
countries for years, and I know it never hurt
anyone. It is the producers who carry the world
on their backs, and the closer we bring producer
and consumer together the better for all con-
cerned. The middleman is quite capable of tak-
ing care of himself, and will do so. The local
merchant can show you the thing you want to
buy, and as a rule you buy the thing you can
see and look at, rather than the thing you can-
not see and have to send for. Parcels post will
not hurt the local merchant, it will help him, and
remember what I told you, times and methods
are changing. The bicycle gave way to the auto-
mobile, the automobile will give way to the fly-
ing machine. Don't stand like a dumb head cow
on the railroad, trying to butt the train of progress
off the tracks. Get aboard the train, for progress
for a nobler and brighter era, where health, pros-
perity and intelligence will be the lot of all men,
and where no poor dumb head will be scared stiff
by a bunch of express trust literature, or any
other dope given out by hack writers, so that
rich human squirrels may continue to prey on
poor, struggling human nuts.

214 2nd St., N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Will you admit a school girl of sweet sixteen into
your happy band of cousins? My home is in "Old
Virginia," but I have been going to school in the
nation's beautiful capital this winter.

Washington is a beautiful city, with its many hand-
some marble buildings and grassy parks. Whether
where you go in the city the capital and the Wash-
ington monument, may be seen towering above the other
buildings. Washington is truly a city of monuments
and statues. A grand and imposing statue of Colum-
bus was unveiled June 8th, and a beautiful statue of
John Paul Jones, the father of the American navy,
was unveiled recently. At the Navy Yard all kinds of
guns and cannon can be seen, and permission may be
had to go on the battlefields and see how Uncle Sam's
boys live. I think a sailor's life must be very inter-
esting.

In the Congressional Library a number of George
Washington's, Paul Jones' and many famous men's
letters may be read. The library is the most beautiful
building in the city. It is built of Italian marble,
with a gold dome. The walls are painted and frescoed
to represent different things, war, peace, art, agricul-
ture, history, science and many others fully as inter-
esting.

At the Patent office, small models of our battleships
are kept and all kinds of wonderful inventions from
plans to steam engines are seen. But the most inter-
esting place of all to me is the National museum.
There are many things from all over the world in its
halls—cannon captured in the different wars of our
country, the flag which inspired Francis Scott Key
to write the world famous Star Spangled Banner,
and Indian relics of by-gone days.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins. Es-
pecially any of Uncle Sam's boys who would care
to write me a letter, or post-card. I am very much
interested in the army and navy life.

With love and kisses for Uncle Charlie and all the
cousins I remain, your niece and cousin,
IRENE DALTON, (League No. 35,080.)

You are quite right, Irene, Washington cer-
tainly is a beautiful city? To any American
worthy of the name it must be a source of in-
spiration and make him swell with pride as he
gazes upon the city of magnificent distances and
its many glorious buildings. There is enough in
Washington, its name and its history and its
grandeur to inspire any man or set of men to
serve their country nobly and well, and if possi-
ble to shed their blood for it. That's the effect
a trip to Washington has on the average citizen,
but oh, how different is the effect of this won-
derful city on those who are sent there by the
people to make their laws! Instead of ennobling
it demoralizes, "Sassietty" in its most demoralizing
form holds sway in Washington, and once you are
swept into the social whirlpool, good by to all
your ideals, your patriotism, and your burning
devotion to state and country. You may mean
well when you get there, but as the spider sets
its web for the fly, "sassietty," the grafting in-
terests, the lobbyists, and the usual bunch of
hangers on that are to be found in all cities
where the people's business is supposed to be
transacted, gradually draw a man away from
the path of duty, rob him of his sterling qual-
ities, make him forget to carry out his sacred
pledges to those who have elected him, and trans-
form him from a real man into a biased social
ranger. In our American House of Lords there
is a luxurious bathroom, and do you know what
it costs every time a senator takes a bath?

Well it costs the country exactly six dollars a
bath. The space occupied by the palatial bath is
badly needed for filing public documents, which at
present are stored away in an abandoned car
barn. Fancy six dollars to bathe a senator that
you are given no opportunity to elect! The
other day a senator died and the governor of
the state represented by the deceased senator,
sent a man to occupy his place. You of course
didn't send him. The most important part of
the national legislature is put beyond your
reach. It would be dangerous to organized
money to let the people select all their repre-
sentatives. Well, how much do you think the
gentleman was reputed to be worth that was
sent to the senate? Only fifteen million dollars,
that's all. Now you know why our senate is
called the millionaire's club. It is not wise
to let poor men occupy exalted positions. It is
possible they might make some laws that would
help poor men, and maybe make more laws
that would curtail the power of the wealthy
few who really govern the country, so that's why
millionaires or their representatives are as thick
as flies on a molasses barrel in the senate, and
being rich, why six dollars for a bath for which
you have to pay, seems very little to them.

Mind you, you are already paying these gentle-
men one hundred and fifty dollars a week, for
holding up legislation that might help you, and
do you good, but the Senate has not a monop-
oly of all the graft. In the House of Repre-
sentatives they have what is called "telegraph".
It appears that the house cost the government the tidy sum
of twenty-two thousand dollars a year. One
telegram of a private nature sent by a member
of the House of Representatives, Representative
Fitzgerald declared, cost sixty dollars, while
the telegraph bill of another member for a single
month amounted to no less than two hundred
and fifty dollars. That will give you a slight
idea of the kind of graft that goes on at Wash-
ington. Waste, wanton waste, is rampant in
every department of our government, the Federal
end of which as represented in Washington, costs
us a billion dollars a year to run. Three hun-
dred million dollars of this sum, it is esti-
mated, is utterly wasted. Seventy-two per cent.

of the revenues of our government go for war
purposes or the results of war, while only
twenty-eight per cent. is used for advancing
the arts of peace, commerce and science. You
admire the post-office building, but while admir-
ing it don't forget that we have as yet no
parcels post, and the postal savings banks are
still being doled out one or two at a time, as you
dole out pennies to beggars. Then if you gaze at
the White House don't forget that we are
foolish enough to give its occupant more power
than is vested in any king on earth. Fancy after
the House and Senate have wrestled with public
measures of vast importance for days or weeks,
we allow one man, a man possibly with less
mental equipment than tens of thousands of
other men that our country produces, to put his
veto on these bills and make all the work and
effort of Congress, of men who are supposed to
represent the people, void and of no account.
Oh, yes, we have some wonderful buildings in
Washington. We have some wonderful monu-
ments to our own childish folly. Some day we
shall wake up and quit being foolish. Some day
we shall take the government of the country into
our own hands, and allow the brainiest men in
the nation, not politicians and grafters, but pa-
triotic and thinkers to draft and formulate mea-
sures for the public good, which will not become
law until they have received the stamp of your
approval. That is what I call representative gov-
ernment. At present we only play at government
as children play with soap bubbles. Some day
we shall develop in this country a race of men
and women worthy of this glorious land of which
we make such poor use. When that day comes
a trip to Washington will be worth while—an
inspiration. Fine buildings make a fine display.
They serve to impress the thoughtless. I am not
concerned with fine buildings. What I am con-
cerned with are noble principles, high ideals,
human uplift, race betterment and world progress.
Better have men working for these in a
stable or a cellar—real men, noble men—than
millionaires loafing around in marble bathrooms,
hatching schemes to make the rich richer and
the poor poorer, while they wallow in their
gorgeous tubs for which you pay six dollars for
every individual hide scrubbing. The Congres-
sional Library is all right, Irene. That's the best
part of the whole capital. That's where you can
read the great thoughts of all the great men
who ever lived. One of the standard works of
reference in that library for a few years
ago, and I am a little prouder of that fact
than of anything I have ever done. I hope some
of our soldiers and sailors will write to you. I
am sure they will.

CARL, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my certificate, also League button, they
are fine. I always enjoy reading the letters from the
many cousins living in different parts of the U. S.
Your witty sayings are both amusing and instructive.
Comfort is certainly a welcome visitor in our home.
I have attended school but after living long way out
here in the wild west I have forgotten nearly all I
ever knew, so don't be too severe when you correct
these misspelled words. You must get very lone-
some living in your little chicken coop in far away
Maine. Why don't you come to Dakota sometime? I
would love to see you ride a bucking broncho. We
would all be glad to see you and shake your mitt
with a hearty welcome. How many of you cousins
like to ride horseback? I do for one. And think it is
not only fun but a healthful exercise. Quite a few
girls here ride horseback. I have a copy of Uncle
Charlie's poems. They are certainly great! He must
be a fine fellow. Think of having such a creature al-
ways in the home. There would be no chance for
blues. Some of his poems would almost make an
Egyptian mummy laugh. How many of you read the
letter from Oleta Littleheart, the little Indian girl of
Sulphur, Okla.? I think her letter was very good.
She must be a charming little girl.

With love to all I remain your loving niece and
cousin,
LAURA MCCRAITH, (League No. 36,278.)

Laura, from your well-penned letter, I gather
that you will soon be able to vote. You say you
have forgotten nearly all you ever knew since you
left school. At school we only lay the
foundations of an education, and if you forget
what you learned at school, you have nothing
left on which you can build a real educational
structure, for the education that counts is
reared with the blocks of knowledge that we hear
from the rocks of experience as we journey
through life, and we can't lay these blocks
straight and true if we neglect the foundation.
Now, Laura, and all you other boys and girls,
devote some of your time to study. Don't
let housework, ranchwork, fieldwork or recrea-
tion and pleasure keep you from doing a certain
amount of reading daily. Life is a growth,
and reading, thinking and studying and ob-
serving act as fertilizers on the heart, brain,
soul and character. By the aid of these we
grow and expand; the intellect develops, the soul
awakens, our ideas are formed, our sympathies
quickened and deepened, and bursting from the
bonds of ignorance, and soaring high above the
muck and mire of every-day things we reach
those mountain heights where we commune with
the infinite and inspired by angelic songs, plan
mighty things, and the uplift of those dull of
mind and fast of heart, toiling in the dreary
shadows of the hard, prosaic world below. Ig-
norance chains us to the earth, knowledge gives
us the power to soar into the realm of
culture, where we can gather priceless pearls
of wisdom and thought from the giant minds of
all the ages. Don't forget what you have learned
at school boys and girls, and don't cease reading,
studying and learning, for when you cease to
learn you cease to grow. On the tombstone of
Green the great English historian are carved
these words: "He died learning." Now keep
on learning, seek the truth and the truth will set
you free, and it is by the royal road of knowl-
edge that we arrive at the truth. Oil the ma-
chinery of your mind with noble thoughts, and
your life will be a blessing to you and those
about you, and the storms of the ages will never
obliterate your footprints from the sands of
time, for noble thoughts and noble deeds are
imperishable things. So you think I get lone-
some in my little chicken coop do you? Indeed
I never have time to get lonesome. When sick-
ness does not cut me completely out of business,
I am at work from eight o'clock in the morning
until ten o'clock at night. If you could peep
in at my little family, Maria and Billy the Goat,
who between them attend to my wants and look
after my welfare, you would know I never could
be lonely. I'd very much like to come to Dakota
where I could see the rolling prairies and get a
real breath of bracing Western air once more.
I would also like to get away from the cease-
less roar of a mighty city traffic. I long for
the peace and quiet of the country. I like to
have you think of me living in the seclusion
of the Maine woods, but you've got your location
wrong, honey. Fate, I regret to say has chained
me with bonds that cannot be severed to a city
and state whose government is a stench in my



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Hall, a state bossed alternately or jointly by
those unspeakable specimens of the political boss,
Barnes and Murphy, products of republican and
democratic madness and misrule, a city that is
protected by a police scandalized in the eyes of
the world by the accusation that it fattens on the
protection of vice and crime and that it re-
cently engineered the Rosenthal murder. Come
to Dakota. You bet I would, for this city of
New York is a disgrace to even our sham civil-
ization. Unfortunately, my dear, I am unable
to move and have no shoes, so I'll have to
stay right where I am. You say you'd like to
shake my mitt. If you'll kindly inform me what
part of my anatomy that is I'll be greatly ob-
liged. Billy the Goat says he thinks you mean
you would like to get a grab on my lunch hooks.
Now I trail your smoke and am wise to your
meaning; but Laura you say you would like to
shake my mitt with a hearty welcome. Grab my
dipper with your paw honey, or in other words,
give me a hearty handshake, and then I'll know
I'm welcome. If, on inspection I do not measure
up to your physical ideals, and you feel a sense
of disappointment on regarding my too, too fatal
beauty, just hand me the mitten, give me the
marble front and the stony stare, and I will
hike, fade away and beat it. Nix on the bucking
broncho, unless I can ride inside, or you can
glue a Pullman car to his tail and let me have
an upper berth at the rear end where I can fade
away quick when the kicks come thick. I am
glad you appreciate the little Indian girl of Okla-
homa, Laura. When Indian girls have ideas and
ideals a hundred years ahead of white girls, and
have the ability to put their thoughts in language
worthy of Macaulay or Carlyle, it's time that
the rest of us sat up and took notice or hide our
heads in shame. White boys and girls wake up
and be doing if you don't want the Indian to out-
strip you on the trails of progress.

MILLSTONE, ELK CO., PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Did you ever print a letter from a taxidermist? I
am not a professional taxidermist. Have mounted
only fifty or seventy-five specimens. I would like to
work at the art all the time and hope I can some
time. Do you think that there will be a money panic
if the revolutionists are successful? It cannot be much
worse than it has been the last few years can it?
(You bet it can't, Uncle Charlie.)

I see in the history of northwestern Pennsylvania,
that there used to be lots of elk, deer and bear and
all kinds of animals in this country fifty years ago.
There is plenty of rattlesnakes here now. I do not
kill specimens on purpose to mount, but mount what
anyone brings me. I think it all right to preserve
specimens for future observance.

Hoping I may hear from some of the cousins, with
love to all,
LOVELL VAN TASSEL, (Age 22.)

I am not quite sure my dear boy, whether your
Christian name is Lowell or Lovell, as your hand-
writing, though interesting and unique has al-
most given me the blind staggers to read. So
you are a taxidermist are you? I wish you were
also a chirographist. Now Lowell, suppose you
spend half an hour every day trying to improve
your handwriting, then every weary editor you
may chance to write to, also every business man,
relative, friend or sweetheart, will have cause
to bless you. Only a little practice is needed to
improve your handwriting. So you are a taxider-
mist are you. Billy the Goat thought a taxider-
mist was a man who ran a taxi cab. I have
had to explain to him that it is a gentleman who
preserves and mounts animals. Personally I
don't think much of the business you are engaged
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

YOU Can LEARN

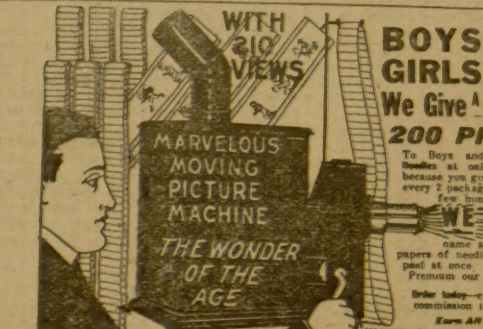
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musician can always make big money and it is a great source of pleasure besides. We
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Juana's Revenge

A Story of Old Porto Rico

By Theophilus Bolden Steward

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JUANA was weary of the struggle for life. With a sigh she put down the two large water jars and rubbed her aching sides. Her gaze wandered listlessly from the hills to the fertile fields stretching above her squalid cabin. Besides the tropic green of the scenery there was nothing to arrest her eyes. Slowly she turned her gaze from this, to her three half-clad children romping in the tall grass near the arroyo whence she had just brought the water. Discouraged now more than ever, the tired woman sank languidly upon the wooden box which served as a step in front of her cabin.

The voice of Ricardo, Juana's husband, piped shrilly above that of the other laborers in Don Jaime's broad, black fields, and she listened passively.

"Poor man," she muttered, "he can sing and feel happy. It is only I who am oppressed." Inwardly she reproached herself for these thoughts. She knew how hard her husband toiled under the tropic sun for the few pesos which were his weekly wage. The thought of his weary plodding up and down the long tobacco-rows saddened her. She longed to relieve him, to help him, to free him from such slavery.

So thinking the gaunt anemic woman would have sat there until Ricardo's return, for today her poverty and helplessness seemed more depressing than ever. But the children, weary of playing in the murky arroyo aroused her with their appetites.

Mechanically Juana prepared the food. Her every movement was heavy with the feeling of depression. The children gathered a few sticks, and soon had a fire under the smoky pot that stood upon some stones in front of the cabin. Juana made a mixture of rice and beans with bits of dried codfish, the last of her small supply. From the ashes she uncovered the baked bananas that served as bread. The children ate from their coconut-shell bowls and used bits of the same shell for spoons. More often they scooped the food into their mouths with dirty, boney fingers. Happy even in such incomparable poverty, they laughed and talked until it grew dark. Juana in the meantime looked on sadly, eating nothing, her spirit of despair growing into rebellion.

The children finished their meal and sat straining their eyes to keep awake and listening to hear their father's "Que tal, muchachitos!" as he came home along the path. "All their world was father and mother, the arroyo, the tall grass and the dirty, scraggy goat. Of all these they tired during the day, but never rested contentedly until Ricardo came home and they swarmed about him asking many questions. They wondered why he did not come, and frequently lifted their sleepy eyes to peer through the darkness or to ask Juana about him.

The mother was not alarmed. She knew that Don Jaime sometimes kept the peones late to sort, turn and sack the coffee, especially if rain threatened, or if he intended to send loaded ox-carts to San Juan for a morning steamer. The children had now fallen asleep beside her, their thin faces and poorly-nourished bodies looking more piteous as the flickering glare of one small lamp fell upon them. Juana seemed helpless in the sorrow with which she regarded the half-starved brood. She awoke them with a shudder of pity, and stupidly murmuring their father's name and their sleepy farewells, they crawled in among the banana leaves and thatched grass huddled in a corner, and were soon asleep.

But Juana returned to her vigil beside the open door. She rested her slender arms upon her knees and supported her head. The long black hair had fallen from its loose fastening and hung about her face. Her dark eyes were open and staring, and her long fingers met above her head. The tightened lips and the sharp chin were the only marks that linked her Spanish blood with the Indians of the island. The picture of abject discouragement, she resembled a ghostly apparition when the rich, tropical moonlight fell upon her. Her mind reverted to its one theme, stirred only by the anxiety of her husband's delay. Suddenly she arose, pushed the long stripping of banana tree across the cabin door, and went stumbling along the trail toward the house of Don Jaime.

She feared the rich Spanish coffee-planter because of her dependence upon him and the growing debts due him. Don Jaime cared for nothing. He hired labor cheap, and shipping his coffee and tobacco to Spain sold them at exorbitant prices. He ruled his immense plantation in absolute power, and the stories of his cruelty, wickedness and wealth were the common talk of the islanders. It was his custom when displeased with any of his peones to accuse them of theft. Many had been borne away to the Spanish courts at Cayey, leaving their destitute families to starve or wage a losing fight against anemia and the ever-lurking fever. None of this misery touched him. In his large house with its massive mahogany furniture and brilliant hanging lamps, Don Jaime lolled in the hot afternoon. After his *siesta*, he rode out to drive the laborers with abuse and tyranny. The peones hated him in silence with the intensity of their defenseless condition. They knew that any expression of their feelings would bring them to Cayey and thence to the penitentiary at Rio Piedras with all its horrors and cruelty.

Much of this unexpressed hatred lived and wrangled in Juana's dull brain as she struggled along the trail. The rebellion which all day long had been fed by her bitter thoughts now aroused her to action. Her mind was torn with fears for her husband. She did not know but that the fate of those unfortunates who had incurred Don Jaime's displeasure might have befallen Ricardo. Slowly she had awakened. The cruelty of the Spaniard and the resourcefulness of the Indian asserted themselves within her. Faster she ran along the trail.

"Ricardo! Ricardo!" she called at every turn and listened excitedly for an answer. Farther ahead she heard music and laughter, and knew that the *fiarros* were forgetting in the rude dances of the country the sameness and sadness of their lives.

"He is there," she said; "and if he is—" Her thin lips tightened; the eyes flashed with a semblance of the fire of her mixed blood, while she murmured something which might have been a prayer or a threat about "madre de Jesu!" Her thoughts moved back and forth like a shuttlecock, first to Don Jaime, then to Ricardo, then to herself and her children.

Juana soon reached the hovel of pleasure. The native cabins have many cracks between the rough cocoa-palm boards and innumerable ill-shaped holes for windows. Juana easily saw the dancers within as their bare feet and half-clad bodies kept time to the sound of guitar and *guitcharra*. All of Ricardo's friends and fellow-workers were there—why not he? She did not see him though she watched closely for some time. She wavered between anxiety to see him and jealous misgivings should she discover him. The influence of the discordant music and the match of the dancers held her a moment. She thought of how she used to enjoy those rude dances and that jangling music before—

But Ricardo was not there. Again she passed into the shadows beyond the cabin following the same hazardous trail towards the planter's house. "Ay, Ricardo, my husband," she sighed. Then the boldness of her act awoke her. She cried aloud, and seizing the overhanging branches helped herself forward. The path seemed to lose itself among the thick Spanish cedars, and Juana felt the cool, fragrant breeze against her cheek.

Now the trail became harder; she stopped frequently to murmur bitterly. But rocks cut her bare feet and made her cry in agony. Still she pushed forward, excited, desperate, angry. Once or twice she stumbled and fell heavily against the rough hillsides. A few steps further and she sank limply, leaning listlessly against a cocoa-palm.

Slowly she regained her strength and started forward. A tiresome plodding over rocks and through tall grass brought her to the gate of the path. She paused to think, but the wretched condition of her children, and the absence of Ricardo bewildered her and confused her mind. As she neared the door of Don Jaime's house, a sense of fear and littleness oppressed her. She almost turned as if to retrace her steps. In her normal mind the mere thought of entering Don Jaime's courtyard would have been appalling, but now all fear was swallowed by the desire to find Ricardo. She dared not turn back, and yet she did not know what awful consequence might result from disturbing the quietude of Don Jaime's household. Her anguish tore her mind asunder. She swayed uncertainly in the mellow light, until the rebellion in her heart broke forth in desperate expression:

"I will see him," she panted; "I will ask him." The dread of what might happen to her did not weigh against the anxiety for her husband. Her thoughts rushed rapidly and her wild eyes glowed with frenzied determination. Not yet realizing her act, she tapped mechanically upon the stout door. The sound of someone moving within the house startled her and she trembled with a subtle fright. She did not hear the door open. Her boldness in disturbing the rich planter had paralyzed her senses. What right had a poor peon's wife to bother Don Jaime at that hour? Had he not given strict orders that no peon was to enter his patio. He did not talk to them; the overseer was for that purpose. Juana knew how cruelly he had treated a feeble peon who he seceded his aid without the overseer's permission. How now would he listen to her? She would have wondered thus for some time, had not Don Jaime, looking out and seeing her, terrified the trembling woman with a harsh flow of exclamations. When she raised her eyes to those of the planter, her very soul sank within her. Her lips moved in a feeble, frightened effort to utter her words.

Don Jaime surveyed her a moment. He saw her dirty, torn clothing, her peaked face and worried look. Before the cringing woman could gather spirit to address him, he asked with a sneer:

"Juana, so late; what do you want?"

His voice seemed to penetrate her frail body and barely lifting her head she stammered:

"Ricardo, sir; he—" Juana saw the dark expression in Don Jaime's face. What was it? Ah, yes, she had forgotten. He was angry because she had disturbed him. She would apologize.

"But, my master, pardon me. I did not mean to disturb you. I am half-wild. I do not know what I am doing. Pardon me; I forgot. I am worried. Ricardo; where is he? He did not come home from the fields."

Then after a long pause, during which her courage partly returned, she continued anxiously:

"Is he in the drying sheds? Perhaps he fell asleep. May I look for him, sir?"

Don Jaime noted her fear and appeared to delight in her anguish.

"He is in Cayey. Have they not told you?"

"In Cayey? Have they not told me? Told me what? What has happened?"

"Yes," replied Don Jaime, ignoring her question and lifting the large wooden bar as if he intended to fasten the door. "He is in Cayey. I sent him there."

"On business for you, sir?"

"Yes, on business for me," he paused and then added sarcastically, "with the police. They took him away secretly this afternoon."

His voice coiled about her like a snake; the air caught in her throat, and a heaviness clutched her heart. She did not know how long she stood thus. She could hear Don Jaime's words still ringing in her ears. Fear completely held her motionless and speechless. Gradually she began to puff the words together, timidly, uncertainly.

"Cayey; police?" She knew the meaning of those terrible words. Did not all the poor of the island dread the police with an unspeakable horror? She had seen them tear away some helpless peon from his frantic family to languish in the cells at Rio Piedras. Quickly, feverishly her mind distorted conditions, until she burst out in a despairing cry:

"Rio Piedras! O, my Ricardo!"

Don Jaime watched her as she leaned against the porch-post, sobbing and writhing. There was something interesting in this worried woman, but nothing that appealed to his sympathy. He was used to such hysterical outbursts. The cruel effect of his words upon the woman fascinated him.

"Yes, he is in Cayey,—in jail by now, perhaps. He owes me; you owe me. I am tired of his laziness, his dishonesty, and of your silent hatred. He hates me; you all hate me. I must stop it. He steals my coffee and sells it. I miss much of my tobacco. Ricardo is the leader. I have suspected him. For the fruit he steals I do not care; it would not anyway. But I shall have less trouble; I shall not be tormented with those growling, lazy peones. They will be afraid. Perhaps they may follow Ricardo to Cayey. If they talk too loud, do you hear me? He is in Cayey; he is safe. I do not suspect him longer. Now he cannot steal nor talk his hatred to the others here."

At every word of this speech Juana shrunk more limply against the post and sobbed piteously. But Don Jaime appeared not to notice her despair. He seemed rather to be talking to himself.

"But, sir," the woman cried between her tears, "he will come home again. He will be free tomorrow. He will come again to our little cabin." Her voice rose as she continued:

"Ricardo does not steal. See, we are almost starved. If he were a thief, do you think I would have put my children to bed with so little food? Do you think I would be as I am, half-clad, half-starved? Do you think Ricardo and I would work so hard, if by stealing we could lighten our sorrows? Do you—do you—do you—connection left her and she shrieked, "Ricardo is no thief! You have mistreated him; you have broken our home; you have robbed my children. They cannot keep him; he will come home; he has always come home! They cannot stop him!"

Don Jaime watched the grief-stricken woman as she sunk sobbing to the floor of the porch.

"Perhaps he will come home; poor fool that you are to think so. Perhaps he will go to Rio Piedras, where he will meet others like himself. It will be lonesome for him in Cayey. Yes, he will come home; but not tomorrow, nor the next day. We will watch to see when."

He heard the sobbing woman moan.

"O, what do I care; what do I know of your Ricardo, as you say? Perhaps he is no thief. They will find out what he is at Rio Piedras. They find out many things there," he continued derisively. "He is only a peon, a slave, a dog, and there are plenty of them. Let him go to Rio Piedras. There he will learn to be honest and to talk less; and you shall have time now to think what it means to hate Don Jaime. Go, find your Ricardo in Rio Piedras; they will keep him until you come!"

The door closed; and the heavy wooden bar groaned as Don Jaime drove it viciously into the cleats. The sobbing woman was now silent. She lay a huddled heap of despair against the

porch-post. Don Jaime retired and thought no more of her. Juana could not tell how long she lay upon the planter's porch. When she at last drew herself up, the words, "Rio Piedras," hissed in her ears, and her distorted imagination linked her poor, helpless husband with them. She knew what awaited her if Ricardo were sent to Rio Piedras. She staggered away and, clambering over the rocky trail in the darkness, reached her cheerless cabin. There was more of that sad resignation in her face; more of the desperation of defeat in her rapid movements; but something nerved her, something that proved that the tigress was awakening within her. The hot hatred of her mixed blood burned like a consuming and avenging desire.

She fingered the ever-present beads about her neck and spoke to the pendant crucifix, while she made feeble efforts to control the tide of retaliation which surged within her. In her frenzy she lost all dominion of her thoughts and actions. Quickly she decided. She waked the children, and half carrying them, half leading them, she stumbled across the fields, seeking with the mother instinct a safe protection for them. Coming at last to another cabin perched upon four sticks like her own, Juana led the children outside and ran, now falling, now groping impatiently, with prayers and mutterings, until she stopped before her own hovel. She was impelled by a wild, swift desire, the harsh words of Don Jaime lashed her onward. Under the smacked not a few sticks still smoldered. She snatched up a handful of them. A demon seemed to possess her and to add strength to her emaciated limbs and weakened vitality. Stealthily she approached Don Jaime's plantation. Passing quickly among the coffee trees, she dropped the brands. A moment she watched and listened.

"It burns; it burns; see, how it burns! Aye, madre de Jesu, see how the flames run about!" She whispered excitedly. The cracking of the fire aroused and bewildered her. She could not take her eyes from the sight. The sound of her heartbeats pounded in her ears. For the first time the soughing of the wind among the cedars frightened her, and the slow swaying of the heavy banana bushes startled her. Now she seemed to realize her act. Her hate subsided quickly and gave place to a sense of peril. What if she were seen here? What good then would come from her terrible sacrifice? Trembling and breathing rapidly, she turned and fled. The instinct of her ancient blood guided her. Swiftly she ran through the tall grass, crossed the arroyo, and came out into the weed-fringed trail to the Cave of Comerio.

Now she breathed less excitedly and moved with greater assurance. Once within the cave under Mt. Junque, she would be safe. Almost exhausted, she stumbled forward deeper into the dense undergrowth sure that the end of her journey would bring her to the cave. She dared not stop, for even her dull brain knew she had committed a crime, and that the cruelty of the Spanish law would seek her out, and then—she did not need to think beyond that. All her life she had heard stories of the prisons, the road-gangs, the cursings and lashings and the herding of her helpless people in the fields, the tobacco factories and the sugar mills.

Meanwhile the embers flared; their red flames lapped the oily bark of the coffee trees and ran wildly up the light banana brush. The peones, seeing the full fire against the darkened skies, stirred excitedly from their hard beds or rushed wildly from their coarse pleasures. They reached the scene, and half-heartedly chopped with hoes *magchetas*, beating back the flames with sticks and bushes. Don Jaime saw the red light from his window, and heard the shrill cries of the firefighters. He arrived only to see that their efforts were useless, and expressed his temper in curses and abuses, with all the gesticulations of a ruined Spaniard.

The thick smoke drove all back; the stifling aroma of the burning berries convulsed the workers; the fire did its work well. Thousands of coffee trees, orange trees and stubby banana bushes stood charred. The flames gambled in the tall grass, leaving here and there little fires which tried vainly to consume the trunks of the hard cocoa-palms and sandalwoods. They leaped across the patio and tossed up the dried coffee-berries like pop-corn. The drying sheds fell with their stores of cured tobacco. The heavy boards of Don Jaime's house held against the flames for a moment, and the peones made indifferent attempts to save what they dared.

Don Jaime raved at the frightened laborers. Their dispirited efforts were of little value. The hard toll of years and the poor food now told upon their endurance. One by one they fell back within the shadows, and watched the fire, until the last timber of the house fell. Nothing remained but blackened ruins and burnt pieces of priceless Spanish furniture. Then exhausting its fury, the fire was satisfied.

The peones still stood and wondered. Sometimes they spoke of the fire; and when they were once more rested and broke into little groups about the place, they missed Ricardo. He had always been first among them, standing out almost the equal of the foreman. They knew that for some time Don Jaime had been harsh in speaking to him. Strange things began to take shape in their minds and to be whispered among them. The news of Ricardo's absence flashed from group to group, always accompanied with mutterings and covert threats against the planter. Not one of these half-slaves expressed the least sympathy or concern for Don Jaime. As they raked among the ruins and fingered the burnt coffee, they thought much of Ricardo's absence, casting furtive glances at Don Jaime who stood silent among the ruins.

One of the women who had come up from a nearby cabin now said:

"You talk of Ricardo, but—"

"The men dared not answer, they feared Don Jaime's quick eye."

"You talk of Ricardo, but where is Juana?"

A puzzled look greeted the woman's query. The word was passed from group to group. The woman turned quickly and motioned silence, lest Don Jaime should hear the excited questioning. A tall fellow, Ricardo's *parejo* in the fields, stepped nearer.

"Hush, woman, talk softly! What has happened? Juana is at home. Women do not belong here." To this the woman related in whispers how she had found Juana's children outside her cabin and had taken them in and questioned them. She had learned that Juana had brought them there and that their father, Ricardo, had not come home at night from the fields. She thought perhaps Juana had gone in search of him. As the woman talked her voice grew louder.

"Hush, woman! Have we not told you to speak softly! Do you want us all carried to Cayey?"

While they were still talking in whispers, the road-menders came down to see the fire. They told of seeing Ricardo being taken to Cayey by the police late in the afternoon. Besides they had seen Juana stumbling up the trail in the moonlight towards Don Jaime's house. But after that the moon went down, and they saw nothing more until the fire lit up the sky. None of the listening peones spoke, they rattled the berries on the hard cement floor to cover the sound of the talking. Each thought of Don Jaime's custom. They understood Ricardo's absence; but what of Juana? One of them let his thoughts escape in a half-audible whisper:

"Ah, then I see. Don Jaime, the police, Ricardo, Rio Piedras fire."

Someone else replied in a sharp, quick voice.

"Juana!" and Ricardo's *parejo* started swiftly towards Juana's cabin.

Don Jaime heard the last word and saw the man moving away. He began to mutter. The whole thing came before him,—the cringing, pleading woman, his own harsh words. He knew now. He was a ruined man alone among all these natives who hated him. He had lost the fruits of his years of toil, and was too old to recover. It would mean years to reset another coffee grove and await its harvest time. He could never replace the Spanish cedars, mahogany and sandalwood trees. His spirit was completely broken. That morning he walked among the

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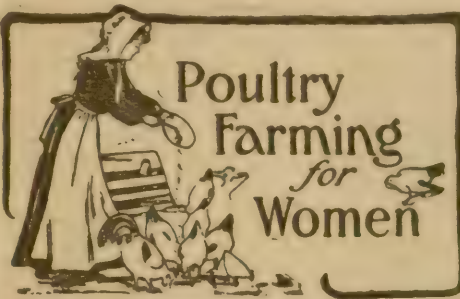
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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Care in Mating

THERE must be a prevailing impression among general farmers who are just waking up to the idea that poultry is profitable, and taking some pains with it, that it is necessary to change the male birds every year. Of course, inbreeding is detrimental to any flock when allowed to go on year after year, but bringing in new blood each season without any consideration of points or characteristics is just as detrimental to success, so let me beg of you to do a little considering before banishing a good bird. I have often explained in previous articles on breeding thoroughbred poultry that the male bird should be chosen with special reference to the hens he is to be mated to.

To illustrate: If the hens happen to have legs rather too long for the breed they belong to, the male bird chosen to mate with them should have a trifle too short, and, of course, the same throughout the points. There are very few perfect birds, so matings must be arranged to counterbalance the faulty points. And it is impossible to get perfection from one mating, so it is positively necessary to breed the pullets back to the sire, even to the third and fourth generation.

Now, many people run away with the idea that it is only conformation and plumage that one does such mating for, but it is quite as necessary when one is trying to build up a strain of heavy laying birds. Roosters must be the offspring of prolific layers, no less than the hens to which they are to be mated, and it is only by remating to the progeny of the original sire that the breed can be firmly established. Of course, the same is to be said if your ambition is to raise specially good table birds with deep breasts and heavily meated thighs. So you see, even for the general purpose bird, it is well to devote some thought to the subject, and be careful to select, not only hens that are known to be good layers, but males who are known to be the sons of heavy layers, and once having established a good pen, it is well to be very careful how you introduce a strange male bird.

I am emphasizing this subject now, because so many of my correspondents seem to be convinced

Correspondence

M. Y. S.—I wish to ask you a few questions concerning my chickens. I have Silver Laced Wyandottes. I bought the eggs for thoroughbred, but I don't think they are, as hardly any are marked just the same. They are alike, and yet they are unlike. Some are a great deal lighter than others; the large wing feathers of some white or near white, and others are black or near black. Some are about equally mixed, black and white. Some, the black markings all over them are more distinct than others. The white markings on some are a great deal larger than on others, and what I want to know is this: Are they pure stock? If all are not, which is the truer? Darker or lighter? Can I improve them by pruning them? The darker to themselves and vice versa. What is the true shape of them? Short and stocky like Plymouth Rocks; not quite so much so. Of the feathers enclosed, the one marked with red is a cockerel feather of the darker. The other a pullet of the lighter.

A.—The feathers enclosed do not show the marks as demanded by the Standard of Perfection, which is the recognized authority in such matters. The feathers you send resemble more closely Wyandotte than Silver Pencilled Wyandotte. The description of the Silver Pencilled Wyandotte in the Standard is as follows: Male; head, silver white. Neck, silver white, with a distinct black stripe running nearly parallel to the edge of the feather, and tapering to a point at the end. Each feather must be free from black or white shafts or black edging. Undercolor, dark gray. Back; surface color, silver white; saddle, silver white; black stripe down center of each feather. Breast, black. Body, black, or black slightly frosted with white. Flank; black, or slightly frosted with white. Wings; base, slightly white; primaries, black; except a narrow edging of white on lower edge of lower web. Secondaries, black, except lower half of lower web, which should be white till near the end of the feather, where it ends abruptly, leaving the end of the feather black. Shoulder, black; wing coverts, glossy greenish black, forming a definite bar of that color across the wing when folded; tail, greenish black, or maybe edged with white. Female; neck same as male. Back; gray, with distinct dark pencilling conforming in shape with feather. Breast and body, same. Pencilling should run well up under the throat and low down on to the thighs. Wings; primaries, black, with neck pencilling of gray on lower web. Secondaries, upper web, dull black; lower web, gray, with distinct dark pencilling. Coverts, same as breast and body. Tail; black, except two highest main feathers, which should be pencilled at upper edge. I think your best plan would be to write to Mr. Walter H. Dunn, secretary of the Silver Wyandotte Club, Worcester, Ohio, inclosing a few feathers, and giving a full description of your birds. You might also write to Mr. Archie E. Vandervoort, Sidney Center, New York, who is a well-known breeder of Silver Pencilled Wyandottes.

B. B.—Please tell me what ails my ducks. They seem well, but all at once they get so they can't walk, and when they try, they will flop their wings on the ground and jump instead of walking. In a short time they get so they can't hold their heads up, but will lie on their breasts with their necks stretched out. They will lie that way for about a day, and die. They eat just as long as they can hold their heads up. They seem to have fever. I feed them ground corn and wheat twice a day. After they began to die I shut them in a yard and they seemed to get all right, but when I turned them out they went to the house and came to the house sick. They seemed all right in the yard. I lost about forty young ones in a week, and then the old ones took sick. The young ones were full feathered—almost grown. I have been a subscriber to COMFORT—six years, and I like every department fine.



A WELL-FED, HAPPY GROUP.

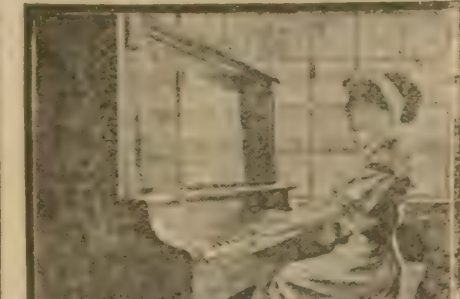
that all that is necessary to get good layers is to select their best hens. I use "hens" in writing, but of course the same principles apply to mating ducks and geese, and, to a smaller extent, turkeys. It is quite time to consider breeding flocks of ducks and geese now, for if strange birds have to be bought, it takes time for them to get accustomed to their new surroundings, and as they are early layers, there should be no delay about the purchase.

Both ducks and geese are such easy keepers when they have a wide range that it is advisable for every small farm to keep a small flock of either one or the other. Imperial Pekin ducks start laying in January, when hens' eggs are bringing very big prices, so the ducks' eggs are a great convenience and economy, as they can be used at home, and usually sell to neighbors for all cooking purposes, even if they don't like to eat them. Ducks' eggs make better cakes and custards than hens' eggs, and people who are living near towns or cities can always dispose of any surplus quantity to confectioners and candy makers.

I give you this hint, as it is not advisable to hatch ducks before April in most localities, and by that time hens' eggs have gone down in price to such an extent that one does not mind using them in the kitchen. If you have raised any number of ducks or geese during the last season, now is the time to fatten and market them. Confine them in rather small yards; boil and mash any waste, green vegetables, small potatoes, or any other root crop that you may have on hand. When cool, mix about a quart of wheat middlings or cornmeal through a painful, and you will have a good fattening mash for twenty birds, and give them all the skimmed milk you can spare in a dish they can only get their bills into, and they will be ready for market within three weeks.

Old ducks and geese which are to be kept for breeding in the spring, must have a dry place to sleep in, and good food. Chopped cornstalks or fodder, well steamed, and a little bran, make a good, inexpensive mash. If skim-milk is plentiful, give them some every day, to take the place of the insects which they can no longer find for themselves. If there is no milk to spare, get some commercial meat scraps, and mix about a tablespoonful for each bird in the mash three times a week. Also, be careful that they have plenty of grit and water. Ducks and geese often suffer for water on a general farm after outdoor pools and troughs are frozen.

The time the birds receive now, will influence their laying, and the strength of the ducklings and goslings next spring. Ducks' feathers make almost as good pillows as those of geese, so be careful of them. Pluck the birds dry, and put a few feathers at a time in a cheese-cloth bag. Tie securely, and wash as you would a woolen blanket. Hang the bag up over a line; shake, and turn from top to bottom several times whilst drying. Take in at night, and hang out again whilst the sun shines, for two or three days, at the end of which time the feathers will be fluffy, sweet and clean.



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very small one. We would like to know what has caused it, as we think we feed all right, and keep the house clean—cleaned every day of their lives; fresh air all night, and they are in a house twenty-two by seven, with a wing of another five feet. It's up from the ground two and one half feet, and they can run under for shade and to dust, and in the winter it is closed with glass windows all around. There are nine half sashes with two glass doors in their house, and they have the run of the garden every day, and they are the happiest bunch of twenty-two chickens you ever saw. We spend hours every day caring for them. We feed them two thirds wheat, cracked corn, and a little whole corn now, and it makes nearly a quart for breakfast. Dinner; fresh water, cup of wheat, oatmeal or rolled oats, sometimes cooked with lettuce, lawn grass, or chard, and sometimes during the week, meat or milk for their dinner, and fresh water. Supper same as breakfast, with table scraps and fresh water. Bran, grit and shell are before them all the time. I would like to know what caused her to get that way, and would you be so kind as to answer this, if possible, right away, as we would like to get her to walking before cold weather sets in.

A.—The hen has rheumatism. The remedies you have tried were all good, but probably you did not use them strong enough. Mix turpentine with sweet oil—one part of the former to two of the latter, and rub the bird's shanks and feet with the mixture. Keep the bird in a small coop, with plenty of dry hay on the floor for her to roost on. I think, with such good care as you have been administering, she will soon be all right.

G. L. R.—Can you publish a plan for trap nests in the poultry column of COMFORT as soon as possible? Perhaps someone else that takes COMFORT would like to know how. If you can, please accommodate a subscriber, as I am interested in poultry, and turn there the first thing.

A.—We have always used the Cornell trap nest, and really think it is the best. It is a box-like structure without front and end cover, twenty-eight inches long, thirteen inches wide, and sixteen inches deep, inside measure. A division of board with a circular opening seven and one half inches in diameter is placed across the box, twelve inches from the rear end and fifteen inches from the front end. The rear section is the nest proper. Instead of a close-made door at the entrance, a light frame of one by one and one half inch stuff is covered with netting of one inch mesh. The door is ten inches wide by ten inches high, and does not fill the entire entrance, a space of two inches being left at the bottom, and one inch at the top, with a good margin at each side, to avoid friction. It is hinged at the top, and opens up into the box. The hinges are placed on the front of the door rather than at the center or rear, the better to secure complete closing action. The trap consists of one piece of stiff wire about three sixteenths of an inch.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Up-to-Date Styles

By Geneva Gladding

SO often is it the case that we fail to find a suitable material for a certain purpose, but this season would appear to be an exception, for besides the countless fabrics we have the latitude of combining colors and different weights of material.

For street wear nothing excels serge, corduroy, suitings, broadcloth, Bedford cords, or cheviot. For house and evening wear there is cashmere, voile, crepe, and an endless variety of soft silks and satins. Dull toned plaids trim plain serges most effectively. Silks are trimmed with broadcloth. Ratine collars are worn with linen, cotton or wool dresses. Shadow lace, satin covered buttons, platings of ribbon, velvet ribbon bows, pipings, waist frills of net or silk are among the prettiest trimmings.

The cozy, comfortable long coat is now a necessity if you would prolong the use of your lightweight, one-piece dresses which it always seems such a pity to lay away.

Perhaps these coats were never more attractive than this season, and never more simply designed. The one shown on this page has two styles of closing, one to form a neat, turn-over collar for storms and cold, and when turned back makes a deep rever which is as handsome and dressy as a tailored suit coat. The large armhole lends smartness and greatly adds to the comfort of this coat, as well as the patch pockets which are stitched flat to place.

The one here shown was made of rough, manish material of green with here and there a dash of Indian red, the latter color being used in velvet for collar and cuffs. Black soutache braid was shaped into an ornament, the only visible fastening where the three-quarters, rounded front is used. The full length coat may have a fly fastening or buttoned through, the buttons making a smart trimming.

The front closing line of No. 5955 is extremely effective and may be finished in several different ways. A scalloped edge buttonholed is always handsome, and when piped affords an opportunity of introducing a touch of color or black. And then securely basted and pressed and given several rows of stitching is tailor-made in effect and very desirable. Another strong feature of this model is the rolling collar with broad ends, a style greatly in vogue this season. If desired, a soft tie with sash ends may be worn with it. The sleeve is set in plain, close fitting at the wrist and finished with a scalloped opening.

This seems to be a season of Norfolk effects, and the clever needlewoman is applying straps to her last year's plain woolen shirt-waist to give it a late appearance. No. 5955 is a very pleasing model of this type of dress. This same style is cut in ladies' sizes under No. 5949. The blouse slips on over the head and is slightly held in at the waist by a belt which passes under the straps. The sleeve stitches in plain and is finished at the wrist by either a cuff or clusters of tucks stitched to place. The skirt is six-gored having a shallow plait at each seam. These useful dresses are handsomely made of corduroy, serge or cheviot, and many are worn where the blouse and skirt are both of a contrasting material and color. The belts are of soft leather or made of material to match blouse.

As shown on this page, we are to have more width to our skirts; even plaited ones. It took a long time to accustom ourselves to a two-yard skirt, and now that we have done so and find them comfortable and no longer question their becomingness, we are again allowed plaits. This does not mean, however, that the narrow skirts are to be abandoned, but that we are to have greater freedom in our choice.

No. 5941 is extremely stylish and will immediately find favor. The tunic laps in front meeting the waist opening. It is cut in four pieces and is close fitting.

A special feature of this number is the COMPLETE BABY OUTFIT. A very unusual offer whereby you obtain 40 patterns, 14 for short and 26 for long clothes. These are designed by Mrs. Rosena Hill, mother of 14 children. The only outfit of its kind made. Full directions for cutting, making and quantity of material to be used. Price 25 cents mailed to you.

In order to make our fashion department more and more useful to our pattern users, we have been studying on a plan whereby we can mail you, practically free, an extensive volume of fashion material indispensable to the home sewer. Owing to limited space we can publish each month only a few new designs but with every pattern we shall hereafter inclose an advance Monthly Fashion Guide showing all the newest and best styles for ladies, misses and children. If you want one of these Fashion Guides without ordering a pattern, send a two cent stamp, it will be mailed at once.

For five cents we will send you post-paid a copy of *Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker* which tells how to make all kinds of garments from a corset cover to a full dress and illustrates over 200 of the most practical styles for ladies, misses and children. This useful fashion book is printed in colors and usually sells for 25 cents and is free for but one new fifteen-months' subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents. With a copy of this book in the house you have always at hand for reference and selection, the latest guide to styles as well as the valuable helps for dressmaking.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 5334—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. A neat fitting, practical skirt for general wear—very desirable for house dresses. Width of lower edge three and one quarter yards.

Cut in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure; size 24 requires three and seven eighths yards 44 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4554—Ladies' Four-gored Circular Skirt. Designed as a suit skirt or to be worn separately. Also makes an attractive skirt for a one-piece dress, opening at the back.

Cut in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure; size 24 requires four and one quarter yards 44 inches wide. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5174—Ladies' Gibson Shirt-waist. This model is always in good taste and carries a great deal of style. It may be worn as represented when a tailored effect is desired, or made more dressy by adding a frill to opening and making a collar same as waist material. A pretty way is to have collar open in front and button to top with four or five small buttons. A bit of lace turned over edge or a flat ruche is a neat finish.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 3866—Ladies' Shirt-waist. Another practical waist that well-dressed women like to include in their wardrobe is here represented. Soft wool, cotton or silk are appropriate materials.

Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; size 36 requires three and one quarter yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5932—Ladies' Dress with Three-piece Skirt. Up-to-date and graceful best describes this one-piece dress. The high waist line is if anything more popular than last season, because it is so generally becoming; that women are reluctant to abandon it. The V-neck, three buttons on left side and simulated buttonholes on the right—a very effective arrangement.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires six yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard of 22-inch all-over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5406—Ladies' Costume with Four-gored Skirt. A handsome dress made of blue cashmere trimmed with brown soutache braid.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure;

size 36 requires four and five eighths yards 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5956—Ladies' Dress with Seven-gored Skirt. This dress is one of the season's smartest designs. The front opening, the close sleeve and broad collar being very up-to-date features.

Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material; one half yard of 24-inch satin. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5938—Ladies' Coat in two lengths. A model that can be made dressy or into a plain

simulated ribbon bows in French embroidery are placed at regular intervals. Price, 10 cents.

No. 8-10-30—Shaving Pad. A shaving pad makes a useful present for a man, and the one illustrated may be embroidered on white or colored linen. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5955—Misses' Dress with Six-gored Skirt. Very useful and nobby and adaptable to a variety of materials.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires four yards of 54-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.



COMPLETE 25¢

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The Making of Jimmy

By Dora Nelson

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HENRY LEE'S acquaintance with Jimmy dates from the day he took a load of red astrachans to the city and discovered Jimmy clinging lip-like to the end gate of the wagon with one hand while with the other he was extracting apples which he was stuffing into his ragged pockets. It was the clamoring of the crowd of ragged urchins following in the wake of the wagon and to whom Jimmy threw largess in the shape of an occasional apple which attracted Mr. Lee's attention to what was going on.

"Look here, boy, what do you mean by stealing my apples?" A pair of brown eyes in a strong, kindly face smiled down at the boy, but it was the voice, so different from the gruff tones he was accustomed to, that arrested Jimmy.

The boy dropped lightly to the ground and looked up with a grin.

"Oh, I'm a millionaire, I am, what dats breakfast at de Worldorf evry mornin' reg'lar—nit!"

In spite of the fact that he was obstructing traffic Mr. Lee stopped the team. He smiled down at the little underfed body and the kindly look deepened.

"Don't your mother and father give you enough to eat?"

"Both dead," said Jimmy promptly.

"Hain't," spoke up a small boy. "His mother's dead, but his pa—"

"Shut up!" Jimmy landed a blow on the mouth of the informer which ended further revelations of family history. Mr. Lee, however, read something of the tragedy from the words that had been spoken.

"What's your name, boy?" he asked kindly.

"Jimmy Daley," said the boy, adding: "What's it to you?" with the accent on the "to."

"Why, it's just like this, I need a boy to help on my place, Willow Brook Farm, Sherwood, forty miles up state—how would you like to come out and try it a while?" Mr. Lee wondered afterward just why he was led to make the offer in such an off-hand way.

Jimmy looked keenly up at the smiling brown eyes.

"Sherwood—dat's country, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Where they's bulls—and snakes?"

"Yes, but they're harmless in our locality."

"I guess—nit. I knowed a guy what went to de country wid a lot of fresh air kids and got chased by a bull. No country for muh." And with a whoop Jimmy darted off down the street and disappeared behind a row of rickety tenements.

Gaining the privacy of the packing case, which had done duty for a home ever since his mother had been laid to rest in the common trench of the Potter's Field six months before, he ate the purloined apples with a relish born of long continued fasting.

Jimmy's history duplicated that of many another child of the very poor. The father, a coal heaver, became so brutalized by his work that it was a merciful release when he finally cleared out entirely, leaving Jimmy and his mother alone.

Jimmy had survived all the ailments that had carried off five brothers and sisters, and from the time he was old enough to limp had been set to work. The last few months before his mother's death he had worked in a cheap glass bottle factory, where for fourteen hours at sixteen cents a day he had done a man's work. Often when he and other boys fainted from the heat of the inferno in which they were compelled to toil the men poured cold water over them to revive them. After the death of his mother Jimmy left the glass factory and took to the free life of the streets, where he sometimes sold papers—when he could scrape together enough pennies to lay in a stock—at other times he played "craps," at still others ran errands for the red light district, and when all these avenues of revenue failed him he stole, as on the present occasion.

Yet, in spite of the fact that Jimmy was in a fair way to become a thorough-paced criminal, there was in his face a look of deep-down goodness which had induced Mr. Lee to offer him a home.

Mr. Lee was a farmer in comfortable though not affluent circumstances. His father had been a very wealthy man who had planned for a political career for his son, and it was a great disappointment when, after his graduation from college Henry had announced an intention of taking a course at an agricultural school. The father had yielded, thinking it only a fad, but later when the son wished to become a farmer the father became thoroughly angry, and when Henry still further provoked him by falling in love with a girl who worked in a department store, Lee senior vowed he would never speak to him again, unless he would give up the girl and adopt the career he had in mind for him. Annie Macey was of irreproachable character and her nature was sweet and lovable, and Henry swore that he would marry her. There was a stormy scene between father and son, and that night the father made a will leaving all his wealth to a missionary society and died of heart failure after signing the will. Some years of waiting and hardship followed and then Henry brought his wife to Willow Brook Farm, where they were very happy. There was but one cloud in their sky—the years of work in the department store had so weakened the wife that there would never be any children.

When he arrived home Mr. Lee told his wife about the encounter with Jimmy, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

But Jimmy did not forget so easily, and during the next two days he often thought of the offer he had received. After the encounter with Mr. Lee he had gone down to the docks where the dump scows were loaded, and after a fight with a boy of about his own size he had become the possessor of a dozen pounds of old rubber, and with the proceeds laid in a stock of newspapers. On the night of the second day he returned to find his packing case appropriated by a boy considerably larger than himself. There was a fight in which Jimmy did his level best, but superior strength won, and Jimmy was thrown bodily into the gutter and there robbed of his hard-earned pennies. Smarting under the injustice, he made his way to the park where he tried to sneak in under the shrubbery to sleep through the hot August night, but was discovered by a policeman and ordered out. Later he crept into an area way, and was just getting into a doze when the night watch found him and giving him a kick in the ribs with a heavy boot told him to move on. Jimmy got up, rubbing his aching bones.

"Where'll I move on to?" he demanded, as though that mattered to anyone but himself.

"Anywhere—off the earth," said the officer with a brutal laugh. Casey was feeling particularly good over a levy he had just made on the red light district and was in a jocular mood.

Before the officer could anticipate what he was about Jimmy was out of the area and in another instant was running for all he was worth through the labyrinth of streets. The officer recovered and gave chase, but Jimmy outdistanced him. Afraid to go back, Jimmy kept on, and after walking through miles of streets he at last came out on a quiet country road, where he crept over to one side and went to sleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining and a robin was perched on the signboard over his head pouring out a flood of melody. Jimmy sat up and looked around. He was in the country, the place of imagined terrors! But nothing more harmful greeted him than the bird. Just then his eyes took note of the signboard which read:

Sherwood, 10 miles.

"That's de place where de guy lives what wanted me to go home with him," Jimmy looked back at the road he had come, then onward, and the spirit of adventure stirred in him. "Bulls or no bulls, it's me for Sherwood," he said aloud. And that is how it came about that a tired, grimy and very hungry boy arrived at Willow Brook Farm just as Henry Lee was locking up for the night.

The week that followed was very new and strange for Jimmy. The thing that troubled most was the food. He had been half starved for so long that nearly everything he tried to eat disagreed with him, but after a few days the nausea passed away and he relished the good food. The bathtub was another worry, and Jimmy considered himself much abused because Mrs. Lee insisted that feet should be washed every night before getting into bed. That bed had been a sore trial at first, and for three nights he had crept out of it after Mrs. Lee left the room and had slept on the floor. One night, however, Mrs. Lee had lingered, and Jimmy had so far softened as to reach out a hand and touch hers.

"Me mother's name was Annie, same as yours," he said softly. The next moment Jimmy was astonished to feel a kiss pressed gently to his brow. After that she talked gently to him until he fell asleep, and he slept no longer on the floor. With all the kindness that was showered upon Jimmy one would have supposed he would be perfectly happy, and yet he was not. The old life with all its hardship and the sense of nearness to his kind called to him. As long as he had plenty of work to do he was all right, but the moment he became idle he got into mischief. One afternoon Mrs. Lee and the hired man went away, and immediately thereafter Jimmy climbed to the ridgepole of the house and sat there blowing on an old harmonica, and refused to come down although Mrs. Lee implored. When to her relief he tired of this, he found the cat sitting upon the well-curb and pushed her in "just to see what she'd do." It was not until he saw her pawing around in the water that the morality of his act dawned upon him and at risk of his life he brought her out wet and dripping. Mrs. Lee forgave him the annoyance he had previously caused her, and gave him great credit for heroism, and Jimmy did not enlighten her as to the cause of the "accident."

When Sunday came Mr. Lee and his wife got ready for church, and as they were driving out of the yard Mrs. Lee looked back and saw the disconsolate look on Jimmy's face.

"I've half a mind to stay home with him," she said.

"Oh, he'll be all right," rejoined Mr. Lee, adding: "I've ordered a new suit for him so he can go with us next Sunday."

The hired man dressed and went off to a neighboring farm to see his girl, leaving Jimmy alone. The boy had lost his fear of bulls and snakes, and he wandered down to the pasture, but finding no diversion, soon returned to the house. A great wave of homesickness swept over him. He tried to make friends with the cat, but since the well episode pussy was shy of him and took refuge under the barn.

"You don't like me, and I don't blame you," said Jimmy. "I guess I'm no good 'round here."

He went into the house and laboriously wrote a note which he left on the kitchen table.

"Wonder what she done wit' my old clothes—dey'll guh me if I go back wearin' dese overalls," But all his searching did not uncover the clothes, which Mrs. Lee had burned.

When the couple returned from church they found the note Jimmy had written. It ran thus:

"Dere freinds:
"Its too lonesome 'round here.
"Yore freind,
"JIMMY DALEY."

Then, as though unsatisfied with the abrupt ending Jimmy had added a postscript: "Youse ain't to blame—only me. I'm sorry I pushed de cat in de wel."

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee, "the boy has gone."

"Too bad, Annie, I really thought better of Jimmy."

Meanwhile Jimmy had contrived to hop a freight, and was already back in his old haunts. Sunday made little difference in the quarter from which Jimmy came, for there was almost as much work going on in the sweatshops, and the saloons did even a more thriving business. As Jimmy looked at the bustle and confusion he heard the familiar oaths and saw the surging crowd he fairly revelled—this was his heritage, then his eyes took in the details of the picture, a group caught his attention, and an instant revulsion of feeling swept over him. A number of screeching youngsters surrounded a mongrel cur; one was holding it while another was trying to tie a can to its tail; a half drunken man leaned against a lamp-post and egged on the urchins with instructions punctuated by oaths. Jimmy would once have been the ringleader in sport of this kind, but he remembered a story Mrs. Lee had read to him about a poor little animal that had been so terrified by a can fastened to its tail that it ran until it dropped dead. Jimmy's fighting blood arose.

"Youse leave dat dog alone!" Jimmy followed up the command by landing a blow on the left eye of the youngster who held the dog, and gave him who held the can a smashing right hand that knocked him into the gutter. The dog, glad to escape, ran yelping down the street. The rest of the crowd looked on astonished.

"Get onto de bloke wid de necktie and de overalls. Gee Whiz! It's Jimmy."

"Yes, it's me, and if any of youse want any more youse know where to find it." But evidently none cared to test the valor of Jimmy's fist.

Two days later Jimmy stood in the same place looking on at the crowd, disillusioned and disenchanted. A week of clean living had rendered him totally unfit for his old life—the glamour was gone—its hideousness alone remained.

"I guess I'm no good 'round here," Jimmy, and turning he walked quickly away. In the dark hour before the dawn Jimmy, hungry and weary found himself in the dooryard of Willow Brook Farm. The great willows which gave the place its name rustled mournfully, and the house was dark and silent.

"I'll wait till dey get up," said Jimmy to himself, and gliding softly across the lawn he opened the big barn door and crept in among the fragrant hay.

"What's dat?" came a gruff voice so near that Jimmy almost jumped.

"Barn door swingin'—must have left it unfasted," came the sound of another voice.

"Are you sure he's got de money in de house?" asked the first speaker.

"Sure," answered the second, adding: "I seen de bloke what bought de cattle pay him a big roll, and while she was givin' me a hand-out, I looked in de settin' room winder and seen him put de money in a desk."

Jimmy held his breath. The men were going to rob the house!

"Well, it'll soon be light, we better be movin'." "All right."

Jimmy looked and saw the two going cautiously toward the sitting-room window. Slowly Jimmy stole after them, then skirting the house he crept under the bedroom window where Mr. and Mrs. Lee slept, and tapping lightly on the screen he called softly:

"Mr. Lee! Mr. Lee!"

Presently Henry Lee came over to the window. "Why, Jimmy?" he exclaimed.

"Hush, don't talk loud," cautioned Jimmy. "Dere's a pair of guys out dere what's goin' to rob de house. They's workin' on de winder now."

Mr. Lee reached out and pulled Jimmy into the room.

"What's this about burglars, Henry?" asked Mrs. Lee.

Mr. Lee put his arm reassuringly about his wife.

"Don't be afraid, Annie. I can handle them all right. Just stay here quietly like a good girl."

Mrs. Lee sank tremblingly into a chair. The next moment there was a crash as Mr. Lee sprang into the sitting-room with a revolver in his hand. He knocked the pistol from the hand of the burglar who had first entered. The other, who was half way through the window, dropped his dark lantern and beat a hasty retreat.

Mr. Lee picked up the lantern and turned its rays upon the man who had first entered. There was a cry from Jimmy.

"Father!"

Mr. Lee looked at Jimmy. "I thought you said he was dead."

"I lied. Me mother is dead, dis man is me father."

The father turned his sullen eyes upon the son who had betrayed him. And Henry Lee looked first at the man, brutal and beyond the pale of help, then at the son whose face showed a possibility of manly strength, and a sudden resolve came to him.

"Look here," he said to the man, "If I let you go, will you clear out for good and not come around here again?"

"You're right I will," said the man, adding under his breath: "and glad to get off as easy."

Henry Lee pointed to the open window: "You can go the way you came."

Without a backward glance the man sprang through the window and disappeared.

Two hours later Jimmy, after feeding the chickens, was hurrying to the house in answer to Mrs. Lee's call of "breakfast is ready," when Mr. Lee overtook him.

"So you did come back to us, after all, Jimmy."

"Yes," Jimmy smiled. "And dis time I'll stay." There was a ring of determination in the boy's voice, a new look of strength in his face.

Mr. Lee laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Good for you, my son."

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

in Lovell, interesting though it is, because there is no getting away from the fact that it is a skin game and the people of this country have been skinned enough. You, however, mount and preserve your specimens, the political taxidermist skins his specimens or victims rather, and then leaves them to starve by the wayside. When I come to think of it, I have been quite a taxidermist myself. I can't say that I ever skinned anybody, but I have mounted a horse, and that ought to get me a high rank in your profession. But the finest work I ever did as a taxidermist was to mount a pair of stairs. That I want to tell you was a work of art. I forgot to mention that the horse I mounted was a wooden horse, and that he kicked me off and nearly broke my neck. I suppose, Lovell, at a pinch you could also mount a wooden horse, but whether or not you could skin one I have my doubts. You ask if I think there will be a money panic. If the revolutionists are successful, and add that you do not think it would be much worse no matter what happened than it has been for the last two years. Well, Lovell, I did not know that there ever were any revolutionists in this country. We have republicans, democrats, socialists and prohibitionists, on the national political stage, but even the most advanced and radical of these parties, the socialists are not revolutionists, but evolutionists. A revolution involves a violent and generally a quick and drastic change of government, usually involving bloodshed. Evolution means the evolving and progressing of government by orderly process, step by step, higher and higher. The only thing that would bring about a revolution in this country would be political and industrial oppression that would drive men to madness. Many people predict that we shall have a revolution of that kind in this country, owing to the arrogance and impudent attitude of wealth at times towards labor, but no one need feel alarmed. This is a vast country and though there is plenty of explosive material here, it is too widely scattered to cause any serious upheaval. If the ninety millions of people occupying this country were crowded into New York and the New England states and were subjected to some of the high-handed methods of the capitalists to those who run big business, and the infamous methods of those who run political machines, there would doubtless be an explosion and one that might be heard all round the world, but though there is a tremendous amount of discontent and unrest, those who are discontented are, as I said before, too widely scattered to kick up much of a rumpus. The American people too, are the most docile, long suffering, uncomplaining, inoffensive people on earth. They will stand for pretty nearly anything you will hand them in the way of government or anything else. All that they ask you is to let them rub along, somehow, somehow, and give them the privilege of voting as pop did or grandpop did, and they are happy. Then they think they are running their own government and getting the kind of government they want, even if they are starved to death in the process. If the methods that are used here in government and industry were tried in any country in Europe except Russia, there would be a rough house and a mix up worth going a million miles to see. Our very bigness is in a sense our salvation and also our undoing. One state does not care a rap what is happening in another state, and the east takes little notice of what is happening in the west. Each state solves, or does not solve its own problems. It's only when some outsider threatens to butt in that we get together and show our teeth. The rest of the time we are toothless and perfectly harmless. That's why we have such beautiful exhibitions of graft and corruption displayed all over the land, and that's why when there is a strike the workers' heads get cracked, whereas abroad the highest government officials at once rush out and try and adjust the differences between capital and labor. Here we leave it to police clubs and the revolvers of deputy sheriffs, so-called, and professional strike breakers who are rushed about to every city in the land whenever labor gets desperate and wants another ten cents a week for canal water or bologna sausage. No, Lovell, you don't need to fear any revolution, and the rich men are not liable to thrust a panic upon you again just yet. We have learned a great deal since the last panic of 1907. We know all about the money trust now, something we did not know then. In fact we know so much that it would be dangerous for anyone to start a panic so that in the general mix up a few might get richer and richer and millions be made to suffer as was done in the panic of 1907. Have patience and don't worry. You are young and in a few years' time you will see the national skin game finished, and the national taxidermists of Washington and Wall street will be made to behave and be good.

CHARLESTON, ARK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

We're two little girls fifteen years old and are juniors in high school. We are going to spend our vacation in Murray, Ky., St. Louis, Paris, Pottsville, Magazine, Ark., San Antonio and different places. We have traveled quite a lot. What do all of you children do to amuse yourselves? We ride, skate, swim, play tennis, read, faxed, etc. We have been chums since in the primary room and have gone to same school every year except two. Both have planes and have been taking music since we were about nine. Lolah is a cultured artist and writer, having written many good stories in both poetry and prose. Margarette is a clever cartoonist and writer of poetry and stories. She has also composed one of music with which she perfectly delighted.

Uncle Charlie our town is an ideal little place of three thousand. We have two day schools, five churches, two parks, one station, one opera house, a

public tennis and croquet court, two hotels, three cream parlors, two cafes, many offices, business houses and beautiful residences. We are going to Harvard University next year. After completing there shall go to Germany and study under the famous composer. Before closing here's a brief description of ourselves. Margarette is four feet eleven inches in height, weight ninety-seven pounds, has blue eyes, black curly hair and a fair, rosy complexion. Lolah is five feet three inches, weight one hundred and fifteen pounds, has brown eyes, brown hair and fair complexion.

With devotion, we are
LOLAH WELCH and
MARGARETTE WATERFIELD.

Lola and Margarette, I am charmed to hear from you. Your exquisitely penned epistle on swell stationery was quite a joy to read. Judging from your letter your lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places. The high cost of living and paralysis of the pocketbook which are the bane of my existence, seem to worry you but little. You don't mention automobiles, but I haven't the least doubt you have a dozen or more turned out to grass in the pastures adjoining your home. You are certainly going to be very busy girls during vacation time. I don't suppose Murray, Ky., is a very exciting summer resort. But St. Louis will of course pass muster. Your dash from Paris to Pottsville however, ought to be exciting. I don't know much about Pottsville, but I have no doubt it has Paris beaten to a pulp. Paris and Pottsville seem such a charm-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



Lady Washington Boudoir Desk No. 550 and Oak or Mahogany Finish Morris Chair No. 350.

Given To You As Extra Value

Did you know that this chair and desk are given to you, actually given to you as extra value with your purchases of foods, soaps and other household supplies direct from us, the manufacturers? They are the "Profit-Bonus" you gain by factory-to-family dealing. When you buy from us you save the profits and expenses of the wholesaler and retailer, and this saving (which is a big one) is returned to you in the form of this fine chair or desk or your choice of 1600 other articles equally desirable—all of which you obtain without extra cost

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Our Products are of the highest quality and are used in good homes everywhere. They include not only foods, teas and soaps, but toilet articles, dry goods

notions and many other articles for which you have daily need.

When you buy them from us, you get Products and Furnishings both for what you'd pay for Products alone at the store. Thousands of our customers are furnishing their homes and clothing themselves without extra cost this way!

You Pay No Money

We send both Products and Merchandise (your selection) on 30 days' trial. You pay no money until you have seen and tried them for yourself. If you don't like them, send them back and we will refund all freight and delivery charges. This makes you the judge of Larkin Quality without your running any risk whatever. Won't you make this trial, since it means so great a gain to you?

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Contains pictures and descriptions of all our Products and of our wide assortment of Premium Merchandise, including furniture of all kinds: carpets, clothing, furs, jewelry, etc. Over two thousand opportunities to get almost double value for your money! Send the coupon.

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Wool Blankets No. 350 and Oil Heater No. 150. Each given as a Profit-Bonus with a \$10 purchase of Larkin Products.

SEND COUPON TO NEAREST ADDRESS

Larkin Co. Mail me your large new Catalog No. 76 containing over 1600 money-saving offers.

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public tennis and croquet court, two hotels, three cream parlors, two cafes, many offices, business houses and beautiful residences. We are going to Harvard University next year. After completing there shall go to Germany and study under the famous composer. Before closing here's a brief description of ourselves. Margarette is four feet eleven inches in height, weight ninety-seven pounds, has blue eyes, black curly hair and a fair, rosy complexion. Lolah is five feet three inches, weight one hundred and fifteen pounds, has brown eyes, brown hair and fair complexion.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Just Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful!

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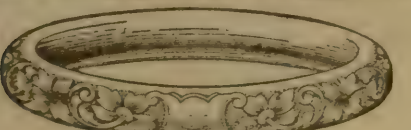
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Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Oh!" cried Darnley. "She's going by the head, but slowly, slower than I should have thought. What have you got to lose besides your wife? A wife—children, I suppose? I'm sorry!"

"No," said Spon. "I've no wife, nor chick nor child. It's not that." He spluttered and spat out the salt water with which a wave had filled his mouth. "I'm losing a fortune; a fortune that would make even a millionaire sit up."

"A fortune?" said Darnley, with not much interest. "I'd give a fortune to be there," and he pointed toward the coast, dimly showing through the rack and mist of the surging waves.

"Yes; so would I," shouted Spon grimly; "for it's there my fortune is!"

Larry made no response. It seemed futile to talk of fortunes, when they were drifting toward death. Besides, he was too exhausted to talk, and every time he opened his mouth a wave of salt water dashed across it and threatened to choke him. It was as much as he could do to cling on to a cable, and what mind he had left was drifting back to the past, as men's minds drift when the present is coming to an end and the prospect of a future appears infinitesimal.

He was looking back over nine years to the evening when he had stood beside the boat and watched Lady Marie going up the path, to the evening on which he had been kidnapped. He saw himself lying on the deck of the Spanish brig, surrounded by the captain and men of the crew, whose were watching him recover the consciousness of which he had been deprived by the Snapper's blow.

The Snapper had not come on board; had disappeared, as appeared to be his custom, and Larry was left to fight his way among men who scarcely spoke a word of English, and who regarded him as a fair prize. The brig was short-handed, and he had had to work as only a youngster has to work on board an undermanned vessel of that type. Neither the captain nor the men were unkind to him, and when it was found that he was not only capable, but willing to take his share of the incessant labor, he became popular.

Of course his one thought was of escape; but he found no opportunity, for he was confined on board when the brig entered a port, and was closely watched to prevent his making off in one of the boats when near shore. When the crew became friendly, he sought to discover the reason of his kidnapping, but no one would, or could, afford him any explanation; no one save the captain appeared to own the inestimable privilege of acquaintance with the Snapper, and, of course, the captain was unapproachable by Larry.

His heart grieved over the anxiety he knew Reuben must be suffering; but it was not only of Reuben he thought; Lady Marie was in his mind all day, and haunted his dreams at night.

If he had only called out "good-by" to her as she went up the path; if she had only turned her head at the moment he was seized!

But for his homesickness—and he had it badly, very badly—he was not completely unhappy; and as the days wore on he began to see that, perhaps, this turn of the wheel had not been altogether a misfortune. He was ambitious; he knew that he might have stayed on at Ravenford all his days, and have settled down into a "common fisherman," ignorant of the world outside the village, with no prospect before him but a but on the shore and a boat, or the monotonous life of a miller.

Fate, in the person of the Snapper, had launched him in the sea of life, and he might sail—whither?

He made his escape, at last; at San Sebastian, in the most commonplace manner—the man who should have locked him in had got drunk and failed to turn the key. Larry had quietly opened the door, and in the night had swum ashore. He concealed himself among the lumber of the docks, and so effectually, that, though he heard the captain himself swearing in fluent Spanish as he sought for him, he was not discovered.

He might have worked his passage back to England; but his spirit had been awakened by his voyage, and he wanted to "make his fortune," and go back to Ravenford a success, not a failure. And fortunes seemed so easy to make—in books.

After he had written to Reuben, he shipped himself on board an American schooner, bound for Venezuela, and began to make that fortune.

Now, lying on the deck, he smiled grimly as he thought of that time of the work at the docks, in a garden, on the roads; of the day he had been robbed by a gang of cutthroats and left for dead in a back street; of the months in the hospital.

He traveled much, and saw many cities, and much and varied work; but the fortune still danced, like a will-o'-the-wisp, just in front of him.

And he was still too proud to work his way back, penniless and in rags, to Reuben—and Lady Marie. For she was ever in his mind. He saw her as still a girl, of course—he never realized that the absent grow, like ourselves. It was the girl who had sailed in the boat with him, who had played with him on the beach.

He never forgot the feeling with which he regarded her. Reverence, the indescribable adoration of a devotee for his titular saint, the gladdened regard of an inferior for one who is superior in rank, in every way. But love? It never occurred to him.

During his wanderings he had met many women, and some of them had been beautiful; not a few had cast a favorable eye upon the tall, handsome youth; but Larry never responded. He was covered in steel armor. Lady Marie was the standard of comparison; and who could compare with her?

He wanted success, not for the sake of the money it brings, but that he might go back to Lady Marie something better and higher than the fisher boy he had left her. It was for her approval, her admiration, he fought and struggled.

Success had not come—alas! how feminine she is! Run after her and she evades you; neglect her and she turns and caresses you—but her stepsister, Experience, waited on him, hand and foot. Larry gained experience enough to fit out a general agency. He could sail a ship, manage a store, dig a garden, break stones or a horse, drive a wagon, run an elevator, overlook a gang of workmen, or sell oranges.

And here he lay, clinging to a cable and waiting for death, in company with a man who was absurd enough to talk about a fortune awaiting him on the shore along which they were drifting. The silence, during which Larry had been looking back along the past, had lasted so long that when Spon again spoke Larry started as if from a dream; indeed, he was more than half asleep.

"She seems to be settling down," said Spon, with his drawl. "Wonder how long she'll last?"

Larry shook his head. The future scarcely interested him. The clouds obscured the moon, and the darkness that can be felt had fallen upon them.

"Are you there still, mate?" asked Spon.

"Yes," said Larry laconically.

"Thought you'd panned out, perhaps," said Spon.

"I must have been asleep. My arm's so stiff I can scarcely feel it; and I couldn't see you if I tried. Been thinking, I suppose?"

"Yes," Larry answered.

"Well, there's nothing much else to do," remarked Spon. "This suspense is tough. Fears to me it would have been better to go out with the captain. Too much cat-and-mouse about this business to suit me; there ain't enough fighting in it; and I've been a fighter all my life."

Larry grunted.

"S'pose you're thinking of my people—friends?" said Spon. "I'm saved that trouble, anyhow—haven't got any. But I can under-



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stand that it's hard for you, a youngster who ought to have the best of your life before you."

"Don't make a song about it," said Larry.

"Beg pardon, you're right. No use howling. What is to be is to be. And I like the way you take it, youngster. You're a good plucked one. Oh, I've seen that long before today—when you faced that miserable lot of cowards and kept 'em at bay, and chuckled in your lot with the captain! You're the kind of man I like, Darnley, and I'll ask you to excuse me saying so. It's a time when one can speak one's mind. And, that bein' so, I may remark that I'd give all I'm worth for a pipe o' bacca."

"Mine's wet through," said Larry.

"That's so," remarked Spon philosophically. "There's plenty in the cabin, but it might be in San Francisco with this sea rolling. Yes; life's a rum game. To think that you and I are within a few miles—I don't know how far we've drifted—of a cool million or so, and that it's as much out of our reach as if it were the other side of heaven. I say 'you and I,' because, of course, you'd have stood in with me."

"You're very good," said Larry, "but I don't see why 'of course.'"

Spon laughed grimly.

"I know a good man and true when I see him," he said; "and you and I are playing partners in this infernal racket, and I'd have stood by you. I made up my mind to do so when you elected to cling to the ship. You don't 'pear to take much interest. Perhaps you think I'm crazy?"

"Not at all," said Larry politely, as he lifted his aching limbs into a fresh position.

"Well, if you don't now, you will when I've told you a little more about it," said Spon, also shifting and dragging himself nearer Larry, so that the other might hear him, for the wind had lowered for a spell and they could now speak without bawling.

"I'm one of those rolling stones that gather no moss—though what a blessed stone wants with moss I never could see—and there ain't many places on this old earth that I haven't rolled into; and with bad luck all the time. Same with you, youngster, I reckon?"

"That is so," assented Larry, as he again glanced round the panorama of the past.

"Just so; or you wouldn't be here pickling in salt water on board this darned ship. Oh, I know your ticket as well as if I'd make it out myself! Seafaring, land tramping, working, saving, speculating—losing."

"That's it," said Larry.

"Same here. Rum game, life. But it's worth playing for all they say, and if this bad luck does nothing else, it makes a man of you. Look at you—strong as a horse, cheerful as a sandboy. That's what bad luck's done for you. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' I don't go much on proverbs, but there's a deal of common sense in some of them. If it had been all good luck with you from the start, you'd have been a played-out dude by this time, crawling along Fifth Avenue, or sauntering, fat and foolish, down the shady side of Pall Mall. Whereas, here you are in fine fighting trim, with all your life before you."

"We're settling down slowly but steadily," Larry put in, by way of gentle reminder.

Spon checked a groan.

"By Jupiter! I was forgetting!" he said dryly. "Well, where was I? Oh, ah, yes! The fortune. You thought I was wandering in what I call my mind when I spoke about it? Don't deny it, I can read it in your face, though I can't see it. But it's true; it's bed-rock truth. As I say, there is a cool million or two waiting on that shore; and I've got the key to it in my pocket."

He struck his chest with his disengaged hand, and sighed.

"How did I get it? you ask, naturally enough," he went on. "I bought it fair and square; of an Indian. You've come across 'em, I suppose, lad?"

"Yes," said Larry wearily. "I was out with some trappers one winter."

"Just so; well, Indians are pretty treacherous wherever and whenever you meet 'em," said Spon. "And this one was no exception. But he was on the straight and square when he was dealing with me. For why? Because he didn't know the value of the thing he was selling. Are you awake, lad?"

"Yes," said Larry regretfully. "I should like to sleep well enough, and your voice is soothing—I can hear it, now the wind has dropped a bit. No, I can't sleep—I've got a champion pain in the small of my back that keeps me awake. Go on."

"I was buying furs and moccasins of him," said Spon; "and while we were chaffering he pulled out something."

"A nugget of gold," put in Larry apathetically.

"Wrong the first time!" said Spon unrepentantly. "It wasn't gold, but it was something else that made me sit up, though I didn't let on to be surprised or to covet the thing; in fact, when he offered it to me as a kind o' make weight, I pretended to be cool about it. However, I bought it; then, in a promiscuous way, I asked him where he got it. This was after we'd had a long palaver; and I asked him in such a way that he wasn't suspicious. He told me, and the next moment he'd scuttled off, trying not to grin, for he had done a good trade, as he thought, the copper-colored thief!"

"I made a map and a plan of the spot, and, as I say, I've got it here." He touched his breast again with his benumbed fingers. It's here, wrapped in oilskin. And it will go down with me when this darned old ship sinks to Davy Jones' locker. Yes, it's on that shore there—that's why I took passage in the *Lorna*. It's just my luck that I should go down in sight of the promised land, as you may say. Here comes the wind again! A little more of this and I'll be handing in my checks without waiting for the ship to founder."

His voice, which Larry had noticed had been growing weaker, became almost inaudible.

Larry raised himself carefully and peered through the spray. The moon had come through the clouds again, and he could see his way to the cabin—if he could summon strength enough with his stiffened limbs to reach it.

"Hold on a little longer," he said. "I'm going to try for some brandy."

"No, no!" remonstrated Spon. "Let it go! You'll be washed overboard, youngster. Stop where you are!"

But Larry was already crawling on his mission of charity, and paid no heed. Grabbing at every object that afforded hand-hold, he drew himself, inch by inch, foot by foot, along the slippery deck. Every now and then his hand failed to grasp the thing it aimed at, and he slid, or was buried, against the side of the vessel; but at last, bruised and bleeding, he stumbled

and fell down the companionway into the cabin.

So weak was he, so perilous the journey, that it was half an hour before he returned to his old mooring beside his ill-fated companion, Spon still clung on, though he was unconscious; and Larry, with infinite patience and difficulty, managed to get some brandy between the man's lips. He felt him move, heard him sigh and mutter; then Larry himself must have swooned, for he remembered no more till he heard a cry that seemed to come from the land beyond the one of dreams; and painfully opening his eyes, saw Spon erect—erect!—his hands waving wildly in the air, his face working like a madman's.

"Darnley! Darnley!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Wake up, lad! Here's a miracle!"

Larry got on his knees and stared around him; and, indeed, it seemed as if a miracle had been worked on their behalf; for the wind had dropped, the sea was comparatively calm, and, apparently, within a few yards of him was a headland, glowing yellow and green in the sunshine that was even then gradually flooding the scene.

"We've drifted in with the tide," cried Spon, grasping him by the shoulder, and supporting himself and Larry at the same time. "Drifted in during the night. We're not dead, youngster. We're alive!"

The assertion was rendered necessary by the unbelief in Larry's wild eyes.

"We're alive, and in half an hour we'll be ashore, on the blessed, blessed shore! Pull yourself together, Darnley. Here—the bottle. I hung on to it. Take a pull. More, more. Now listen, that's land. It's not a darned mirage. It's real, solid land, and we'll be treading it presently. Look at it smiling at us. It's waiting for us, I tell you. Yes, and what's more, there's the fortune waiting, too!"

Larry put his hand to his brow; the privation, the strain of that journey to the cabin had knocked the story of Spon's fortune out of his head. But it came back now, and he stood and stared at his companion.

Spon smote him feebly on the shoulder, holding him up to receive the blow, and laughed hysterically.

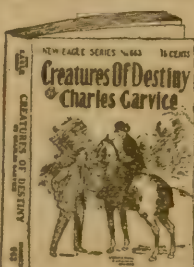
"Forgotten, eh? Think you've been dreaming or I've been romancing? Not a bit of it. It's true; it's solid bed-rock truth. And it's half yours, let there be what there may to it. You understand that, Darnley, you cotton to that, youngster? We've been partners in this valley of the shadow o' death, and we'll be partners for life. There's my hand on it."

Still dazed, Larry yielded his hand, and while Spon wrung it with all the strength of which he was capable, Larry gazed on the smiling, sunlit shore.

And it looked to him like that other shore below the castle cliff; and the spirit of a child, a girl in a crimson tam-o'-shanter, 'neath which her dark hair blew soft and free, seemed to hover about the sand. She waved her small white hand, as if bidding him come and seize the fortune awaiting him. And Larry's heart throbbed wildly, and a cry escaped his lips. But he checked it. He remembered his past struggles, his many disappointments, the cup that had been dashed from his lips so often. Fortune might still be playing at will-o'-the-wisp.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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PRETTY ears have much to do with woman's beauty, although nine women out of ten have not the faintest inkling of this fact. Sad to say, they never think of their ears one way or the other. Hair and complexion come in for their share of petting, but the ears are given the cold shoulder, as it were. This is decidedly not as it should be.

Why not mend your ears? It is just as important to have pretty ears as it is to have thick hair or bright eyes, and the quicker you come to a realization of this fact, the better it will be for you—in a beauty way.

Would you like to know what constitutes a "really truly" ugly ear, Miss Blue Eyes? Yes? Then you shall, and without a moment's delay. An ugly ear is one that insists in folding over or jutting out unduly from the head. Then there is the ear that is too white or too red or infested with blackheads. There are many other ills that the ear is heir to, but those mentioned



PINCH THE EARS IF THEY ARE TOO PALE.

above are the ones that are most liable to descend upon you without a moment's notice.

Now I will describe to you the perfect ear, and, while I chat along, do you gaze attentively into the mirror. If, as I detail the various perfections of the ideal ear, you find that your ears are below par in one or two particulars, do not become discouraged, as ears can be beautified as well as can the hair or the complexion. It is all in knowing how. This should be good news for the little maiden who owns to ears that are many things they should not be.

But this isn't telling you what constitutes the perfect ear. Listen now, and I will a tale unfold!

The ear, to be considered pretty, must be pink, shaped like a tiny sea shell and placed upon the side of the head at the proper position for symmetry. Would you like fuller particulars as to the position of the ears? Silence gives consent, so I will become more explanatory. The perfect ear is set half way between the front and the back of the head. The tip of its pretty lobe should be in line with the end of the nose, while its top should be on a line with the top of the nose. And this is not all, maids and matrons—the ear should be set vertically and lie close to the head.

How large should the ideal ear be, Miss Curiosity? Scientists say that it should be two and a half inches in length and an inch and a half in width. With all this information in your possession, you can easily determine now whether you are the possessor of a perfect pair of ears. I wish you good luck in these researches, but presume there will be many among you who will not be entirely pleased with the result of their investigations.

Should you, for instance, find that your ears are lacking in color and show strangely white against your pink and white flesh, start instantly to rectify this condition of affairs. Several gentle pinches of the lobes of the ears with the finger tips will soon make them glow pinkly at the world. If the color thus obtained vanishes all too quickly, it might be wise to touch the lobes up a tiny bit with the following rouge:

Carmine Paste

Carmine, two grams; oil of sweet almonds, ten grams; extract of rose, five grams; white wax, five grams.

Stir the substances together and leave to macerate for eight days—in a warm place—then beat to a smooth paste.

This rouge will defy detection if carefully applied. So much for the pallid ear.

Infinitely more unbecoming than the snow white ear is the crimson ear. A red ear is just as much of a beauty detriment as a red nose, so if you are so unlucky as to own ears that are poppy colored, take measures at once to bleach the obnoxious tints out of existence. A harmless bleach and one that seldom fails is given below:

Tincture of benzoin, one half ounce; rose-water, two ounces; powdered borax, one quarter dram.

Moisten the ears with this lotion several times a day, allowing it to dry on, and gradually the ears will become a normal pink. This will be a result worth working for, will it not?

Another thing! Do not, when powdering the face, forget to sift some powder over the ears. Nothing looks worse to my way of thinking than to see a woman with a carefully powdered face, whose red staring ears loudly advertise the fact that they have not made the acquaintance of the powder puff that day. Make it a rule to powder your ears just as often and as carefully as your saucy nose or dimpled rounded cheeks.

Don'ts for the Ears

Don't fuss with the internal mechanism of your ears.

Don't stick toothpicks or hairpins into them, unless you are anxious to puncture the drum of the ear.

Don't flood them with water.

Don't treat yourself for earache.

Don't fail to consult an aurist if your ears pain you or seem abnormal in any way.

If you are careful to keep these don'ts well in mind, you will not be very likely to have serious trouble with your ears.

Blackheads are unsightly enough when lodged in the pores of the cheeks or chin or nose, but they are especially obnoxious when they descend upon the ears. The lover of beauty should not tolerate their invasion for longer than is absolutely necessary—as soon as she sees the first black speck, beginning a course of treatment that would discourage the most hardened of blackheads.

Here is a treatment that is warranted to banish black specks from the ears. Hold the head over a kettle of boiling water and let the ascending steam play gently upon the ears, until the skin is in a relaxed condition. Then, before the cuticle has time to cool, massage the ears gently with the lotion given below:

Comedone Lotion

Subcarbonate of soda, thirty-six grains; distilled water, eight ounces; essence of roses, six drops.

This treatment should be given frequently until the black specks are no more.

Particularly obstinate blackheads may sometimes have to be removed by pressing a watch-key down over them, but this would best be done after the pores have been relaxed by steaming.

If you are the wise woman who wishes to keep her ears as pink as a sea shell and as velvety as the petals of a rose, spend five minutes every day of your life in giving your ears a gentle rub over with a good cream. You must be very, very careful, though, not to get any of the cream into the ear. All that is allowable is to smooth the external parts of the ears with the beautifying paste. The daintiest cream in the world is not a bit too dainty for this treatment, so I am giving you formula for a cream that is head and shoulders above all other creams.

Dainty Spanish Cream

Sweet cream, one dram; white wax, two drams; glycerine, one dram; spermaceti, one dram.

Before I conclude this article, I must give you a piece of bad news. Are you all braced for the shock? Yes? Then, listen! It is a fact—but a sad one—that the ears grow during the whole of one's lifetime! The ear that in girlhood is tiny and shell like, will increase slowly in size as the years go by. Fortunately it does not make any great progress after maturity. It does seem a pity that we have to worry as we grow older about the increasing size of our ears, in addition to fussing over the wrinkling of our skins, the graying of our hair and the dimming of our erstwhile lustrous orbs—but so it is! Since there is no way of curing the ears of this unfortunate habit, there is naught for it but to make the best of a bad matter.

Questions and Answers

Mrs. Josie A.—You should ask your druggist to write to a Chicago wholesale drug house and get the oil of bitter almonds for you. Since he does not carry ordinary supplies, this is the least he can do. Regarding the hand bleach, since you cannot get the ingredients of the Viennese Hand Bleach, I suggest that you hold your hands for ten minutes daily in warm sweet almond oil. This treatment will banish the brown tints if persisted with.

Miss May L., Anna, Miss Edna S., Widow, Sonflower and others.—I think if you will make a point of dampening the hairy growth daily with peroxide of hydrogen for a long period of time, say twelve or thirteen months, that the hair roots will decay. This result has been obtained in many cases that have come to my notice.

Mrs. N., Mrs. M. H. M., and others.—I am sorry but I do not answer letters personally as has been often stated in these columns. If you want to coax the color to the cheeks, make a very weak solution of ground mustard and spat it into the cheeks. Only let it remain on for a very brief period else it will surely blister your cheeks. This is the way New England girls obtain rosy cheeks when going out to some social affair and intent upon looking their very best.

Emma L. S.—If you wish a smaller bust, fasten a pulley to the wall, then stand with your back to it and seizing hold of the rope ends, let pulley weights draw your arms up and back as far as they will go. Next strike out and down with hands just as if you intended to hit something. Go through this exercise for five minutes twice a day. Inside of six weeks this exercise is said to reduce bust to half its size. Now let us see what can be done to reduce hips and waist. Suppose you try the following exercise, as it is generally very effective. Throw arms above head, then bend forward until finger tips touch the floor. Do not bend the knees. Go through this exercise for ten minutes twice a day. Here's wishing you luck.

Della.—You can get quince seeds at the drug-store. Vivian.—I regret that your letter did not reach me until too late, as I would certainly have taken pleasure in telling you what to do when a traveling. I hope you did not have a hard time and again say that I am sorry I did not get your letter until too late for my answer to do any good.

Mrs. Lilla H.—No, I cannot give the address of the young girl who was relieved of superfluous hair, as she would not care to have me do so. Put yourself in her place and you will understand. I hardly think you would care to write to me if any time someone wanted your address I handed it over to them.

Marie McM.—I presume the brown decks of color



DO NOT POWDER THE CHEEK AND OVERLOOK THE EAR.

are moth patches. If I am right, mop the following lotion on spots, night and morning:

Moth Patch Lotion

Salicylic acid, one half dram; bay rum, two ounces. Applications should be made more carefully. Do not get any of the liquid into the eyes.

Mrs. H. S. B., Janet E., Happy Mother, Texas girl and others.—To begin with, you must, for the future, taboo fried meats. Anything that is fried is bad for the stomach and anything that is bad for the stomach is bad for the skin. Next black list hot breads, candy, cake, pie, gravies and sauce. Live on broiled, baked or roasted meats and carefully prepared vegetables, the latter fresh, whenever obtainable. Taboo coffee and tea and drink cocoa or milk instead. Before each meal take two glassfuls of quite hot water. I am afraid you don't get enough fresh air so I want you to walk out of doors for an hour each day breathing deeply. At night sleep with your bedroom windows wide open. At least three times a week take a body bath in hot water using plenty of soap and friction. Every night, before going to bed, wash face and neck and shoulders with hot, sudsy water, rinse face thoroughly with warm, clean water, then dry skin and massage in the following cream:

Orange-flower Skin Cream

Oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; white wax, six drams; spermaceti, six drams; borax, two drams; glycerine, one and one half ounces; orange-flower water, two ounces; oil of neroli, fifteen drops; oil of bigarade (orange-skin), fifteen drops; oil of petit-grain, fifteen drops.

Put the fats and the oils into a double-boiler and place over a low flame until ingredients mingle smoothly. Next add the glycerine to the orange-flower water, and dissolve the borax in the mixture; then pour it slowly into the creamed fats, stirring continuously, at the last, just before cream firms, add the perfumed oils. If you will refer to my reply to Marie McM., you will find formula for a moth patch lotion and in my reply to Dorothy you will find directions for a good face bleach. Your hands should be protected by rubber gloves when washing dishes or windows or floors. I also suggest holding them in a bowlful of warm sweet almond oil for ten minutes daily as this will whiten and soften them. Once a week steam the face over a kettleful of boiling water for ten minutes, then scrub face with hot sudsy water and a rough wash-cloth, after which coat face thickly with cream and let it remain on for an hour.

Dorothy, Mrs. D. W. S., Girlie, Southern Girl, Melissa and others.—Since your skin is too brown for good looks you must certainly bleach it. I advise you to give the Almond Meal Face Bleach skin whitener, appearing in September number, a trial.

Miss Sarah S., Esther, Miss Kate and others.—Yes, your bust will enlarge if you will make a point of drinking four quarts of sweet milk daily for the next few months. The average increase is an inch through the bust every week, after one has been on the diet for three or four weeks.

Mrs. B. M. P., Conn.—The white kitchen soap you referred to in my letter is just the thing to use in the reducing lotion.

Nora, Sweet Sixteen, Disgusted Beth, Miss Tessie, Office Girl, A Worker, Mrs. W. and others.—Judging from what you say your scalp is infected by mean little microbes which it should be your aim to get rid of as soon as possible, else you will lose your pretty hair. Excessively oily hair is caused by the scalp becoming infected with tiny microbes, which, if left alone long enough, will cause hair to fall and scalp to be covered with dandruff. The oiliness you complain of is one of the symptoms. See answer to Annette in last month's Questions and Answers.

Mrs. T. M. S., Too Thin, Anxious Mae, A Country Girl and others.—You are quite right, as the milk diet is just the diet for you. Begin by taking a quart of rich, unpasteurized, unsterilized milk daily, then when you are accustomed to this quantity, increase it to, say, two quarts. Live on this amount of milk for a few days, then increase it to three quarts, and finally drink four quarts of milk each day. While on the lesser quantities, take your three meals a day but taboo acid fruits, vinegar, coffee, cucumbers, etc. When you have gotten so you can drink four quarts a day, omit your breakfast and lunch but eat a hearty dinner. You must not, as I suppose you know, eat fried foods or greasy potatoes, candy, cake, pie, puddings, sauces and hot breads. After you are once on the full amount of milk, average increase in weight should be three pounds of healthy flesh weekly. Milk is a great bust developer and skin beautifier.

Mrs. Helen, Farm Hand, California Poppy, Daisy C. and others.—When ready to manure the nails, begin operations by soaking fingernails in a bowlful of warm, soapy water; as this is necessary to soften the nails and the cuticle surrounding them. Next dry hands, and taking a pair of manicure scissors, proceed to cut the fingernails, if they need it, following the shape of the fingertip. Next clean underneath the nails with the pointed end of a rosewood stick, then take the other end and daintily push back the cuticle until the half moon—that mute testimonial of well-cared for nails—shows. The agnails are next clipped off, then the nails are given a thorough scrubbing with a brush, dripping with soapy, hot water. Following this the nails are dried, sifted over with a nail powder and polished with a buffer until they shine.

Nail Powder

Violet talcum powder, one half ounce; boric acid (pulverized), one half ounce; powdered starch, one half ounce; tincture of carmine, fifteen drops.

If the nails are white, you can tint them by applying the following paste with a bit of absorbent cotton and after a few minutes wiping off.

Nail Rouge

Powdered carmine (fine), one dram; fresh lard, two drams; oil of bergamot, twenty-four drops; essence of cyprus, twelve drops.

Be careful not to polish too much, as this will thicken them. Too frequent use of the nail rouge will also have this effect. Remember that the rouge must be used with great discretion, as a deep tint is extremely vulgar. See my reply to Agnes Jane.

Agnes Jane.—Since you have "winter freckles" and have tried "everything under the sun" on them without result, I don't wonder that you wish a strenuous freckle remover. If you will use the formula which we published in October number, we trust it will give the desired results.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

will insist on spelling it "bin." A bin is a receptacle for corn, coal, ashes or any other commodity, and you all know it as well as I do. You see if you don't cultivate your minds you boys, you cannot help the world to advance. You are just so much dead weight in the boat of progress. It is undeveloped brain power that accounts for all our national ills today. If all the ninety million people living in this country today were even passably well educated, thoughtful and intelligent, we would have no steam roller conventions, no Boss rule, no corrupt courts or legislatures, no poisoned food for which we have to pay enormous prices or starve to death, no striking of the workers for a living wage and none of the other evils which make life such a cruel burden for all but the favored and wealthy. So read and write and read intelligently. Every hour spent with a book or magazine ought to add to your knowledge, improve your spelling and develop your intellect. Now you ask me a question at the end of your letter. "How should a fellow go to work to make the girls love him?" Well you can make a noise like a million dollar bill and if you can provide a swell home, an automobile, stunning clothes and lots of spending money for your wife even though you had a face that would fry an egg on a frosty morning the disposition of a bear with a more ear, the manners of a booze soused, unwashed bobo you would find scores of a certain class of women (allimony hunters) who would tell you that they loved you, and would be willing to marry you, but you would soon find out that they had married you for your money, and that their love was a delusion and a snare, assumed merely for commercial purposes. The times are changing and women are changing with them. The man that satisfied a woman twenty-five years ago, in the majority of cases does not satisfy her today. I know a number of very beautiful and attractive girls, and their society has been sought and they have been entertained, dined and theatered, candied and flowered by quite a number of good-looking young fellows of means, that the girls a generation or so back would have gone wild about. I have noticed that these girl friends of mine after a while, have tired of these male escorts and dropped them. When I've inquired the cause of the break the answer in every case has been the same: "Oh, so and so is a nice enough fellow, but after a while he got tiresome. He had nothing particular to talk about, he had no deep convictions of any sort. I found he read little, thought only of having a good time, knew nothing of the great questions of the day and had no desire to discuss them. He was eloquent on the subject of baseball and sport, something in which I had no interest; scoffed at me when I mentioned woman suffrage, and seemed to think that woman's only made to be either a drudge or a plaything, a sort of superior Teddy bear to be discarded when the mood prompted; and presented themselves. So I got tired of him and

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let him go." Women you see are getting more intellectual. They are not content to be men's playthings or men's dolls any more. Women still admire a handsome face, but they are not wild to marry the man who owns the handsome face. Cupid still rules and love levels all ranks and lays the shepherd's crook beside the scepter, but women in choosing a husband are not so concerned with mere externals as they were. They want love, but they prefer mental and soul qualities to good looks and broad shoulders. Woman is filling a broader sphere in this life than she did of yore, and she insists on a higher type of man to mate with than did those who preceded her. She marries later than she did in the olden days, and she would rather stay single all her life than marry a man she did not feel she could be thoroughly happy with. Marriage is getting to be a union of kindred souls, an intellectual companionship, a life partnership in which both contracting parties recognize and respect the individual rights of each other. Emotional marriages, born of passion are soon shipwrecked on the billowy wastes of lust, and end

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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A Day with Uncle Charlie

A Glimpse at His Home, How He Lives and Works, Told by Himself

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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UNCLE CHARLIE AT WORK.

FOR ten years I have been constantly getting letters containing the following request: "Dear Uncle Charlie: Won't you please write me a personal letter and tell me all about yourself, how you live and do your work, who takes care of you, etc. If you can't write a personal letter, won't you please tell us through the columns of COMFORT."

Most of the writers also ask for a sketch of my life. It is a physical impossibility for me to write personal letters, and tell all the dear souls who so kindly take an interest in me all that they want to know about myself and my work. Those who want the story of my life can find much that they wish to know in my book of poems, but this account which is necessarily somewhat brief, usually whets the reader's curiosity to know more of my history, and so I've promised Mr. Gannett to write the full story of my life, and if I ever get the time and have the strength to do it, you will some day learn all you seem so anxious to know, and I shall have lots to tell you that I think will be of deep interest.

All I am going to do now, however, is just to describe my surroundings and give you an account of a typical day of my busy though monotonous life. I am not going to "write," or give you any conventional literary dope. I am just going to invite you, if you don't weigh more than three hundred pounds, to drop in for a social visit and sit at the foot of my bed and have a good old-fashioned chat.

Scores of COMFORT readers have made pilgrimages to my bedside here in New York, some coming even as far as from the Pacific coast and my, what a glorious old talk fest we had when we got together. As it is a physical and financial impossibility for us all to meet in the flesh, a brief description of a day in my life will perhaps give you almost as good an idea as though we were looking into one another's eyes, gripping paws, and chinning away to beat the band.

First let me introduce you to my little family. Maria and the notorious "Billy the Goat," Maria, who by the way is secretary of the League, is my nurse, and has been my guardian angel for nearly eight years. She is mentally the brightest woman I ever met. A woman of high ideals, fine character and tremendous energy, patient and charitable in thought and deed, a living embodiment of the Christ idea, and her skill and devotion has pulled me through many of the most desperate attacks of sickness. That terrible Billy the Goat is a bright-eyed, jolly, roguish young lady of twenty-two, the author of that cute little story "Fudge and Flirtation" which appeared in August COMFORT, and though she does not eat your letters she devours them just the same.

When I first started this department I thought it would be great fun and high jinks to have all the young folks think that my family consisted of a cat, a dog and a goat, and to carry out the menagerie idea and retain the proper atmosphere. I always refer to my abiding place as a chicken coop. I want you all in spite of these revelations, and the fact that I have taken you behind the scenes as it were, for the sake of the young folks, to retain the zoological idea, when thinking of myself, family and environment.

My day generally begins at 7.30 a. m., and oh, how glad I am to see the daylight come, for I have not had a good night's rest for fifteen years. How I envy those who can go peacefully and soundly to sleep for eight hours without being disturbed by ache or pain, and who can hop out of bed refreshed by their night's slumbers, and full of vim and energy go about their tasks care free and light of heart. Usually I slumber fitfully from 11.30 p. m. to 5.30 a. m. The milk men with their noisy wagons begin their racket soon after 4 p. m., and at times it is hard even to get forty winks after that. I try if possible to rest body and brain, even if I do not sleep, but it is a hard task as my head is a regular dynamo, and even when asleep the brain keeps up its ceaseless working. At 7.30 I pull myself up in bed in a semi-sitting posture and wake Billy the Goat. The Goat sometimes has a rooted objection to getting up, but usually there is a quick response. I quickly shake off the drowsiness and weariness that is necessarily the lot of the chronic invalid, and at once dive into the thousand and one things that are ever waiting to claim my attention. At eight o'clock the mail carrier rings the street bell of the two family house in which I reside. It is wonderful what good use one can make of spare moments, and in the brief half hour from 7.30 to 8 o'clock, I often crowd in an hour's ordinary work. "Billy's" arrival with the mail and the morning newspapers is usually the most interesting and exciting incident of the day. I am greeted by both my faithful helpers with a cheery good morning, and solicitous inquiries as to how I slept and how I feel. When asked how I slept I generally reply that I slept in bed. If there is any opportunity to begin the day with a laugh or a joke the opportunity is always seized. God has blessed me with an abundance of cheerfulness and good spirits and it is that that keeps me alive and tides me over all my troubles. If the pain rack is not screwed too tightly, I'm as full of fun as a kitten, and I am joking and jollying, and providing laughter and comedy material for my little family from morning to night. In the interval between eight and eight thirty, I read my mail which drifts in from all over the United States, and then dive into the morning papers. At eight thirty Billy brings in a tray and I begin breakfast, while the girls have their breakfast in the dining-room, which adjoins, and is practically a part and continuation of my room.

I live, not as most of you think, in Augusta, Maine, but in one of the boroughs of New York. The residential section of the big metropolis, at east those sections which are some five miles away from the heart of the city, are smothered with what are called two-family houses and apartment houses of brick and stone and it is the upper floor of one of the former that I occupy. The two family-house is practically a five story apartment house sawed down to accommodate

two families. Thrifty people with moderate incomes buy these houses as an investment, paying \$2000 cash down and giving a mortgage for the balance. The price of these houses usually ranges from seven to eight thousand dollars according to location, and the rents vary from twenty-five to thirty dollars a month for each floor. To get anything cheaper you must move into a tenement in a slum and herd with Black Handers, or go fifteen miles out where your friends will never come to see you and expert medical advice is not procurable. The owner usually occupies the lower floor and lets the floor above him. He lives rent free and gets your rent to help pay off the mortgage. Frequently it happens he loses his job, can't meet his obligations, the mortgage is foreclosed, and he forfeits every dollar he invested in trying to buy a home. It may interest our country readers to know that the value of the ground on which the chicken coop in which I reside is built, or rather thrown together (for the construction of these buildings is a scandal and disgrace, workmen being speeded to the limit, and the poorest materials being used whenever possible) is for a lot of 20 by 100 feet, no less than \$1,800. This leaves \$5,200 for the cellar and two floors above, which is about twice what they are actually worth. I watched the building of the houses which face the one in which I reside (all similar in design to this) and I wondered that the poor wretches who had to construct them did not drop dead from heart disease, so terrific was the speed at which they were compelled to work, by the speculative, slave-driving builder who stood over them and shouted,

ber, a policeman or the fire brigade, and a man has to be lowered down the shaft with a rope round his waist, and saw a hole in the top of the stalled grub car, and drag forth the materials for your Sunday dinner, or you starve to death. It is great fun living in a two-family house if the family below nappen to have sixteen kids and a bull dog, and all are musical, especially the dog, and play several kinds of instruments, including soap box lids and Jew's harps, and snatch your groceries and porterhouse steak off the dumb waiter, as it tolls painfully skyward to your cheerless eyrie on the top floor, passing, or failing to pass, the envious, speculative bandits of the floor below you in its creaking, groaning journeyings upwards to your domicile. Oh, it is lots of fun living in a two-family house, especially if you have a religious landlord who will only allow you to play Gospel hymns, and makes the members of your family walk around barefooted, or rather shoeless, so they will not disturb his devotional exercises, and though charging you for heat, thinks it a sin for you to be warm and comfortable, and compels you to burn gas all day to keep from freezing to death, forcing your gas bill up to an amount equal almost to half your rent—mine is often ten dollars a month in the winter-time. I've had such things happen more than once and though this sounds like comedy, my experience with freeze-out landlords has brought me several times to the very gates of death.

But to hark back to the thread of my discourse. Billy has deposited my tray at my bedside, and all the year round my breakfast con-



UNCLE CHARLIE'S DINING-ROOM.—MARIA AT THE PIANO.

sists of the same old thing, two boiled eggs in their shells (don't think I eat the shells), or two poached eggs with the sunny side up, some toast and a cup of warm milk. While breakfasting we read the papers and exchange comments on the day's news. I want those with whom I am associated in my daily life to know all that they possibly can of what is going on in this great world around us. An air of absolute harmony pervades my little home. Any stand-patter or reactionary, any republican, democrat or so-called progressive, who is not truly progressive and thoroughly in sympathy with every movement for human uplift and race betterment gets into a hot box when he or she strikes this little nest of mine. Those who object to women voting are given three minutes to change their views, or get out or be thrown out. You see our methods are forceful if not convincing. We are all students and want to know the truth about everything that is good, and everything that is good we want to have, and want everyone else to have, for good to us means God, and God to us means good.

Breakfast is over by nine, but I continue my newspaper reading for half an hour longer, and then Maria comes in to fix me up for the day. I kalsomine my face and hands, manicure thoroughly my one tooth, submit to an alcohol rub and massage (administered by Maria with the usual precision of the trained nurse), don a white pajama coat, have my bed straightened up, and that's practically all the attention I need for the



BILLY THE GOAT. UNCLE CHARLIE. MARIA.

room. No one who is fatter than a match with the wood shaved off, can enter any of the latter three rooms without getting the hide scraped off his or her carcass. The kitchens are so tiny you would think they were constructed for the special purpose of pressing autumn leaves. It is in these apartments the dogs are all trained to wag their tails up and down, as there is no room to wag them sideways, and it is these dark, windowless, unventilated inside rooms that send tens of thousands to their graves yearly, victims of tuberculosis. All food supplies are taken into the cellar and hauled up to you on the dumb waiter. Usually the dumb waiter is so dumb, that it sticks half way between the first and second floor; then you have to send for a plum-

ber, a policeman or the fire brigade, and a man has to be lowered down the shaft with a rope round his waist, and saw a hole in the top of the stalled grub car, and drag forth the materials for your Sunday dinner, or you starve to death. It is great fun living in a two-family house if the family below nappen to have sixteen kids and a bull dog, and all are musical, especially the dog, and play several kinds of instruments, including soap box lids and Jew's harps, and snatch your groceries and porterhouse steak off the dumb waiter, as it tolls painfully skyward to your cheerless eyrie on the top floor, passing, or failing to pass, the envious, speculative bandits of the floor below you in its creaking, groaning journeyings upwards to your domicile. Oh, it is lots of fun living in a two-family house, especially if you have a religious landlord who will only allow you to play Gospel hymns, and makes the members of your family walk around barefooted, or rather shoeless, so they will not disturb his devotional exercises, and though charging you for heat, thinks it a sin for you to be warm and comfortable, and compels you to burn gas all day to keep from freezing to death, forcing your gas bill up to an amount equal almost to half your rent—mine is often ten dollars a month in the winter-time. I've had such things happen more than once and though this sounds like comedy, my experience with freeze-out landlords has brought me several times to the very gates of death.

of a veterinary surgeon, in a Chicago drawing-room, for my special benefit.

After this interruption I settle down to more newspaper study. This is where I am working for you. Everything of exceptional interest, political, economic, social and industrial, is at once clipped, and pasted on big sheets of manila paper for future reference. At ten thirty Maria comes in garbed for the street, and after being cautioned to watch out for automobiles, carries out such books as there may be to be mailed, does the marketing, shopping, etc., and incidentally executes any commissions I may have for her to do (and then takes a two hour walk in the park, no one can do efficient work and keep in health without fresh air and exercise) returning home at one o'clock for dinner. After her departure I continue my reading until eleven or eleven thirty, while Billy comes in and tidies up the room, singing or humming joyously as she puts things in order.

Now let me give you a little idea of how my room is planned and how things are arranged, so that I can carry on my work and attend to business, without constantly calling for assistance. On my left hand side between the bed and the window is a table with two capacious drawers. One drawer is reserved for medicines, drugs, surgical dressings, carbolic soap—the only soap you should use—and things on that order.

The next drawer contains compartments for postage stamps, and my stamp bill by the way, owing to my sunshine and mercy work, and the fact that nearly everyone in trouble in the United States, wants my advice and sympathy, is terrifying, being at times in a month, more than my rent, and eating up about a third of my literary earnings. It is an expensive proposition being uncle, counsellor, guide and friend to some empty stevedores, millions of people, but Providence evidently intended I should do the work, and I am proud to do it, as long as I have the strength to do it, but unfortunately Providence, not being in the postal business, forgot to provide me with the stamps to carry it on. In another compartment are postal cards, pencils, pens and other stationery material. On the table is a large filing cabinet of twelve compartments. Two are marked "Shut-ins," one "Wheel Chair," three are filled with letters which I have selected for publication in my department, another for letters that are answered and are ready for filing away, another for letters that are not urgent, and so on. On the top of the cabinet, there are a number of reference works, a small encyclopedia, dictionary, Bible and other books that I need in my work. A thermometer is attached to the cabinet so that the temperature of the room can always be regulated, except when it gets in the nineties when we have to stew and bear it. On the table beside the cabinet is a basket containing my daily mail, and it is always chock full of letters. Underneath the table there is a big shelf, crowded with magazines, record books, music and papers of all descriptions. On the right hand side, as mentioned before, there is a big table on which stands the telephone, a receptacle for mailing letters, an electric flash light for use at night, and a large palm in a brass jardiniere. Under the table there is a neatly arranged receptacle for hundreds of your letters, which I read at every spare opportunity.

Opposite to me is a mantelpiece with a mirror, the whole adorned with some statuary and Japanese vases. To the left and right of the mantelpiece are two huge sectional bookcases, and I'm afraid there is not a book amongst them that many of you would want to read, for they are all devoted to history, science, economics and numberless works of reference. A number of pictures (and I am passionately fond of pictures) a couple of big comfortable chairs and Maria's writing desk, complete the furnishings of my room. The dining-room which adjoins, and is practically part of my room, being separated only by some grillwork and portieres, contains in addition to the usual dining-room furniture, a piano and a typewriter's table. I can't stand the racket and click, clicking, of the typewriter in my own room, nor the vibration of the piano, but by having them a few feet away, I can manage to dictate to Maria, who is an expert stenographer and typist, and when I am well enough, and anyone is desirous of hearing a song, I can entertain them to their heart's content without physical discomfort to myself, and oh, yes, thank Heaven, without any physical discomfort to my visitors.

During the entire day the street bell is rung at intervals by peddlers. We are wise to the peddler's ring and never take any notice of it. The wares of the street peddler, especially in the vegetable line, are not to be depended on. He vends only the cheapest, stalest articles, and it always turns out that if he sells you a cabbage, by the time you have squeezed yourself into the kitchen and examined it, you will find it is a lemon. The peddler, too, makes the day hideous with his yawping. He pays no store rent as he is the local merchant, and as he cannot be held responsible for the sale of inferior goods, we allow him and his class to waste their energies on our door bell without response.

Between eleven and eleven thirty, there is a terrific clatter of hoofs, and a buzzing of the electric bell that threatens to loosen every scrap of plaster on the ceiling. It is the expressman with a big box of mail from Augusta, Maine. This mail is expressed to me from the great establishment in Augusta, where Mr. Gannett publishes COMFORT with the assistance of his staff of editors, and large force of clerks, printers and pressmen numbering several hundred in all.

Now I wish you could be here when that big box arrives as it is always an occasion of considerable excitement. Billy undoes the package, and spreads newspapers all over the white spread that covers my bed. Many who write me are suffering from all sorts of diseases, and contagion is often carried through the mails, so it is a wise precaution, when young ladies or young gentlemen who are in the peeling stage of scarlet fever, occupy their spare moments in inditing me lengthy epistles, to see that their letters do not come in contact with the bedclothing, etc. When the box of letters is opened the contents has to be sorted. The applications for League membership are taken care of by Maria and Billy the Goat, and in due course entered up in our record books. The subscription part goes to Augusta and is attended to there. The other letters which are by far the more numerous, are from the Cousins and COMFORT's readers generally. These are put in a big box in the storeroom, and brought to me, as fast as I empty the letter receptacle by my bedside. The box not only contains letters, but numberless newspapers, especially of the religious variety. Those who dump Pastor Russell's sermons on me by the ton, will be interested to know that I'm almost within a stone's throw of that gentleman's tabernacle, and that his sermons are printed at advertising rates every Monday morning in the newspapers I read. I have an enormous waste paper basket by my bedside and it does not take long to fill it, for when fifty to a hundred people send you every week the current issues of the very same papers and various Christian Science and other religious publications by the score as well, there is nothing to do but to tie it all up in bundles for the Salvation Army, which collects such matter weekly and disposes of it at a good profit. Then there are pamphlets galore boasting every kind of junk which I am requested to advertise and boom for the good of humanity. There are little boxes of flowers gathered from garden, prairie and mountain-side, accompanied by messages of love and sympathy which bring tears to my eyes. The flowers are wilted and dead, but the love behind the gift is a mighty and uplifting force, for kind words never die, and loving deeds are imperishable things of origin divine. I have divided the letters received into two classes, but there is a third class of which I have not told you. These are all from people who write and ask me questions on every

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Clambake and Reception to Governor's Foot Guard

Given by Mr. and Mrs. Gannett on Recent Visit of Famous Connecticut Company to Dedicate Memorial Tablet at Augusta—By W. H. Gannett

On August 19 Mrs. Gannett and I had the pleasure of entertaining the Second Company of the Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven, Connecticut, one of the oldest and most famous military organizations in the country, on the occasion of their visit to Augusta to dedicate a boulder monument and bronze tablet at old Fort Western in memory of their first members who took part in the famous expedition against Quebec led by their first commander, Benedict Arnold, in the fall of 1775.

This company was organized December 28, 1774. Benedict Arnold was its first captain, and on the first news of the battle of Lexington, which began the Revolutionary War, he mustered the company, demanded the keys of the magazine from the Select Men of New Haven, and marched with his men fully equipped to Cambridge, Massachusetts, the seat of war. It was the best drilled and best equipped company in Washington's army. It served all through the Revolutionary War and has served in all our subsequent wars.

Yes, Benedict Arnold, the brave, dashing, talented, patriot officer whose brilliant exploits soon won him the confidence and respect of Washington and the admiration of his soldiers and fellow countrymen, but who later ruined his promising career by turning traitor to his country, was the first captain of this company originally composed of his neighbors in and about New Haven; and when commissioned colonel and given command of the little army of eleven hundred men that sailed from Newburyport, Massachusetts, to Fort Western (now Augusta, Maine) in September, 1775, and there began its fateful march through the northern wilderness in the hope and expectation of capturing Quebec, they gladly volunteered to be a part of the expedition and bravely shared the crushing hardships of that disastrous campaign.

It was in commemoration of this historic event that the present members made a pilgrimage, last August, over the route taken by Arnold's army and placed the tablet on a massive granite boulder on the site of old Fort Western in Augusta.

The special train bearing the 2nd Co. Governor's Foot Guard to the number of 134, including their band and a few invited guests that accompanied them, arrived at quarter before seven in the morning. The visitors were met at the station by a reception committee of Augusta citizens (on which I had the honor to serve) headed by the mayor, and were escorted to the Augusta House for breakfast.

The Street Parade an Impressive Pageant

After breakfast they marched under escort of the Augusta militia company to the State House where they were joined by Governor Plaisted and his military staff in full uniform to do the honors on behalf of the State of Maine. Thence the march continued through Augusta's principal streets to old Fort Western, there to perform the dedication services.

Former Governor Rollin S. Woodruff of Connecticut, Mayor Frank J. Rice of New Haven and Adjutant General G. M. Cole of Connecticut, who made the pilgrimage as guests of the Foot Guards, rode in carriages and automobiles with our Governor and staff and our mayor and reception committee.

The Foot Guards marching with their officers and band made a most soldierly appearance which evoked repeated cheers from the crowds of our citizens that thronged the streets. Clad in their old-time uniforms, red coats, white knee breeches, black leggings and tall bear skin fur hats they made a brilliant and impressive pageant, while their band discoursed the finest music Augusta has heard in many days.

Arrived at the site of old Fort Western, the garrison house of which is still standing, the occupants of the carriages and a committee of the Augusta D. A. R. mounted a platform which had been erected for the occasion near the great boulder on which the bronze tablet had just been placed, and around all pressed a large crowd to hear the interesting dedication exercises which began with an appropriate address of welcome by Mayor Noyes, who in closing introduced Major Hewlett, commander of the 2nd Co. Governor's Foot Guard.

Major Hewlett, who is a delightful gentleman and a fine speaker, quite charmed the audience with his presentation speech. He was followed by former Governor Woodruff of Connecticut, who delivered an able and interesting historical address on the event which the tablet commemorates. The tablet is inscribed:

"AN EXPEDITION UNDER COL. BENEDICT ARNOLD FOR THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC MARCHED FROM THIS PLACE IN SEPTEMBER 1775.
"TO RECORD AND HONOR THE SERVICE OF ITS MEMBERS WHO TOOK PART IN THIS EFFORT TOWARD AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE THIS TABLE WAS PLACED, AUG. 19, 1912, BY 2D CO., GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARD OF NEW HAVEN, CONN."

The ceremonies closed with an eloquent speech of acceptance by Governor Plaisted in behalf of the people of Maine.

I should have mentioned that at intervals the Food Guard band rendered appropriate musical selections.

Reception by Mr. and Mrs. Gannett

Those on the platform resumed their places in the carriages, while the members of the Foot Guard and the Augusta militia company boarded the street cars which were in waiting for them, and all were taken out to my hilltop farm in the suburbs where I reside. There on an elevated plateau overlooking the city and the river in front, and backed by the deep green foliage of a high, tree-clad hill, I had arranged tables in the open air for four hundred guests and a clambake with all the accessories to feed that number. The view was beautiful, the day was perfect, a gentle breeze was stirring and the ozonated country air had that life and freshness peculiar to the Maine summer. Our visitors were much impressed with the natural beauty of the surroundings.

In the amusement hall which I have fitted up in my largest barn, more than a hundred years old, Mrs. Gannett and I, with the assistance of Governor and Mrs. Plaisted and other friends received the visitors. This great barn is in a state of perfect preservation and since I have added my improvements it is known as Howard Hall in honor of the family name.

Our guests were much interested in the many curios and antiques which I have there collected, but especially in the table, chairs and punch-bowl which once belonged to my great-grandfather Captain James Howard, who was in command of Fort Western when General Arnold and the first members of the Foot Guard stopped there in 1775. At his house, which was the largest in town at that time, Captain Howard entertained General Arnold and other officers of his army, among whom was Aaron Burr afterwards Vice President of the United States. These celebrities of the olden times sat in these very chairs, ate at this table and drank from this punch-bowl at Captain Howard's house.

Clambake Served

In due time it was announced that the clambake was served and all took their seats at the tables with appetites whetted to a keen edge by the fragrant aroma of one of those toothsome repasts for which the Maine coast is famous.

potatoes and green corn in the husk are piled on top. The entire heap is covered with a thick layer of seaweed and over all are spread several layers of heavy canvas to keep in as much of the heat and steam as possible. The hot rocks heat the entire mass which cooks in its own steam. When done the canvas and seaweed are removed and the clams, lobsters and vegetables are served steaming hot. These delicacies are never so good cooking food so appetizing as that which comes from a sizzling clambake mingled with the fragrance of the steaming seaweed. And that it is cooked and served in the open air adds not a little to the charm.

When our guests had satisfied their appetites and the cigars were lighted, Major Hewlett rose and in behalf of the Foot Guards thanked us for our hospitality. The Major's speech brought frequent applause from the Foot Guards, and the following are some of the nice and witty things he said:



OLD FORT WESTERN IN 1775.

"When our Company planned this visit to Augusta we had no idea that such hospitality would be extended to us. We thought that if we were permitted to come here, dedicate our tablet and get away again without being mobbed, we should indeed be fortunate, but instead we have been extended this bounteous hospitality, the like of which we have never seen before. We have been overwhelmed by our reception. Augusta is indeed fortunate to number among her citizens a man so broad-minded and generous as to lend his time and means to so elaborate an entertainment in the interests of historic commemoration.

"I knew that Mr. Gannett was a farmer, but a farm like his I've never seen before—to grow such clams and lobsters, and watermelons, too. I wonder if he grows the watermelons in hills

my great pleasure in meeting you and in helping to make your visit to Augusta enjoyable.

"I esteem it a privilege and an honor to be the host of your ancient and honorable organization as did my ancestor, Captain James Howard on the historic occasion which you have so fittingly commemorated today.

"I wish you a pleasant pilgrimage over the route made famous by the daring expedition of your first members and I hope that you may favor us with a more extended visit in the near future.

"Individually and as members of your patriotic organization you will always receive a most hearty welcome to Augusta, in which I shall be glad, if occasion permits me, to participate."

The party rose from the tables, good bys were in order, and an hour later the Foot Guards were again on their way to Quebec.

Major Hewlett then said that the Foot Guards would always remember their cordial reception by the City of Augusta and by the representatives of the State, and he also thanked the members of the Augusta militia company for its services as escort on the parade and at the dedication ceremonies.

It may interest Comfort readers to know how my great-grandfather entertained Arnold's army at an open-air feast in 1775. Augusta was then a frontier village of not more than twenty houses clustered about the fort which was garrisoned by three companies of soldiers.

On the way up the Kennebec river the vessels which brought Arnold's army stopped at Pownalborough (now Dresden) near the head of Swan Island, seventeen miles below Fort Western, and some of the officers enticed an Indian maiden named Jacataqua, from the island to go on board one of the vessels and compelled her to accompany them on the expedition. It was thought that she might be useful as a guide through the three hundred miles of trackless wilderness that stretched between Fort Western and Quebec, and as a medium to negotiate with the hostile Indians that infested the northern country.

This girl was a half-breed descendant of the once powerful chief Kennebec, of still earlier days, for whom the river is named. She was half Indian and half French and said to have been very beautiful; at any rate she had many admirers among the officers of the army and Aaron Burr fell desperately in love with her and won her heart and in honor and decency should have married her, for she became his wife in all but name and ceremony and continued true and faithful to him through life; and when in after years he became an outlaw after killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel, in grief over his disgrace she ended her life by jumping into the seething waters of Hell Gate.

Strange that this little army should have contained two of the most talented leaders of the Revolution, Arnold and Burr, both of whom later attained infamous notoriety. Burr seems



THE HEAD TABLE—MR. AND MRS. GANNETT IN CENTER, MAJOR HEWLETT BESIDE MRS. GANNETT, MRS. PLAISTED BESIDE MR. GANNETT AND NEXT TO HER GOVERNOR PLAISTED.

Maine salmon and Maine clams and lobsters fresh from the sea and baked in their shells; barrels of them all baked together in seaweed, with sweet potatoes and sweet corn; hot rolls for bread, cake, watermelon and other fruits for desert, ginger ale and hot coffee for drinks, and followed by cigars during the after dinner speeches. Our guests manifested their approval by the way they attacked the viands as well by their expressed compliments.

For the information of such of our readers as have never had the opportunity to partake of a clambake a brief description of how it is prepared may be interesting.

A saucer-shaped hollow 10 or 12 feet in diameter is scooped out in the ground and paved with large stones to form a hearth and on this a huge wood fire is built and kept burning until the stones are red hot; then the clams and lobsters are dumped on the hot rocks, then sweet

between the rows of clams and lobsters.

"One hundred and thirty-seven years ago Mr. Gannett's great-grandfather entertained as sumptuously as his opportunity would permit Benedict Arnold and the men of 1775," declared Major Hewlett, amid great applause. Then he finished by asking: "Who are Mr. and Mrs. Gannett?" and the reply was shouted by the Foot Guards:

"They're first in war;
"First in peace;
"And first in the hearts of G. F. G."

In reply to Major Hewlett's thanks and compliments I said:

"Mr. Commander and members of the Governor's Foot Guard and Friends:

"In response to your thanks so gracefully expressed by your commander permit me to express

never to have had any sense of honor, morality, decency or shame. All through life he was a seducer of women as well as a betrayer of men.

But to resume our story of the Indian girl, her home was on Swan Island and she was known far and near as a great huntress. With her English bloodhound and her French rifle she was successful in tracking and bringing down bear, moose, deer and other large game which abounded in the almost unbroken Maine forest of those days.

Arriving at Fort Western she disembarked with the army and was closely guarded in the barracks.

In a new clearing in the woods half a mile from the fort and on the opposite side of the river Capt. Howard had a field of fine corn planted between the burnt stumps. But some large wild animals were making ruinous havoc with the corn which was then just in the milk, and the Captain offered a tempting reward for the capture or destruction of these troublesome depredators. The Indian huntress proposed to try to win the reward and young Aaron Burr added as a further inducement that she should be escorted on her hunting expedition by the handsomest man in the army. With some reluctance she finally consented to his arrangement and bade him bring out his man, to which Burr replied by bowing politely and saying: "I am he, the handsomest man in the army." And indeed Burr was one of the handsomest and most charming men of his time and possessed a fascination quite irresistible to the opposite sex.

She seized her rifle, called her trusty bloodhound and directed Burr to take an axe and follow her. They crossed the river in a canoe and made their way through the woods to the clearing. As she cautiously reconnoitered the corn-field she suddenly came upon a large black bear accompanied by two cubs as large as shepherd dogs, all busily engaged in trampling down the corn and eating the ears. In fear of her the cubs scrambled up a huge white oak tree (which is still standing) and hid in the high branches, while Mrs. Bruin stood up on her hind legs prepared to fight. Burr hesitated to approach, but Jacataqua cautiously advanced to a nearby stump on which she rested her rifle and took deliberate aim at one of the glaring eyes of the old bear. She hit her mark and the bear fell. Burr supposing the bear incapacitated from further resistance rushed up to give a final death-blow with his axe; but even in her death struggle the bear was dangerous and struck at Burr with a dying strength that probably would have finished that handsome gentleman had he not dodged the blow; although he escaped with a whole skin the bear's long claws ripped off one of his coat tails and tore out the seat of his breeches.

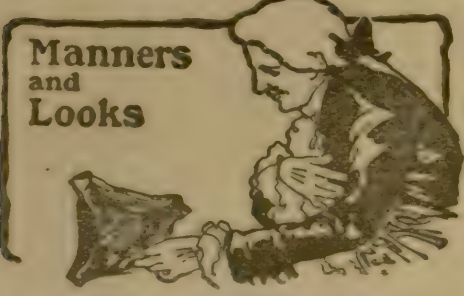
As the old bear expired the two half grown cubs slid to the ground to revenge the death



FOOT GUARDS ATTACKING THE CLAMBAKE—BIG BARN AND AMUSEMENT HALL ON THE RIGHT.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Anxious, Roosevelt, Okla.—So long as your husband tells you all the while this old sweetheart of his uses to win him away from you, we think you need not worry, but we would suggest that you tell him not to get in her way any further than possible. She has no conscience and would rather spoil all your wedded happiness than not, even though she sacrifice her own reputation to do it. We think you might take the risk of incurring her anger by not inviting her to your house if she becomes too persistent in her attentions to your husband. But don't make her out any worse than she is and frighten yourself into doing anything rash.

Mrs. O. S. Samter, S. C.—If you follow the custom of your community you will be wearing black for your husband for the next six months and need not bother about the fashions. Then there will be another year of second mourning and by that time you will be ready to wear furs and thin silk hose and suede slippers and all the rest of the giddy rags. Just now they are not proper for a widow.

Sunny West, Elwood, Neb.—Though many young couples at country parties go out and sit together in the bushes of the guests from a distance. It is not in accordance with the rules of etiquette and we advise against it. Still if all the others do it, perhaps you would be considered foolish if you did not. Do as you please about it. (2) The young man who neither called when he said he would, nor gave you any explanation owes you an apology, which he should pay or be cut off your list of polite persons.

Brown Eyes, Barabara, Can.—When a girl has finished school it is generally thought that she is ready to go into society, even though no more than sixteen. It would be better for her if she devoted a year or so longer to preparation so that she would count for something socially when she did go out. But most girls do not. (2) Beware the unknown correspondent. He may write well and be a villain just the same. Don't write until you know who he is and be careful then. (3) A girl should have an escort at night wherever she goes and older men are better than boys, if they are the right kind of men.

Hyacinth, Myrtle, Miss.—If you think very much of your gray satin dress, don't try to dye it yourself, but take it to a dyeing shop where they know how to do it right. You'll save money by it, and also the dress.

Sunshine, Owanka, S. Dak.—Say anything pleasant that you wish to the gentleman who on leaving says he is glad to have met you. If you lack wit, say: "Thank you, sir."

M. C. L. Galva, Ill.—If you have leisure during your office hours which you wish to employ other than in reading, we would suggest that you take up the study of a language, either French or Spanish, and devote your spare time to that. In a very short time you will be able to read and write in the new language and if you have an opportunity to speak with one who knows the language you can learn to speak it. But to be able to read and write one or two languages, more than your own may be worth a great deal to you. You won't need a teacher to learn the rudiments if you are at all quick, as language studies are now very common and not expensive. As to exercise, if you will walk the mile to and from your office, that will be enough. But as you walk, practice deep breathing and get your lungs full of fresh air. We wonder how many COMFORT readers girls ever thought to use their spare time in acquiring a reading and writing knowledge of a new language.

Subscriber, Danville, Ky.—If the bride wears a coat and hat the bridesmaid should not wear a party dress and no hat. You had better have a talk with the bride before making your appearance in public. Send invitations to the groom's people just as you would to anybody else you want at the wedding.

Ona, Poplar, Cal.—Etiquette rules do not prescribe any particular language for a girl to use when she receives her engagement ring. That leaves it open for her to say anything she pleases and most girls know what to say. (2) Appropriate holiday gifts for young men are, umbrellas, scarves, ties, handkerchiefs, cufflinks, gloves, cigar-cutters, fountain pens and a lot more along those lines. Try to give something that a man will have use for.

Wife, Ocala, Fla.—We think you and your husband did perfectly right in leaving your own house and going to your mother's as his mother and her friends declined to leave and they were bent on making trouble between your husband and yourself. We extend to your husband our heartiest congratulations on his manly conduct in standing by his wife against all comers. He sets an example other husbands should follow.

Ignorance, Zephyr, Texas.—Ask the young lady if you may have the pleasure of her company to the party. If you know her quite well, you may be less formal and merely ask her if she will go with you. Be natural and don't try to follow set rules. Do the same when the girl thanks you for taking her home and tell her you enjoyed it more than she did and will be glad to repeat, or something like that. You can be natural without being "fresh". The girl may take you but if she wants to when you call, but you should be able to hang it on the rack yourself. It is quite proper for another girl to remain in the room unless you two are at that stage when "three is a crowd." In asking to call put your request in the simplest language, for example: "May I call?" or "Please ask me to call." Naturalness and ease are of the first consideration in these small social amenities.

Blue Eyes, Elmer, Texas.—Drop the jealous fellow and in future don't ever think kindly of a man with a jealous disposition that makes him forget good manners and act like a boor. As he gave you the ring for a birthday present and it turns out to be brass, keep it as a warning against the kind of man who gave it to you.

N. S. Big Run, Pa.—When the young man brings the lady home from the party and they sit in the buggy a while to talk, it is her place to speak first of conversation and she should tell him it was time for her to go when the time comes. It would mean a lot for him to be the first to say it was time to quit, would it? It is quite proper to ask the young man who brings you home from places to call and also, if you wish, to let him to bring your sisters to call, if you know them. But the sisters' invitation need not be extended. It rarely is, in fact. Ask the young man to call and that will be enough.

Silver Star, Willow Creek, Mon.—On your wedding trip let your husband do the ordering in the dining car. It is a simple matter—just look over the bill of fare and tell the waiter what to bring you. He will do the rest. Same way at a hotel. When you go to his people's home, just be your natural self, and to see them and they will make the rest of it easy for you. Don't think they are strangers, but your own people. Act with them as you would with your own and don't think about making an impression. If you go to a dinner in your honor you are not expected to do anything but look your prettiest and act your sweetest. Then everybody will say what a lovely bride you are and how fortunate the man to get you.

M. E. N. Warrensburg, Mo.—The twentieth anniversary is the silver wedding.

Blue Bell, Crockett, Texas.—When a lady meets a man on the street who she does not know and he tips his hat to her, she should ignore him. A gentleman should not speak to a lady he does not know. When he does that, he becomes a "man-hater." (2) Some cake may be taken from the plate on which it is served, with the fingers and some requires a fork or knife. When it can be taken with the fingers it

should be. Usually a knife or fork accompanies only the kind that cannot be taken with the fingers.

Anxious, West Norfolk, Va.—It is quite proper for the hostess to tell a young man who has pleased her that she is glad to have met him. The fact that he has called with another young lady makes no difference.

Chums, Bladen, Colo.—When out on a sidewalk, the lady usually walks at the man's left. This is to leave his right arm free to defend her if necessary. A lady should thank a man for paying for her meal, unless he asks her to eat with him. A lady may ask a man for his photograph if she knows him well and also to write to her if he is going away. The man goes first up-stairs and the lady first down. Going in and out of a store the man should lead, though not necessarily. First names are only used among old friends, or among boys and girls, and it is proper to apologize if it is done by mistake. But people are not very particular about that except on formal occasions.

A. C. R., Carlsbad, N. M.—If she is teaching and making nearly as much as you are, why not tell her you love her and both of you wait and work and save till you have something to make a start with. If she loves you she will be glad to wait for you and help while you are waiting. A man need not marry a girl right away after he tells her he loves her. If you have doubts about your ability to provide for her comfortably now, your love should help you to wait till you can provide properly. There is no use in asking a woman to make sacrifices as your wife, when she will not have them to make as your sweetheart and will be wiser, be better able to help you to future comfort and happiness. But tell her you love her and wait her and if she loves you the waiting will be a sweetness long drawn out.

E. F. M., Alanson, Mich.—If the young man to whom you are engaged is a steady, reliable and lovable chap, the fact that he is not a church member need not worry you a minute. Marry him and make him so happy that he will want to be a Presbyterian as you are.

Anxious, Concord, Neb.—There is no rule by which you can overcome bashfulness and awkwardness in society all at once and become a graceful and self-poised courtesan. It takes time and some men never learn how. You must go into the best society you can, watch what the best mannered there do and imitate them as much as you are able. Be natural, be thoughtful of others, be always ready to say the pleasant word and do the kindly act, think of others instead of yourself and before you know it you will be the most popular and politest young man in your community.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

An inch in diameter and twenty-two inches long. This piece of wire is shaped so that a section of it, eleven inches long, runs directly across the circular opening in the division board and is held in place by two clamps, one on either side of the circular opening. The clamps fit loosely, and the slots are long enough to allow the wire to work up and down about three inches, without much friction. The next section of the wire is eight inches long, and it is bent so that it is at right angles with the eleven inch section. It passes along the side of the box eleven inches above the floor, back toward the entrance door, and is fastened strongly to the wall by staples, but yet loosely enough so that the wire can roll easily. The remaining section of the wire, which is three inches long, is bent toward the center of the box, with an upward inclination, so that it supports the door when it is open and rests upon it. The end of the wire is turned over smoothly, forming a notch into which the door may slip when opened. As the hen passes in under the open door and then through the circular opening to the nest she raises herself so that her feet may pass over the lower part of the division board, and her back presses against the horizontal wire, as she passes it, and lifts it enough so that the end supporting the door slides from under it, and the door swings down and passes a wire spring near the bottom of the box, at the entrance, which locks it and prevents the hen from escaping, and others from entering. The double box with nest in rear is necessary, as when the hen has laid she desires to leave, she steps out into the front space and remains there, generally trying to escape, until she is released. With one section only she would be very likely to crush her eggs by stepping upon them and learn the pernicious habit of egg eating. The boxes are placed four in a block, and slide in and out like drawers and can be carried away for cleaning if necessary. Four nests in a pen have accommodated twenty hens, by the attendant going during that part of the day when the hens are busiest.

O. M. N.—I have a fine large full-blood White Orpington rooster who has a nasty habit of tearing the hens' backs with his spurs. Can these spurs be removed and if so, how? A—Yes, the spurs can be removed. Use a fine fret saw, and cut about half an inch from the shanks, to avoid injuring the fleshy nub, which is at the base of the spur. Dab a little peroxide on the cut part, and there will be no bad effects.

E. S.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and would very much like to ask a question. Could anyone tell me where I could get a start of the Blue India Sultan chickens? Please answer through Poultry Farming for Women of COMFORT and oblige.

A.—I have never heard of the Blue Sultan fowls; in fact, I have always been under the impression that there was only one variety—the white. If any of our readers can give me the information, I will forward it to you. The following letter has been received in answer to an inquiry in the September number of COMFORT:

In reply to your inquiry in the September COMFORT, about turkeys having a peculiar disease of the feet, I thought I would write you of my experience with them. Two different times I have lost most of my spring turkeys in just the way A. M. T. describes losing hers. They would be nice and smart, and all at once their feet would begin to swell, and then their toes would dry up and break off. The first time that my turkeys were affected in that way, I was at a loss to account for their condition, and as no one else seemed to have ever heard of such a thing, I did not know what to think about it. That was about four years ago, for a time, at least. This year, I thought I would like to get another start, so my brother and I went to a setting of eggs. They hatched well, and when they were one week old, I had eleven nice little turkeys. I had taken the best of care of them, and they were so healthy that I was very proud of them. I had been feeding them bread soaked in milk, corn bread, cornmeal and onion tops, etc., so one day when they were about a month old, I gave them some chick food for a change. I had no sooner given it to them, when one commenced jumping up and down. While I was watching it, another started to do the same, and soon the whole flock were going through the greatest antics you ever saw. They would jump up and down and then roll on the ground, and seemed to be in great misery. When they got so tired they could not stand, they would sit still for a little while and then start once again. The next morning eight of them had sore feet. I bathed the sores with castor oil and gave them salve on their feet, but it did no good. All but one died, and it is a started little thing, with half of its toes gone. They do not die at once, you know, but hobble around until their toes are just like a piece of stick. The strangest part of it is, that I fed the same chick food to my little chickens and they thrived on it. My idea of it is, that some seed used in the chick food acts like poison on the turkeys' feet. The plant might be growing in the field or garden where the turkeys run, in the case of A. M. T. Not all chick food is alike, as I know of some who who never fed their turkeys anything else, but it was a different brand from what I used. Now, Mrs. Saint Mon, don't think that I expect you to publish this letter. I just thought I would tell you the facts in the case and perhaps it would help you. Nor do I want you to think that I want to "knock" chick food, for I think there is nothing better for little chickens, but I say to turkey raisers, beware!

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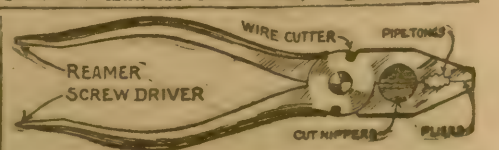


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ably and milking it less often than the others, as is usually done in drying off a cow. Sometimes the red color is due to bacteria in the milk utensils, so have them perfectly cleansed, scalded and sun dried every day.

BLOODY MILK.—I have a valuable cow that gives bloody milk out of her right front teat, and has been doing so for over a month; at first there was a lump about middle way of the teat, but it has gone away. I can milk the teat apparently dry without getting any blood noticeable, and wait a few minutes and then strip the teat and that is bloody. Is the milk from this teat fit for use or from the udder? Mrs. M. B. A.—Better dry off the milk flow in that teat, as divided in another answer this month, seeing that a lump in the teat causes the trouble and that cannot be removed. When no such cause is present bathing with cold water three times a day and at night with strong alum water often proves effective and at the same time the cow should have each night two spoonfuls of salt and one of powdered sulphate of iron in her feed, unless it happens that she is calving. Iron tends to cause abortion; hence it should not be given.

The next morning Wilkes was startled by Slimson's voice as he threw himself disgustedly into the office chair. "Well, what do you know?" he asked.

"Turned down?" Wilkes asked.

"Well! do you know what that chap did? Went up there at one o'clock in the morning to see her—one o-c-l-o-c-k!"

"That showed her that he loved her!"

"Yes! rather! By George, I wouldn't get up that time for any woman on earth."

"That's what I thought Slim—you didn't half love her, I knew it, so—"

"So what?"

"So I told Reed to go up last night and see her, and the boy did. Where shall I meet you, tonight?"

Beacon FREE
Burner

ARTS.—What causes war on cow's teats? Some live more and some less. The warts have all come on in the summer, and seemed to appear sudden. Could you tell me what to do to cure them? L. F. R.

A.—The cause of warts cannot be stated definitely. It apparently there is excessive nutrition of the skin. It is affected parts twice daily with best Castor oil, fresh goose grease, or a mixture of one tablespoonful of either salt or baking soda in half a cupful of fish lard and after a time the warts will disappear.

LICENS.—What is good to put on rabbits that are troubled with lice? The doe has been poor ever since she got her first litter two months ago, being then six months old. The little ones are also poor. Is it harmful for rabbits to be fat, or to let them make their nest in the ground? L. F. R.

A.—Keep the beds clean and sprinkle sulphur there now and then. Insect powder, to be bought at the drug-store, will help to rid rabbits of fleas and lice. Give the doe more range and better feed so she should improve in condition, if she is free from tuberculosis, which we find to be a common cause of housed rabbits and Belgian hares. Pregnant rabbits should be in good, thrifty condition, not too fat.



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OVERHEATED HORSE.—We have a horse seven years old, weighing 1200 pounds, whose shoulders seem to drop out of place when he stands, and he wobbles in front legs when he walks. He was overheated about two months ago, and since then he has grown worse till about two weeks ago. His shoulders are a little better. He has been past work for about one month. He stays in good condition and is a fine horse; worth about \$150.00. Is there any cure for this, and what is the matter with him? Mrs. J. K. E. A.—Such cases usually prove practically incurable, as the brain is left in a softened condition. Such cases are termed "dummies". They never can work well in hot weather. It would be best to let the horse live an outdoor life without work for a few months, and during that time feed him well on sound feed. Treatment will not help.

The Early Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

use of the men that it was somebody's else's, but the young fellow said very simply, "I want an engagement at that time that means anything—or did to me—but I couldn't lose my job; if I did I would have to give up a sort of dream of mine—"

"A dream?"

"Yes, a dream of mine."

"What?"

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...hesitated. "The last trip has been terrible. I was to go up at the time I started and a girl—she was to mail me—something. Now she will think, now, that I am a pretty boy, a woman of a man." It was spoken without business, simply with a deep regret. "She won't understand that I had to go; she will think it was the money—I have that reputation—saying money—you see I want a home."

Wilkes nodded. He saw and understood, and he took through his brain flashed a picture of his suburban home. He turned. "Lad, I'm

know—but rights do cover anything. Now, do you know what I would do, if I were?" And he went on to tell him. The young fellow gasped. "Would you, honest, that?" he cried. "That's what I would!" Here I go!"

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M. E. MURPHY, Mgr., 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 196, New York



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW come the dear November days when up and down the cheerless ways the dead leaves flutter in the wind and brighter days are left behind, or words to that effect, dear cousins, if you think November is too chilly for such a poetic beginning of my talk with you. But let that pass. November is with us and if we can do nothing else cheerful we can get ready to give our annual thanks and eat the big turkey dinner I hope will be the share of everyone of us, rich and poor, big and little, old and young. It's a good thing to give thanks that way and even if all of us don't get much of a dinner, we can be thankful that some of us do. In the meantime, you may be thankful that I stop talking here and get to work.

The first letter on the pile before me is from Cousin Florence of Los Angeles, Cal., who is twenty years old and wants to know if it would be proper for her to go out with a young man three years her junior. She also wants to know if she should take her brother or sister along if she went out with any young man. My, my, I wonder if Florence has lived in a big city like Los Angeles all this time and has never been out with a young man. Really, Florence, I think you shouldn't go out with anybody unless you have a chaperon, or a teacher of some kind.

Troubled, Cleveland, O.—There are many young fellows who think it is funny, or smart, or something, I don't know just what, to act in the silly way this one you mention does, and I think the best thing girls can do with such is not to notice them at all. They don't mean any harm and they don't know any better and girls should ignore them entirely and not speak to them till they have learned how to act sensibly and properly.

True Love, Warsaw, Mo.—I don't think a girl of seventeen should marry at all, and especially not a man who is thirty-nine, but when she is twenty-one and he forty-three, if they still love each other as you tell me you do, then by all means marry. Your father may object, but it is better to be happy with an older man than unhappy with a younger.

Black Eyes, Latham, Kans.—I think your friends are over particular to say it would not be proper for you to live with your elderly uncle, who is alone and anxious to have you in his house. Uncles and nieces live together all over the country without creating scandal and Latham must be very pernickety if they cannot do so there.

Blue Eyes, Tacoma, Wash.—It was wise of you to tell him that the way to find out what you would say if he asked you to be his wife was to ask you to marry him. Some bashful men think that is the way to propose and others not so bashful just try girls that way. I think as you do that six years' correspondence is plenty long enough and I could suggest gently to him that if he did not hear from you very regularly hereafter it was because some other man was objecting to your writing to him. Maybe that hint will wake him up. If it does not, then stop writing and forget him.

Blue Bird, Glencoe, Okla.—I don't think you would be doing at all improperly to accept the attention of another man when the one you thought you loved had gone away and had never written or done anything in two years to keep your love alive. He surely would have no right to complain if he should come back and find that he had lost you. That would be just what he deserves. Tell the attentive one your story and let the other one go.

Violet, Brayton, Tenn.—Usually young men don't mean any great harm by kissing a girl's hand or squeezing it, but the nice girl will not permit any more familiarity of that kind than is absolutely necessary. The best plan for girls is to keep the fondling kind of young men at a respectful distance.

Perplexed, Canton, Okla.—It was quite proper for you to invite your friend to your house to spend Saturday night and Sunday, as you had your parents' consent to ask him. The gossip who talk about it are not only malicious, but ignorant of the ordinary rules of hospitality.

Little One, New York, N. Y.—By taking my advice

and not permitting the young man to kiss you as he had been doing, though you knew it was wrong, you say you have lost him. Perhaps you have, but is it a very serious loss when the only one he had for you was to kiss you? I think it is gain for a girl to lose a man of that kind. Believe me, my dear, if he is the right kind and you mean anything to him more than a mere pastime, he will come back again. If he does not, you should be glad.

Puzzled Girl, Gowanda, N. Y.—When a young man acts as if he liked a girl part of the time and some of the time did not, the girl should let him know she did not like him any of the time and drop him. Don't bother with people of such unreliable dispositions.

Touch-me-not, Springfield, Tenn.—You are in love with him and he with you, but you have never let him kiss you! Well and good. Now when he proposes you can tell him "yes" and kiss him so joyously that he will be glad he had to wait. Now that you are twenty-one and have known him a long time, don't put it off much longer.

Farmer Girl, Frederick, Okla.—As you have declined the young man's proposal, I don't believe, I would let him write to me. Or, as you could not prevent his writing, I wouldn't answer his letters. Such correspondences are often carried on, but I think it is better not to write. You may write to as many as you please when not engaged to anyone. (2) When a young man asks you what kind of an engagement ring you want, you may tell him you want one from the man you intend to marry and no other kind. Wedding rings are worn only by married women.

Nebraska Girl, Crete, Nebr.—Well, my dear, if you are in doubt whether to go to college or to get married, my advice is to go to college. There should not be a mite of doubt in your mind when you marry. Besides it is ever so much easier to quit college, if you don't like it, than it is to quit marriage.

Buttercup, Warren, O.—As you were on good terms with his mother why not write to her about the young man's inexplicable silence? Just write a sensible letter of inquiry, as I know you are capable of doing, and find out the cause of the trouble. And, my dear, when you have learned what it is, unless he can give a very, very, very satisfactory explanation, have no more to do with him. As it now appears he is not of the dependable sort.

Sundowner, Ashtown, Ark.—When a young man is engaged to a girl, he will not want to go with any other girl if he is the right kind. If your young man wants to go with another girl part of the time, you give him all of the time to go to her. You'll be sorry if you don't. (2) They say if you love me and lose, you never can really love again, but I don't know how true it is. Anyway, it doesn't do any harm to try.

Dollie Dimple, McMillin, Okla.—If you really love each other, twenty-two years' difference in your ages won't make any difference. But a seventeen-year-old girl is very apt to be silly about an older man and I wouldn't advise you to marry him till you have known him four years.

Red-Head, Uvalde, Texas.—It is not necessary for a girl, even a red-headed one, to raise a row with a young man who wants to kiss her. A quiet, dignified refusal to permit such familiarity is much more effective and a man of good breeding will respect the girl who in a womanly way respects herself. Any other kind of a man a girl should not associate with.

Margaret, Galesburg, Ill.—Goodness me, "when ritting to a young man as a friend you had never saw before how would you begin a letter?" I wouldn't begin it, at all, Margaret, until I had forgotten about young men long enough to learn a little something about syntax and orthography? You may be "considered very good looking and very attractive to the public," my dear, but you need schooling much more than anything else just now.

Brown Eyes, Elliptsburg, Pa.—Accept an apology always from a young man, but don't always restore him to the place he held before the apology was necessary. (2) I guess there is no cure for the talkative kind of people. Some don't seem to be able to talk, and while too much talk may be become tiresome, I believe I like it better than none at all. You can marry that kind of a man if you want to, but I wouldn't.

Gray Eyes, Buffalo Valley, Tenn.—Well, well, you do have a hard time at home, don't you? And the young fellow you like is no better off in his home, either, is he? Now take my advice which is this: endure it for three or four years more, then both of you break away from your disagreeable homes and make one for yourselves which shall be always as different as possible from those other people made for you. But don't try it too young, or you may make matters worse.

Broken Heart, Oak Mound, Mo.—Don't let your heart be wholly broken, my dear. As you have only a year to wait until you are of age and he will have his new farm ready by that time, I think you may well risk your parents' displeasure by marrying him, as he is such a worthy young man.

Unhappy Girl, Pottersburg, Mo.—I don't know any way to prevent a young man who has been smothered by a girl for smothering her than for her to report him to her men folks, and if she has none, to take a horse-whip to him. That sort of a man should be tarred and feathered.

Troubled, Toledo, O.—Why doesn't the young man you like and who goes with you protect you from the annoyances of the young man you don't like and won't go with? He can stop it if he will.

Blue Eyes, Norfolk, Va.—True enough, sixty-five dollars a month is not an extravagant sum for two people to live on, but as you are the only daughter and your mother wants you to live with her after you marry, and the young man is steady and industrious and has a little property, I think you might risk getting along until he receives a larger salary, which is bound to come if he is at all capable.

Contented, New Castle, Pa.—As he is a regular caller, he should know by this time at what hour to go home. If he doesn't, then tell him. Stop the kissing until you are engaged. You shouldn't have begun it. Accept the attention of other young men and that will bring him to his senses, maybe.

Violet, Hickory, Okla.—Be nice to him as usual and let the other girl court him and run after him as she is now doing. By and by he will be tired enough of her to come to you. No good man wants the girl who runs after him.

There, my dears, all your questions have been answered except some not worth answering and some not meant for me, and I hope you are feeling as well over my advice to you as I am. You see, I know it is good. Anyway, I hope you will benefit by it and now all of you run along and get ready for Thanksgiving. By, by, till we meet again.

Cousin Marion.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Get Circular Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

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\$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work. S. Scheffer, Inc., 8 W., CHICAGO.

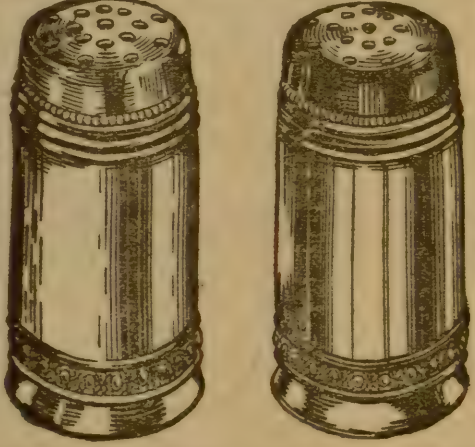
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CARDS Send for Stamp the Large Sample Album of 1000 Names, Birth Dates, Occupations, Friendships, Jokes, Love's and all other kinds of Cards. Post Cards and Premiums. See How Cashier and list of 2000 Cards given Free. OHIO CARD CO., 3 & 4 Cedar, Ohio.

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You Can Make \$6.00 PER 100 COLLECTING YOUR neighbors names for our Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 20 cents postage for blank book and Outline. We want a million names quick. ROCKWELL DIRECTORY CO., 2365 Archer Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

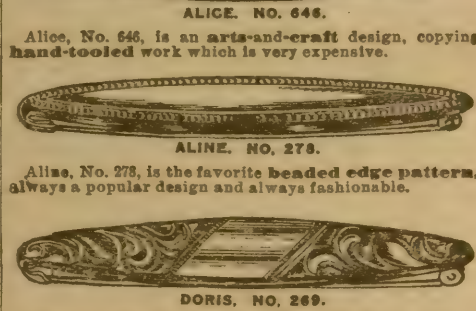


VIOLIN Beautiful Violin, good size, richly polished wood, ebony finished finger board and tail piece, full set of strings, also a fine bow and INSTRUCTION BOOK FREE for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Write for them. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 532, East Boston, Mass.

WATCH, RING GIVEN For selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. We positively give a handsome American Steam Watch and Gold Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 5-year guarantee, sparkling set or Plain Ring, all for selling 24 Silver-Platinum Trinkets at 10c each. Paper of Gold-Kite Needles Free with each Trinket. Easy to sell. Write for them. When you get the watch and ring, we will send the watch and ring. MORE SUPPLY CO., Dept. 513 Chicago, Ill.

Live Agents Wanted Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made \$65 in 47 hrs., another \$21 in 8 hrs., another \$22.50 in 19 hrs. Write today. DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 311 DAVIS BLDG., CHICAGO.

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Alice, No. 646. Alice, No. 646, is an arts-and-craft design, copying hand-tooled work which is very expensive.

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All three are excellent Neck or Belt Pins. Are two and one-half inches long, with strong, serviceable pin bar. Will wear well for years and so inexpensive we hope every lady reader of COMFORT will send for a set. For only two subscribers to COMFORT Club Offer, at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send a set of three Pins.

You may select one of each pattern shown, or three of a number, or assort your order in any way. Use numbers and we will send just what you select, and guarantee them. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Silver Salt and Pepper Set SIZE OF ILLUSTRATION

Another triumph of the Silversmith's Art. Beautiful design splendid material and most useful for the whole family. Any further description of a Salt and Pepper Set seems unnecessary, except to say that the quality is excellent, the famous Everwear Silver Plate, which is extra durable, and will permit constant use and frequent polishing without signs of wear. Our illustration is practically life size, the Holders are a bit larger if anything, and we guarantee satisfaction in every case. Advantageous buying of a quantity enables us to send post-paid a Set of two, for Salt and Pepper for only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Understand, you get both of these fine dolls as one prize; also Dolly's Clothes Line.

Read What My Little Friends Say

They Won My Heart

P. J. Allen, Sec'y., Dear Sir: I am very pleased with the dolls you sent to me. Baby Cuddles is just grand. I take him to bed with me every night. They certainly did win my heart when I saw them in the box. Cuddles is just the thing for me. The French doll is beautiful. Some time in the near future I will try for the other prizes. I am so pleased with this one. If I take more pictures I hope I will be as successful this time. Elizabeth Edlund, Germantown, Phila. (Chestnut Hills).

Lots of Fun

P. J. Allen, Sec'y., Dear Sir: I received my two dolls the other day and am very much pleased with them. I have lots of fun with them, especially with little Cuddles, who is just like a real little baby boy. I never thought that I would get the fine dolls. I thank you very, very much for them and I hope to get other fine presents before Xmas. Elin Lund, 3811 Osgood St., Chicago, Ill.

Thank You

P. J. Allen, Sec'y., Dear Sir: I received my dolls some time ago, but I was so pleased with them that I nearly forgot to write. Everyone who sees them thinks they are very pretty and think I did fine—I am going to keep my French doll for Xmas—Thanking you for your premium. Mildred Garnett, Oxford, Ohio.

Couldn't Laugh More

P. J. Allen, Sec'y., Dear Sir: I received my dolls yesterday. I think they are the nicest dolls I ever saw. There is a little child around here and Cuddles just looks like him. Mamma laughed so much about Cuddles that she couldn't laugh any more. Many thanks for the dolls. Luella Holzmeier, R. R. 2, Box 49, Waterloo, Ill.

DOLLY'S CLOTHES LINE



STYLISH FRENCH LADY AND CUDDLES

DOLL SENSATION 2 FINE DOLLS GIVEN AWAY FREE TO GIRLS

Prize No. 1 This French Doll is the handsomest dolly ever brought to the United States. She is dressed exquisitely and with the very best materials. She has Genuine Eyelashes 1/4 inch long, which make her wonderfully beautiful. Her eyes close when she lies down. Her legs, arms, elbows and head are joined in a unique manner, and they move in a wonderfully lifelike way. Dolly can be dressed and undressed as often as you wish. She is a big fine large doll, nearly one-half yard tall.

A Real Lifelike Infant Doll

Prize No. 2 Cuddles, the real infant doll, is the newest, merriest, rosiest little dear in toyland. See how real he looks, just like a real baby. He wears a rompers suit, which can be taken off and put on, just like your own little sister's. Arms, legs, etc., full jointed. The finest, latest, best doll you ever saw. Will last a lifetime. He won't break or crack. Squeeze him, and he "squeals" like a real baby. How to get

Both Dolls for Your Very Own

Send name and address and I will mail 12 of the most beautiful premium pictures you ever saw—all brilliant and shimmering colors, wrought together in the most splendid manner. Distribute these premium pictures on a special 25-cent offer among the people you know. They cannot get these pictures at the art stores at any price. When you have distributed the 12 premium pictures on my liberal offer you will have collected \$3.00. Send the \$3.00 to me, and I will immediately send you Free both of these beautiful dolls, also the following—

Extra Present of Dolly's Clothes Line, a new and original toy, both amusing and instructive, consists of 20 feet of best cotton rope, 2 galvanized pulleys and 1/2 dozen clothes pins. This combination is given free with the two Dolls.

P. J. Allen, Sec'y., 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 353, New York



NEARLY HALF-YARD TALL

Clambake and Reception to Governor's Foot Guard

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

of their mother and Burr again found himself in danger. But Jacatqua had now reloaded her rifle and shot one cub dead while Burr succeeded in bringing down the other with a blow on the head from his heavy axe.

Burr proposed to skin the bears, as their pelts were valuable, and leave their carcasses in the field; but Jacatqua would not permit it. "The bears were fat and excellent eating, and a fat bear," she protested, "could only be cooked with the skin on after the Indian fashion, which was to singe off all the hair and then roast the animal whole. Accordingly she took only the scalps of the bears and with Burr returned to the fort in triumph.

The Barbecue

At the exhibition of her trophies, the bear scalps, and the narration of her successful encounter great excitement prevailed in the camp, and her proposal to have the bears dressed, cooked and served in Indian fashion was answered with wild applause. So a detachment was despatched to bring in Mrs. Bruin and her cubs and Capt. Morgan's company of Virginia riflemen were assigned the duty of barbecuing the animals which were to constitute the chief feature of a great feast to be spread in honor of Jacatqua's prowess. Officers and men entered into the project with equal enthusiasm.

The bears were disemboweled, spitted on huge poles, their hair carefully singed off, and next morning they were roasted whole before great fires. Capt. Howard contributed green corn, whole quanta of smoked salmon and one hundred pumpkin pies. For desert he furnished watermelons and wild cherries, while the officers provided beef, pork and bread. The soldiers provided the potatoes, and it is said they helped themselves to these without the owner's permission, from the field of a Mr. Greeley.

The tables were arranged in front of the fort, and on the center table was propped up the old bear roasted to a turn, while at either end stood the cubs. The other fixings were appropriately displayed between.

The occasion was made a great social affair by inviting the military and civil dignitaries from the older and larger settlements further down the river, who came with their wives and daughters in gala attire.

Capt. Howard presided at the head table with Jacatqua on his right and Aaron Burr on his left. General, then Colonel Arnold sat at the other end of the board with Colonels Green and Enos on either side.

Jacatqua dressed in Indian costume also wore her hair in native style shaped like a royal crown from the back of which a peacock's tail hung gracefully behind. Burr appeared elegantly attired in a blue swallow-tail coat with gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat, black knee breeches and silk stockings with silver knee and shoe buckles.

A cannon gave the signal for the guests to be seated, and with keen relish did this great company partake of the feast. It was an occasion of much joy and merrymaking. Nothing like it had been experienced before; nothing like it was experienced afterward.

After they were filled to satiety speeches were in order and toasts were drunk which were saluted by the boom of cannon and brief strains of martial music.

A few days later the army began its long and disastrous march to Quebec during which it braved hardships of starvation, fatigue, cold and storm such as were never encountered by an army before or since.

I have not space here to describe the horrible sufferings of that six weeks' march through the trackless wilderness which had reduced the army to half its original number when at last the weak remnant, starving and half naked, but bold and dauntless as ever, camped in the snows of an early Canadian winter under the frowning battlements of the walled city of Quebec, the only walled city in the new world, and which because of its almost impregnable military strength is called the "Gibraltar of America."

Had they arrived two weeks earlier they would have found the defenders unprepared and undoubtedly would have carried the works by assault and captured the city immediately. But tidings of their advance had reached Quebec and the garrison had been strengthened and fully prepared.

General Richard Montgomery was in possession of Montreal which he had captured the summer previous, and it was Washington's original plan to have Montgomery's army march down the St. Lawrence river and join Arnold's troops in the attack on Quebec. So Arnold now despatched Burr disguised as a French priest to make his way through the enemy's country to Montreal and notify Montgomery of the situation. Burr succeeded in his mission, and returned with Montgomery who brought with him three hundred soldiers and, because of his superior rank, assumed command of the combined forces before Quebec which now numbered nine hundred men.

At a council of war it was decided to attempt to take the city by assault, and the preparations were completed by Christmas, but so strong were the fortifications that it was useless to assault them except under cover of the darkness of night intensified by a storm.

In the intense cold and deep snow of the sub-Arctic winter the little army waited patiently for the favorable moment which came with the early hours of January 1, 1776. About five o'clock in the morning in a blinding northeast snow-storm the attack was made in two columns at two places at the same time.

Montgomery at the head of his column was leading the charge and was half way up the steep acclivity with every prospect of success when a discharge of grape shot from a twelve pounder in the enemy's block house instantly killed him and two of his aids and some others in the front rank, although Burr, who was at his side, escaped injury.

The discouragement and confusion caused by the loss of their general resulted in the hasty retreat of this column and Montgomery's body fell into the hands of the enemy who honored it with a soldier's burial.

Arnold's column fared little if any better. Although he was wounded in the assault and was carried to the rear, his party succeeded in scaling the wall and entered the city driving its defenders before them, and had Montgomery's men been equally persistent after the loss of their commander the place would have been captured and held; but the entire garrison soon rallied and attacked Arnold's little force in overwhelming numbers. Some escaped to camp but most of the Americans that gained entrance to the city were taken prisoners.

Although the attack had failed the American army, now under command of the wounded Arnold, remained outside the walls throughout the long, dreary winter in an unsuccessful effort to starve the city into surrender. In the spring it returned to the United States.

Washington was impressed with the heroism of the officers and men which had met such fearful hardships and discouragements and but for the worst of luck would have triumphed in spite of superhuman obstacles, and he wrote to Arnold: "It is not in the power of any man to command success, but you have done more—you have deserved it." Nothing truer was ever said; success is often largely a matter of good luck. So let this be our aim and our consolation through life, to deserve success by honest, faithful, fearless effort and trustingly leave the results to Him who rules human destiny.

Although this campaign failed of its purpose, in a broader, higher sense it was a success, for it showed to the world the heroic stuff of which the American patriots were made, and it served as a shining example to our other armies in the field.

In closing just a few words more about the Indian huntress; she accompanied the expedition

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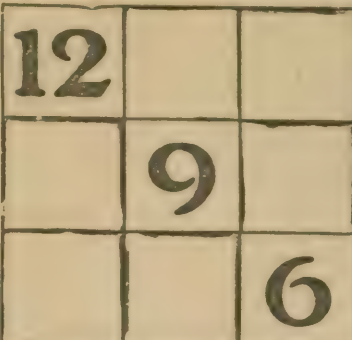
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Winners will be duly notified by mail. Enclose 2-cent stamp for reply. Write your name and address plainly and mail today, as this contest closes December 10th, 1912. Address

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DIRECTIONS

Take any number from one to fifteen, place in the squares so when added together, vertically, horizontally and diagonally, the total will be

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No number can be used more than twice.

to Quebec and in the sufferings of that dreadful march no one in the army was more useful or more beloved and respected. She tenderly nursed the sick and comforted the dying. With her dog and rifle she brought in game for food when all the provisions were exhausted and the starving soldiers were chewing their boots and belts. All other dogs in the army were killed and eaten but hers was spared. When not otherwise employed Burr was her constant companion.

Before the American army left Quebec in the spring Burr realized that she was in a condition unfit to make the march to the States, so he arranged to have her taken into a French convent in the city and there cared for by the good nuns.

The following June, after his return to New York, the expected news reached him that she had borne him a daughter who was named Chestnutiana. The mother afterwards came to Long Island and dwelt in a forest home which Burr provided for her, and here she bore him other children, living contented and faithful to her handsome and talented white lord whom she undoubtedly believed to be her lawful husband, and in right should have been, so tradition runs.

Little Chestnutiana lived seven years in the Quebec convent and at the close of the war a Scotch officer took her to Scotland where she was educated at Burr's expense and married well. Later she removed to New York with her husband. And it was she who took Aaron Burr into her home and cared for him when an out-cast in his old age.

Such is the pitiful romance of Aaron Burr and the beautiful Indian huntress which began at Augusta one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. The shame and the sin delict on the side of the great and talented white man who took pride in having wrecked the lives of many white women also. The good, the true-heartedness, the fidelity are all on the side of the unsophisticated Indian huntress, the child of nature who loved, trusted and adored him.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

miserably in the divorce court. When love and intellect, heart and brain come together there is no divorce court. Husband and wife are chums. Neither one wants to rule or boss the other. There is a constant exchange of thoughts and ideas that grows more delightful as the years go by. Life becomes something more than eating, sleeping and drinking—a mere animal existence. It becomes a joy and delight on the side of the born of such a partnership invariably inherit in character and good qualities of their parents and become national assets of inestimable value. Now, William, if you want the girls to love you (that is the girls worth while), try and develop the golden nuggets of the intellect, the jewels of the mind. Remember if you have a chance to secure it that beauty soon fades, while mental and soul qualities grow and expand and become more beautiful with every passing year. Be chivalrous, thoughtful, kind, considerate and unselfish. Work hard, think hard, study hard, and in time you will win a woman worth while. You are only twenty-two. Spend the next six or eight years in study and improvement, then when you do get married, marriage will mean something worth while.

NEW LEXINGTON, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE: Knowing you have helped many poor persons I write to you for advice. I am a boy about seventeen years old, five feet eight inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. My parents are poor. I write you to ask you to help me and some light work to do to help my parents and perhaps earn enough to go to college. I have just finished my second year of high school and must get some work during vacation. As I am delicate I cannot stand long to do hard work. Please let me know where I could get some light work. Can you tell me how to become of normal height and strength, for I would like very much to get strong and healthy. Do you think Uncle Sam could give me employment? If so along what line. Please write me at once and advise me. I am yours sincerely,

RAYMOND ZELLARS.

Raymond, I wish I could help you to gain health and strength and also profitable employment. The tragedy of present day conditions is that the world makes no provision for those who are handicapped by sickness or lack of strength. Scores of charitable people are doing their level best in every line of philanthropic work to help brighten the lives of the sick and suffering, the needy, ignorant and oppressed, but our present beautiful barbaric social system can make more widows and orphans, more invalids in a minute than charity can look after in a year. Then too, for every dollar given for charitable purposes, only about three cents ever reaches the one who needs it. There are thousands of dollars raised yearly to help invalids, but ask a man like Tom Lockhart, who has been lying on a mattress grave for over twenty years, and whose case is known all over the United States, how much real money he ever got from any of these invalid relief societies, unless he got it from the readers of COMFORT. Poor Elmer Dahlgren who lives in the wealthy city of Duluth and who has had both his legs amputated, was taken up and made quite a lion of by a number of ladies connected with some local society for dispensing cheer to invalids. As an expression of their extreme good will, love and sympathy, Elmer one day received a package weighing some one hundred and twenty-five pounds, as far as I can remember, stuffed full of antiquated issues of a certain weekly publication. So you see unless you get in touch with some good-hearted person, instead of getting nourishment that will add to your strength, or employment that will give you a chance to live, kind people who yearly collect thousands of dollars from a generous public, instead of passing you on a dollar or two, will bury you beneath an avalanche of bewildered, archaic magazines. I am sorry for you Raymond, because you had a right to be born strong and healthy. Thinkers, scientists, humanitarians, the world over are advocating the study of eugenics which concerns itself with the making of healthy people, and making it illegal for the physically unfit to reproduce their species. The country is dotted with hundreds of orphan asylums, and the well-meaning people

who run these institutions boast with pride of the fact, that they each have from five hundred to a thousand orphans under their charge. The more orphans they can get hold of the happier some of them seem to be. Instead of building orphan asylums, I would stop the industrial slaughter which kills off the fathers of these children and the worry and care which too often ends the life of the mothers as well, and leaves helpless children to be brought up by the cold hand of charity. If people were born right, and treated like human beings instead of cattle, they would be young at eighty, and the cold, cheerless orphan asylum with its scores of hapless parentless unfortunates would be wiped from the face of our land. I cannot help you Raymond to find light work. There is only one kind of work in this world today, unless you are a politician, and that is hard work. Though you are in the second year in high school, your handwriting is so execrably poor and illegible, that you could not do office work, unless you learned to run a typewriter. There should be a national and state bureau of employment, that should try at least to look after such cases as yours, and find light work that even invalids could do, providing they had the use of their hands. If you are delicate you should be in the open air and not in an office. If you could rent an acre or two of land and raise chickens and tomatoes you would gain strength and earn money, providing of course you have not some organic disease, or some constitutional trouble that can't be overcome. You have doubtless heard of the great Sandow, the wonderful strong man; his body has almost the strength of Gibraltar. Sandow was born a weakling, but by careful and persistent exercises with dumb bells, Indian clubs, and by various kinds of physical culture and plenty of fresh air and hygienic living, he made himself the strongest man on earth. You are young and may yet do the same. Keep out of offices and stores. A sedentary life is death to a delicate man or woman. I know a man who was a weakling. He was a printer and had a good business, but the work sapped his strength and he was threatened with consumption. He became a U. S. mail carrier and today

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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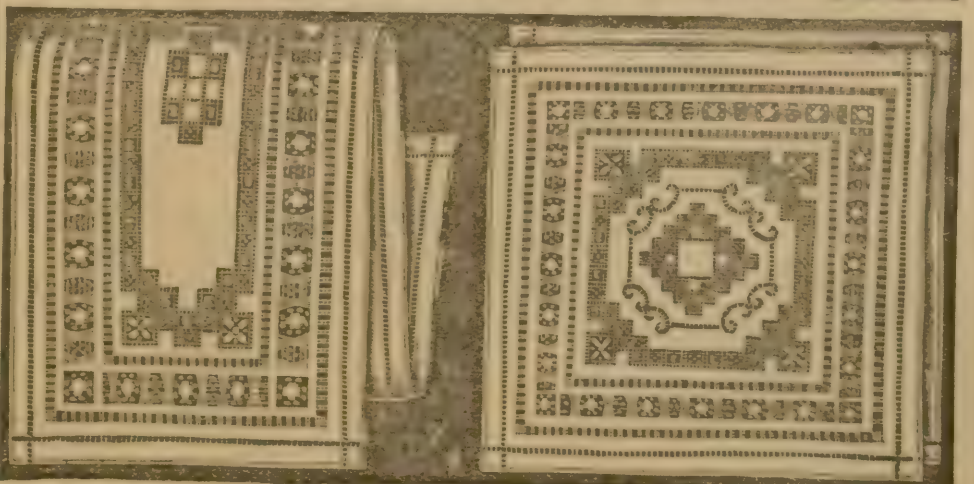
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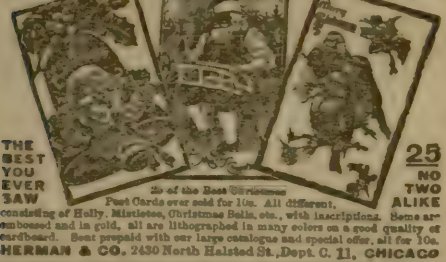


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Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

IN this month there is one day set aside for giving thanks. Really we should give thanks each day of the year, because all blessings come from Heaven. If there is anything in this column that you like especially well, you can thank us by writing and telling what it is, and we will thank you by putting more of it in the paper. Read the little story of Paul and Prue to your mamma; it will please her to see how well you can read.

Paul and Prue and the Magic Cloak

CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER NUMBER.

Eagerly Paul clutched at the precious garment and in his own mind vowed that he would never again part with it. As soon as it touched his fingers he felt his feet freeing themselves from the grip of the mud that had held them so firmly. Prue fared just as well and they walked on.

"We are on the wrong road," they both cried for just as they made a turn they came to a wide and deep river. In the distance on the other side they beheld the roof of their barn. "We must cross this stream," mused Paul, "or we will never reach home." "Oh, magic cloak, oh, magic cloak, please get us out of this trouble," sobbed Prue.

"Make a boat appear here," added Paul, but they waited for hours and their prayers were not answered.

At length they lay upon the cloak and slept. In the morning they found a nice breakfast in one of the small pockets that they had not noticed before. After eating they carelessly walked away and left the cloak upon the ground. Again a gentle breeze blew but this time it was a bad one for it blew the cloak into the river and it began to float away, out of reach.

Regretting their want of good care very much they screamed and ran in terror after the cloak. Vainly they tried to reach it and at last Paul in desperation waded into the river and threw himself forward after it. It did not sink, but remained firm like a raft, so he climbed upon it, and urged Prue to follow. After a little coaxing she did so and at last they floated off towards home. But suddenly up out of the water came

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hand Shadows

You can have a little fun all by yourself making hand shadows in the corner of a cozy room. A bright light is all you need. Stand between the light and the wall and hold your hands as shown. If the shadow doesn't look very much like a donkey the first trial, it is no reason why you should get discouraged. You will improve as you go along and in a week or two can do it right the very first trial.

Funny Bugs Tie Mouse

The sly mouse fell asleep. He had eaten the head and feet off the doll. The Funny Bugs tied him down with thread. The sound of hammering in the pin spikes woke him up but it



CAUGHT THIEVING.

was too late. One bug is dragging the poor dolly away. Two more are coming with a bag. I wonder whether they will carry away the doll or the bad mouse.

Kitchen Things

Here are some pretty kitchen toys to be made out of paper. A knife and fork, salt-shaker, spoon, funnel, cup, coffee-pot, and two pans are



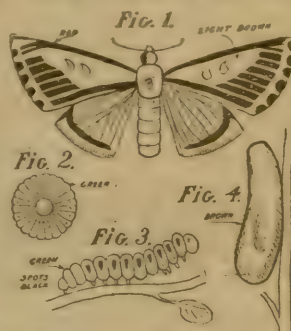
FOR MAKE-BELIEVE HOUSEKEEPING.

in the list. Fig. 2 is the cup, made of the strip under it marked "a" and the small "b" strip for a handle. Use cardboard and either paste

or sew parts together. Fig. 3 is the coffee-pot. The part "b" is the main body, "a" is the spout and "c" the lid. The handle is a heavy strip. Fig. 4 is the pan, shaped by means of a spool head Fig. 1. The knife, "e," the fork, "f," and the spoon "g," are too simple to need explanation. Study the pictures. Fig. 5 is the salt shaker and under it "b" is the paper from which it is folded. The funnel Fig. 7 is simple. Fig. 6 the big pan is too. A pasteboard box can easily be changed to look like the cut. A smart girl can make this whole set. Don't try any more than one or two pieces on the same day. Use heavy paper and they will last for years.

A Caterpillar

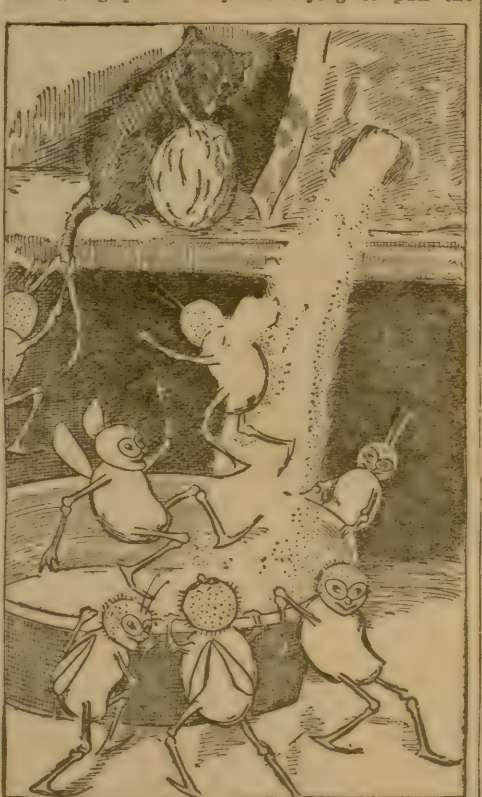
The lower part of the drawing, Fig. 3, shows one of those ugly worms feeding on the green.



APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

Funny Bugs in Pantry

The sly mouse is on the pantry shelf trying to steal a nutmeg. The Funny Bugs sneak in with a big pan. They are trying to pull the



THE FUNNY BUGS ARE FRIGHTENED.

mouse into it and one has him by the tail. The mouse gnaws a hole in the sack of flour and the white stream scares the little mischief makers. I wonder if the whole sack of flour will leak out and cover them up.

Horse and Cow

This is the first of a series of animals made out of cork, paper and matches. They are going to be very interesting, so you better begin saving corks of all sizes. Any neighbor will give you some to add to your collection and if you read this Jolly Hour steadily you will need them. The head of the horse is one common small cork with paper ears and pinheads for eyes.



THE INANIMATE HORSE AND COW.

matches which are pointed by rubbing on stone or with a knife and then stuck in. The cow is

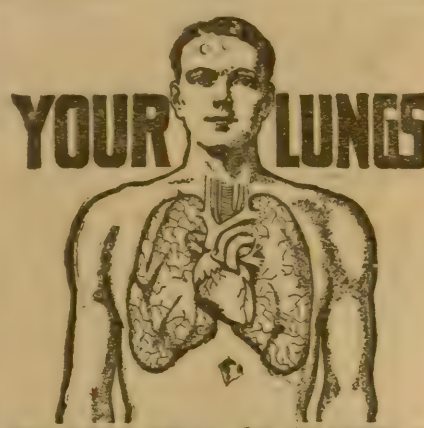
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Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

such appealing confidence in this moment of supposed danger.

But she recovered her presence of mind almost immediately, although her slim fingers still clung to his.

"Something dreadful must have happened," she said, with a calmness that astonished him, "and I must go immediately to find Mrs. Knapp, for she will be very much frightened. Take me to the door of the cabin, please, and I will remain there while you ascertain the nature of the accident."

"Very well," Clifton returned, as he conducted her aft, but surprised beyond measure at her utter forgetfulness of self in this emergency.

Leaving her at the door of the ladies' cabin, after telling her to be sure not to move from the place until his return, he hurried away to the upper deck.

He found the greatest confusion prevailing, which the officers of the steamer were trying in vain to quell.

Upon making inquiries, he learned that a heavy shaft had become displaced, and fallen, demolishing much of the other machinery, and scattering fire right and left in the most appalling manner.

Although he was assured that the flames would soon be extinguished, and no danger was apprehended, Clifton was greatly alarmed, and hastened back to the cabin, where he found his two charges waiting him—Abby in the wildest distress, and determined to rush upon deck, while Shirley was trying to reassure her and to prevail upon her to remain quietly where she was until Mr. Vining should return to them.

She was pale although calm, but she looked greatly relieved when she espied Clifton, for the smoke was beginning to fill the cabin, and she feared danger was imminent.

"It is all right," Clifton tried to say cheerily. "The captain says there is no danger if everybody will only be sensible. He has signaled ashore for help, and boats will soon be here to take us off the steamer."

Shirley received this information quietly, although she saw that he was not as confident as he tried to appear.

But Abby Knapp could not be reassured, and displayed the most pitiable distress.

Clifton hurried the two women to the upper deck out of the way of the smoke, which he could see was increasing in density every moment, and stationed them as far as possible from the locality of the fire.

Here confusion was appalling, and for a moment Shirley's heart almost failed her.

Children were screaming, women were moaning and weeping helplessly, while men were shouting and swearing in the greatest excitement. There were quite a number of children who appeared to have no one with them, or else they had become separated from their attendants.

One little girl was sitting on a stool, and appeared to know no one about her. She was weeping bitterly, and trembling with fear.

Shirley gently lifted her in her arms, sat down in her place and took her on her lap, folding her in a close, protective embrace, while she began to talk in a gentle, reassuring tone that instantly had a soothing effect.

She learned that the child had come upon the trip with her Sunday school teacher, who was giving her class a little outing; and doubtless the poor lady was at that moment anxiously searching for her precious charges, from whom she had been separated in the confusion that prevailed.

The child was greatly comforted by Shirley's kindness, and, nestling closer in her arms, laid her head contentedly against her shoulder.

Then the girl began to tell a pleasant story, and it was not long before several others were attracted to her, and, gathering about her, hushed their cries to listen to her calm, sweet tones as she wove a most alluring tale for their entertainment.

This hush of childish fear and voices had its influence upon others, and presently older people gathered about the self-possessed girl who seemed so oblivious to her own danger, and so kindly thoughtful for others.

A vessel was soon seen steaming at a rapid rate toward them, and then there commenced a wild struggle among the passengers to secure a position which would insure them an early deliverance from their peril.

But Shirley prevailed upon her small audience, not to get into the jam, telling them that it would only impede operations and hinder their rescue.

It was evident that the fire was gaining rapid headway, for flames were now seen to issue from the cabin and stateroom windows, although the crew made every effort to keep them under by the use of hose and buckets.

The rescuing steamer reached them at last, whereupon there ensued a scene that is utterly indescribable.

"Oh! if they would only realize that they are losing time!" cried Shirley, in great distress, as she turned to Clifton, while she began to feel very anxious for the little ones who were gathered around her.

It was useless, however, to attempt to preserve anything like order, while transferring the passengers from one vessel to the other, although the captain and other officers nobly strove to do their duty in this respect, and much valuable time was lost, much suffering caused by the confusion.

It was evident that the vessel was doomed, for the flames were creeping steadily upward; the deck began to grow hot beneath their feet, and smoke to curl up between the cracks and crevices in numerous places.

Clifton was becoming very nervous and anxious. It was of no use to attempt to take his charges through that struggling crowd to the other steamer; there was nothing to do but await their turn; but he began to fear that they would not be able to get off before the deck gave way, unless he could think of some other plan to save them.

He looked about him. The small boats belonging to the steamer had been untouched—untouched, in fact—in view of the approaching vessel that had been sent to their rescue, and a sudden happy thought now occurred to him.

He darted to a sailor and begged him to lower one of these boats; and they, together with another gentleman, who seemed to be alone, succeeded in getting it safely down to the water. The sailor then let himself down into it by a rope, and commanded Clifton and a couple of men who were standing near to lower people into it as expeditiously as possible.

A lady who had two children went first, and her little ones were next lowered to her.

Then Clifton turned to Shirley.

"You now," he said, drawing her forward toward the railing.

"No, nurse must go next," she replied, and with her own hands she took the rope which he would have knotted about her waist, and threw it around Abby's portly form.

The woman was only too glad of the opportunity, and availed herself of it with all possible speed.

Then Clifton tried again to make Shirley go. But she quietly put his outstretched hand aside and said:

"I shall not leave one of these dear children behind—there are six, who have no one to take care of them, and we must save them."

The young man grew white to the lips at this, for forked tongues of flame were now leaping out of the windows just below them, and he knew that there was but very little time left them, if they were to escape from the burning wreck.

He did not waste a moment arguing the matter with her, for he saw by the calm, resolute expression on her face that she would not yield; so with an air of desperation he turned from her

and hurried those helpless little ones over the side of the vessel into the boat below.

Shirley assisted him with nimble hands while she talked all the time in soft, encouraging tones to reassure their timid little hearts and hush their frightened cries.

The last one was finally safely stowed away in the boat and Clifton heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Now be quick, my noble young lady; you must go, and it is none too soon, either," remarked one of the gentlemen who had been assisting them. "Will there be room for both of you also?" Shirley asked, as she submitted to have the rope knotted about her waist.

"I think so—I hope so," the man replied, while his eyes were fixed with wondering admiration upon her lovely face. "But," he added, "if I should never see you again, I want to tell you how much I admire your heroism; it has been something grand."

Shirley lifted a searching look to him as he said this—she had scarcely noticed him before—and saw a middle-aged man of rather prepossessing appearance, although his countenance wore a somewhat sad and discontented expression.

A quick, sharp cry from Clifton now started her.

"My darling," he exclaimed, catching her up in his arms, "your clothing is on fire! Oh! pray, hurry, and the moment you are in the boat, I will drop my coat to you—wrap it closely about you and try to smother the flames."

Shirley saw, to her dismay, that her dress had caught fire from the little tongues of flame that were creeping around the edge of the boat.

Clifton folded her close to him in a spasmodic embrace for an instant, bending a look upon her which she never forgot, and then with his own hands gently lowered her into the boat.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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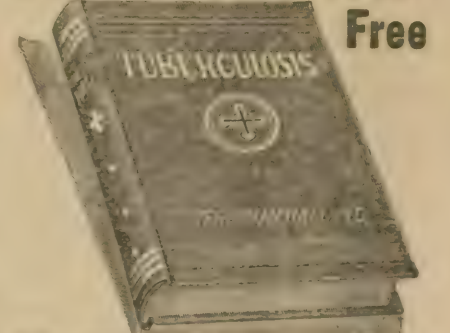
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Tuberculosis

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure

Free



NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

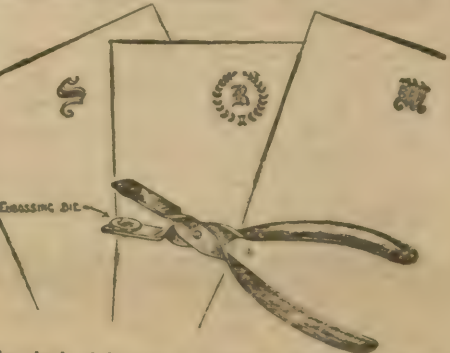
This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Co., 5625 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., they will gladly send you the book in English, German or Swedish, by return mail FREE and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

FITS Treated with remarkable success. Many people who had given up all hope say my medicine cured them. Chas. E. Cecil, of Waynoka, Okla., says: "I can give your medicine great praise—it cured my son." I will send a Free Trial Bottle (10 cts.) to every sufferer who will give age and describe case. DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 125, KANSAS CITY, MO.

INITIAL EMBOSSE

Slight impression puts your own initial on your stationery, leather, cotton or woolen goods for embroidering and lots of other uses. It is fashionable to have your initial embossed on your letter stationery, and much less expensive to purchase plain stationery and emboss it yourself than to pay engravers exorbitant prices. WITH THIS DEVICE you can with a VERY SLIGHT PRESSURE, same as using pliers or pinners, IMPRINT YOUR INITIAL on a letter sheet, and you at once get a sharp embossed character. No matter what your initial is we can supply it at once as we have the ENTIRE ALPHABET in stock IN QUANTITIES.



The single plain letter is excellent; the LETTER and WREATH will appeal to others; you may have your choice. Ladies who wish to embroider an initial on a handkerchief will find this an excellent and much quicker and cleaner method than stamping with compounds, and the sharp embossing is very easily followed with the needle. Many uses for the initial embosser will suggest itself and you will be enabled to put your initial on many things not heretofore possible. All the city stores sell Embossers at 25 and 50 cents each. They are used by everyone and one cannot distinguish the impression from that done by an engraver.

Club Offer. Send but one new 25-cent 15-months' subscription to COMFORT for one enamel steel embosser, and two 25-cent 15-months' subscriptions for the nickel-plated steel embosser with wreath. Mention Initial preferred. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE TO YOU!

A Full Fifty-cent box of Dr. Coonley's famous

ORANGE LILY

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy before.

ORANGE LILY is a thoroughly reliable remedy for the local treatment of Diseases of Women, such as Suppressed, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Congestion, Inflammation and ulceration of the Womb and Ovaries, etc. Do not wait, delay only brings on more complications, until your case may become INCURABLE. SEND FOR IT TO-DAY! IT WILL NOT COST YOU ONE CENT. Address Ladies Department

The COONLEY MEDICINE CO., Inc., 228 Cass St., DETROIT, MICH.

Berries, Fruit, Nut And Salad Bowl With Spoon

NINE INCH BEAUTIFUL FIGURED GLASS DISH
ORNAMENTAL REMOVABLE SILVER BAND.



The very newest idea in combination of Glass and Silver. This large glass bowl with Fluted and Figured design, which we attempt to show in our illustration, itself weighs three pounds, which conveys an idea just how substantial and large it is, and the capacity of the Bowl is Two Quarts. Surrounding the Bowl top is a one inch wide Silver Band, plain polished except two sprays of vine with a Branch of Grapes in relief, and this design is finished in dull gray effect. All the high-priced stores show Cut Glass and Sterling Silver in combination and sell such items at very high prices. This removable rim makes it possible to wash or clean either the bowl or the rim separately, hence they are known as a Sanitary Rim. In addition, with each Bowl we present free a Rose Design Fluted Bowl, Berry Spoon, eight and a half inches long, with gray silver finish handle and bright polished bowl. Both Rim and Spoon are extra heavy silver plate and will wear indefinitely with entire satisfaction, this we guarantee and agree to replace any set not satisfactory, and we leave it to your judgment. In order to deliver every bowl in good condition we have them scientifically packed in reinforced cartons and guarantee safe arrival.

Club Offer. Send only six subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months for One Bowl with Silver Rim and One Silver Berry Spoon. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

RHEUMATISM

To Get You to Try My Drafts
NOW I'll Send Them on
Free Trial—Just

Sign and Mail My Coupon

Don't take medicine—write me. Return mail will bring you, prepaid, a pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan Cure for Rheumatism of every kind, Chronic or Acute, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago or Gout, no matter where located or how severe. The cures these Drafts are working upon thousands seem so wonderful to me that I do not ask you to believe what I say, but simply to send in my coupon and try the Drafts for yourself. Then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word. If they can cure all stages of this cruel disease at all ages of life, surely you can expect quick relief. Don't delay—but act at once. Send no money—just this coupon. Do it now.

This \$1 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to try (as explained above) to

Name
Address

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company, 1156 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 600C,
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

TRUSS WEARERS

FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO

Attention: The PLAPAO-PAOS are different from the truss, being medicine application. They are self-adhesive and purpose to give the patient security in place. No straps, buckles, springs, can't slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and conquered the most obstinate cases. Sufferers—easy, cheap, inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Freedom of recovery is natural. No further use for truss. We by writing to U. S. Consuls in those countries. "Adventure" is published at Spring and MacDougall Sts., New York, N. Y.

Address, PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Black 24, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN

For Giving Away Twelve Large Beautiful Pictures
CLOVERINE SALVE you sell for us at 25¢ per box. Big seller. No two pictures alike. Big cash commission. If you prefer. Everyone buys after you show pictures. Agents make \$3.00 daily. Send name and address at once—we send Cloverine and pictures by return mail. Write today.
THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 76, Tyrone, Pa.

HAMILTON FREE

RIFLE

Genuine Take-Down Rifle, shoots long and strong—22-caliber cartridges. Gun metal barrel, steel frame, regulation sights, automatic shell extractor. Given for nothing to persons living at the each. Write for Blaine, BLAINE MFG. CO., 304 Mill St., Concord, N. H.

TEN BOOKS FOR 10 CENTS
1-Book on Magic, 2-Book on Toy Making, 3-Book on Courtship, 4-Base Ball Book, 5-Dream Book & Fortune Teller, 6-White Slave Story, 7-Book on 9-Home Entertainer, 8-Book Letter Writer, All the above by mail for 10 cents. Address: PIKE PUB. CO., 2, South Newark, Conn.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

F. A. K., Madella, Minn.—You may get preparations at drug-stores for keeping leather on furniture soft, but if not, Castor oil well rubbed in will answer. The luster of morocco may be restored by varnishing with white of an egg applied on a sponge.

H. H., Sparta, Wis.—Invisible, or sympathetic inks are numerous. A simple one is a weak solution of nitrate of silver, which shows black when exposed to sunlight. Onion juice will show yellow when exposed to heat; lemon juice will show brown; a weak solution of chloride of cobalt and chloride of nickel shows blue green. A weak solution of chloride of copper shows yellow at a moderate heat and disappears when cold. This is the best for correspondence as the others may be read after they are cold.

Y. T. D., Lyle, Mont.—There is no cost in crossing the border from U. S. to Canada or vice versa. If you take along with you dutiable goods, you must pay duty, but there is no head tax, so to speak.

Subscriber, Greensburg, Pa.—When President Roosevelt was on deck and making his fight against race suicide, he was usually ready to make a small personal appropriation for any citizen or pair of citizens who produced triplets to the national glory of population, but we believe no state makes appropriation for such a purpose. Suppose you write to the Governor of Pennsylvania asking him to take up a collection in the Senate and House for the Greensburg triplets. They are worth it. By the way, is your husband a republican or democrat?

E. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—We believe the Methodist church and possibly some other denominations, license laymen to preach, but in these later days education has become so general that congregations demand men of education as their instructors from the pulpit and the old-time preachers who preached the gospel without regard to grammar have been put out of commission. Now men are properly educated for the work and most of them are theological graduates, though there are many evangelists who are doing good work, prepared by the spirit. Any Methodist minister in Buffalo can give you all the information you seek.

G. H. D., Halifax, Va.—Read the advertisements in COMFORT for the information you ask of this column. They are printed for the benefit of readers and you will find them not only interesting reading, but calculated to help in very many cases of need.

C. G., Camp Point, Ill.—The supply of meteoric rock that comes to earth from the bursting bodies in the sky is so large that there is not sufficient demand to make the price enough to justify efforts to sell. The only kind of meteoric bodies that are worth anything are those of unusual size, say, from a ton up. Finders of the small ones usually give them to the mineral collections in the nearest school or college.

A. V. A., Middleburg, N. Y.—We advise all COMFORT readers of literary ambitions not to attempt to write short stories or other matter for publication until you know where you can place it to your advantage. The field is full of writers who are experienced and their work is the kind publishers are buying, except in rare instances when a budding genius blossoms forth. We have seen a good many stories and poems written by COMFORT readers and we have not yet discovered a budding genius among them. For the inexperienced and unprepared person to attempt to write stories and verse for sale means only disappointment and loss of time and postage. If you must write, first read and study good literature and then write and lay your writing away for future reference. In this way you will at least get it out of your system and will feel better, and think you have done something worthy of literary salvation. Editors are cruel creatures who will smother all your dreams.

A. E., New York, N. Y.—For a boy to become a railroad man must find someone who is already there who will give him a start. No matter what kind of a job it is, if the boy really wants to work and rise, he will take it and stick to it until something better is offered and so by degrees he will have his ambition gratified. He may never rise higher than brakeman, or he may become president of the road, but if he is square with himself he will be doing the best that is in him. Go after any railroad man you know, and if you don't know any, hunt around railroad shops or stations till you find one and tell him what you want. If you are sharp and quick and show the right kind of signs he will let him can to start you. The trouble nowadays with most boys is that they think a nice job should be handed over to them and everybody in sight should get behind and boost them along. If you will take a course in engineering at someone of the manual training schools in your big city it will give you a big pull by the time you are twenty. But you will have to have to do your own boosting and not depend on other people.

A. G. A., Concord, N. H.—The cowboy business is no longer what it used to be and the Eastern young man will do better to stay where he is than to go West to become a cowboy. It is the very hardest kind of work under hard conditions and the pay is small. There is no way of learning about it right except to go out and try it. If you are dissatisfied with New Hampshire, pack up and go to Texas and take hold of whatever offers. There are other things better than cowboying to be had by a youngster in the West and you might try for some of them. But you will have to go out yourself and take your chances.

E. W., Mt. Ida, Ark.—For information concerning Brazil and other South and Central American countries write to Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C. Information concerning Japan, Egypt, India and Australia may be had from cyclopedias, or by writing to U. S. Consuls in those countries. "Adventure" is published at Spring and MacDougall Sts., New York, N. Y.

COMFORT Reader, Cambria, Va.—We have had other COMFORT readers inquiring the addresses of Woman's Exchanges, and for the benefit of all inquirers we will say that a letter addressed to "Woman's Exchange" in any city or town where there is one will be delivered. It is impossible for us to know in what places they are located. In writing put your name and address in upper corner of your envelope so letter will be returned if not delivered. We may say to all, though, that while Woman's Exchanges undertake to dispose of articles sent to them by women, they are not always successful and the senders must expect the usual business risks in selling their products, whatever they may be.

G. G. H., Carlisle, Ark.—The finding of fresh water pearls seems to be such a vogue with COMFORT readers near Southern waters that we wish to say for your benefit and of others that while the average fresh water pearl is of no great value, except in rare instances, there are cases when one is worth a lot of money. It must be usually large though and peculiarly brilliant. The small ones are only of value when they can be had in large quantities. When a special pearl is found it should be sent to your nearest city jeweler of repute. If you don't know who that is, Tiffany & Co., New York City, are the foremost authority in this country on pearls and precious stones and they are absolutely reliable. Write first describing what you have and wait for their answer. Send weight and size of pearl and any noticeable markings, also shape.

A. G. R., Gaffney, S. C.—Inventors have a hard road to travel and there are many COMFORT readers who have the inventive bug. We may say for them

that when they have any article which they believe to be a good thing, the best way to get it into paying hands is to advertise it in the nearest city papers. There is no way of telling inquirers what firms will buy their inventions because buyers must see the article and know for themselves what there is in it as an investment. Inventors are also warned not to have any great faith in what prospective purchasers may tell them, and to be everlastingly on guard or they will be the losers in any deal that is made. It seems to be fair business morals for a man with money and an eye to the main chance to get the best of any inventor who comes his way, and the inventors of some of the most valuable patents have got very little out of them. Some of them have died in poverty.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman,
Patent Lawyer, Washington,
D. C. Advice and books free.
Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Philadelphia firm; good money, steady work; No canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid.
UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 23, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.



FREE. Sell 10 fancy drawn handkerchiefs at 10¢ each, send us the \$1 and we will mail you 2 beautiful solid gold plated rings, cleaned, 10 years. INOLA CO., 12, CHICAGO

Pain Paint

Send 2¢ stamp for large illustrated catalog of Toilet necessities, Remedies, and special supplies for women.

Ladies

Fairbank Supply House, 42 E. 69 WABASH ST., Chicago.

FITS CURED

or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Give particulars.

Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, Suite 655, 400 W. 23d St., New York

LOVE POETRY SURELY WINS AFFECTION

Your sweetheart's name written in a beautiful poem. Send name, color of eyes and hair.

FOUR VERSES MURIEL 52 Portland, Me. 10c

BIG MONEY IN SONGS

WE PAY 50¢ per cent if successful. Send us your Poems, songs, or melodies and we will be able to write a big seller. H. KIRK'S DUGDALE CO., Dept. 153, Washington, D. C.

ASTHMA CURED Before You Pay

I will send any sufferer a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send me \$1.00. If it does not, don't send me a cent. Give express office address D. J. LANE, 233 Lane Building, St. Mary, Kansas.

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE

We give an American made, stem wind and stem set Watch fully GUARANTEED, and this Beautiful Band Ring, or any other premium you want, for selling 20 pkgs.

POST CARDS at 10¢ per package. Send your ever saw. Under 20 days, when sold send us the \$2 and we will send you the WATCH and RING and also a CHAIN.

MERMAN & CO. 2430 N. Halsted St. Dept. 204 CHICAGO

ALL THE NEW SONGS AND MUSIC 10c

Oh You Kid, Baby Doll, My Pony Boy, Dreaming, Japanese Rainbow, Red Wing, Honey Boy, School Days, Ida Ho, Cheyenne Smoky, Six Ankle, Dearie, Morning Cy, Arra Wana, Are You Sincere.

Cubana's Glider, Beautiful Eyes, I Remember You, Tittle Tattle Tale, Sweetheart Days, Somewhere, When I Marry You, I Wish I Had a Girl, Be Sweet to Me, Shine On Harvest Moon, Bird on Nellie's Hat, Games of Childhood Days, Everybody Knows Nobody Knows, Waiting at the Church, You're a Grand Old Flag, I Could Love a Million Girls, Pride of the Prairie, Mary.

The Stars, the Stripes and You, Because I'm Married Now, He's a Cousin of Mine, Yankee Doodle Boy, Captain Baby Bunting, My Dream of the U. S. A., A Man, a Maid, a Moon, a Boat, Love Me and the World is Mine, By the Light of the Silvery Moon, Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet, Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love, I've Got Rings on My Fingers, How Do You Miss Josephine, Could You Love a Little Girl Like Me, I Want Someone to Call Me Dear, I'm Tying Your Eyes, Your Golden Hair, I'm Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down, I'll Be Waiting in the Gloaming, Sweet Gazetia.

I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark, Let Me Write What I Never Dared to Tell, When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget, Is There Any Room in Heaven for a Little Girl Like Me, I'd Rather Two-Step Than Walk, Bill, I Want to Tell You How to Cure Yourself, I Know You Love a Little Girl Like Me.

10 CENTS with several pieces Piano Music, all big hits, the best collection ever published. You'll be more than pleased. 3 Song Books for 20 cents. Tell all your friends and order today.

SAMUEL COOPER & CO., Dept. 23, Horton, N. Y.

Free to You—My Sister

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience we know better than any doctor.

I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sick-ness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address MRS. M. SUMMERS BOX 315 NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

Snow White Bleached Table-cloth

These table covers will give lasting service and preserve their beautiful appearance because they are of superior quality close even texture mercerized damask of heavy weight, perfectly woven. They have the fine luster characteristic of the best Irish Damask, and are supplied in an assortment of most attractive floral and figured effects, and have a genuine hemstitched border on four sides.

Each cloth is 54 inches wide and 72 inches long, which is 1 1/2 x 2 yards, sufficient for the average dining table, and the housewife who enjoys an attractive table will appreciate and enjoy such a cloth.

TABLE-CLOTH No. 600

CLUB OFFER:

For only seven subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these table-cloths at our expense.

Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.



\$1.00 Package Free

Quickly restores gray or faded hair to natural color, removes dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. Grows new hair and makes the hair of man, woman or child heavy and beautifully glossy.

Send your name and address with this advertisement to The Foso Company, 2815 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full \$1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail, prepaid, free of charge.

A BEAU tiful neck, face and

but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston Mass.

Sweaters Free

We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater,

for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxien Porous Plasters to your address without money from you. After you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxien Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lame Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The Sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns. May be washed at home without injury to color and will keep its shape. Order by chest measure, men, women and children's sizes in colors Brown, Green and Gray.

Say you want to sell the Six Oxien 25-cent Porous Plasters and we will send same day we receive your order. Address THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 24 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

How to become a Member

Special Notice

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for November

ent his way will be appreciated. 11. M. Adams.
611 North St., Bellingham, Wash. Mr. and Mrs.
Adams are old and afflicted, needy and worthy.
Remember them. Mrs. James Mulkey, Ekalaka,
Box 184, Mont. Will give a home and twenty-
five dollars a month to an educated woman broken

State

How much more reasonable it is to use a treatment which reaches all parts than such treatments as shown in No. 1 and No. 2. Dr. Blosser's treatment will be sent you free. See offer below.



WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE

Our American made, ~~plated~~ **solid** watches, 12-14-16 and 18 jewel cases, and ~~plated~~ **solid** chains, guaranteed to last. These rings are given to boys and girls who send us 50 tickets of high grade art post card value in a packet. Order now and you will receive one at once the same day. We will post you at once the watch, ring and chain.

Palace Mfg. Co., Dept. 44, Chicago



CRUEL PILES

Delay Often Means Surgery—
Write to-day for Dr. Van Vleck's
Remedy which is healing
Thousands

SEND \$1 PACKAGE TO TRY FREE

Since Dr. Van Vleck found his Genuine Relief (3-fold Absorption Method) many thousands have already been restored by it to health and comfort. Why not you? You know the risk of delay. We know what our great 3-fold Absorption Treatment is doing for sufferers all over the globe, then why not sign and mail our coupon NOW? Return mail will bring the Remedy, prepaid, in plain wrapper. Then after testing its merits yourself, if you are satisfied with the benefits received, send us One Dollar. If not, you pay nothing. We take your word. We could never make this unconditional offer if we hadn't received so many hundreds of glad letters telling us of complete cures of Piles by Van Vleck's after all other treatments had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. We know its value, so don't wait, but send the coupon at once.



FREE \$1. COUPON

Good for \$1 package of Dr. Van Vleck's Complete 3-Fold Treatment to be sent Free on approval, as explained above, to

Name _____

Address _____

Mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., 1156 Majestic Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Return post will bring the \$1 Package on Trial.

"There's Relief in Every Package."

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.



No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

22 CAL. RIFLE
Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue-black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10c each. When sold, return \$3.00 and we send Rifle. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 870, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in stamps or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

B. B. O., Maine.—We think the proper way to obtain accurate information as to the names of the title owner of any tract of land in your locality would be through a search of your county records. We think the person or persons who are responsible for the starting of fires over your wild or mountain tracts are liable to the owner of such tract for the damage caused by the fire, as well as being liable to criminal punishment in case the fire was started with malicious intent; we think it quite probable that lack of evidence to place the blame may be the principal reason that such offenders have not been punished in your locality.

F. L., Maine.—We do not think a man has any legal right to sell or manage property after he has given same to a daughter, provided, of course, the title to same has legally passed to the daughter, and there is no limitation on the gift giving him such power.

G. W. H. T., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that marriages between whites and Indians are not prohibited, nor does the widow of such a marriage forfeit her rights of inheritance from her husband's estate; that upon his death leaving no will, and leaving no children or descendants, she would receive his whole estate.

C. C. A., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the parent is legally entitled to the custody and control of their minor children, unless under the judgment of some court they have been adjudged improper persons to have such custody or control. We think that it would be very difficult for a mother to send her daughter to a reform school on the ground that she refuses to return home from a visit to her aunt, and we also think that a reform school is not a good place for any child, unless they are utterly depraved and incorrigible, we think that while the law gives the custody and control of the children to the parents, that it is oftentimes very difficult to enforce such control by the parents unless the parent has the full confidence, affection and respect of the child.

J. W. P., Virginia.—We are of the opinion that the money accumulated by the widow of income by the life tenant of an estate would, upon the death of such life tenant, be disposed of under the will or to the heirs at law and next of kin of such life tenant, and that such moneys would not at any time become an asset of the estate in which such life tenant held his or her life tenancy.

Miss M. McC., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no children or descendants, no father or mother and leaving no will, his widow would receive all of his personal property and dower of one third for life in his real estate, the balance going to his brothers and sisters, the issue of any such as may predecease him taking the parents' share; we do not think the children of his widow by a former marriage would have any interest in his estate, unless some provision was made for them by will.

Mrs. A. E. K., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his estate other than community or homestead property would go as follows: The widow would take one third of the personal property absolutely, and one third of the real estate for life, the remainder going in equal shares to his children, or their descendants; we think the community property would go one half to the widow and the balance to the children, regardless of whether the property was real or personal; we think children can be disinherited by will, and we do not think their rights of inheritance are affected by the fact that they are children by a former marriage and not the children of the widow.

F. S. B., West Virginia.—Under the laws of Oregon, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children by a former marriage the widow would receive dower of one half for life in the real estate and one half of the personal property, absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the issue of any deceased child taking the parents' share, and that under the same circumstances under the laws of Arizona the widow would receive a life estate in one third of the real estate and one third of the personal property, absolutely except in community or common property in which the surviving widow would be entitled to one half of both real and personal property absolutely, the balance going to the children as above stated.

Y. Z. X., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children his estate would go in equal shares to his widow and children, the widow taking the same share as each child; we think that in case of minor children the real estate could only be sold under the judgment of some court of competent jurisdiction in some action or proceeding brought for the sale of the same.

L. E. R. K., Illinois.—After the final decree in a legal divorce action, we do not think that either the former husband or wife has any interest in the estate of the other, except such claim as may be given to the survivor in such final judgment or decree.

M. L., New York.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving no descendants, and leaving no real estate, but leaving a widow, a mother and two sisters, his property, after the payment of his debts, would go one half to his widow and the balance be divided in equal shares among his mother and two sisters.

Juana's Revenge

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

and the clanging of the chains, with the harsh words of the Spanish guards as the prisoners labored on the streets and roads distracted Don Jaime and kept alive the memory of his cruelties and losses. Broken in health and wearied in mind, he afterwards sailed for Barcelona to die in Spain.

Juana remained within the dense forests about Mt. Junque. She lived upon the meager food supplied her by the other fugitives who had sought safety there for various crimes. The wild oranges, bananas and the delicate fruit of the puma-rosa trees and the long green aguacates were easily gotten. These furnished sufficient variety, but were not nourishing enough to enable her to withstand the malaria. The uncertain fate of her children and husband tormented her; and even upon the things which in ordinary life had sufficed her, she grew thin. The wild, restless eyes told of the fever's work and the yellowing skin even more indicated the impoverished condition of her blood. Horrible days were these for the poor woman; her stomach rebelled against the large doses of anise-seed and gentiana, which were given to combat the fever. The slender

thread of her mind almost snapped. Sitting for hours in her corner of the cave, or listlessly picking fallen sticks in the forest, with which she boiled the few bananas or roasted them in the ashes, her condition became desperate. The other women were filled with additional dread lest she should die. One of the men contrived at the risk of his safety to get word to her friends. He brought news of Juana's children. She received each word with the joy of returning life for it increased her hope. She heard that troubles along the coast had caused the concentrating of the rural guards. This left the interior towns without police to harass the natives at the bidding of the Spanish planters. More encouragement entered her heart and brightened her thoughts.

Juana now had passed the crisis. Each day she ventured with other women refugees from the cave into the forests; and sometimes was seen to smile as she gathered the wild fruits. Greater hope came to her, since the men had managed secretly to have the women bring her children to the edge of the forest. Juana often wept over their condition, clung to their dirty hands, and kissed their besmeared faces and unkempt heads. The little half-dumb things regarded her with unspeakable sorrow in their round, tear-dimmed eyes. Harder each time grew the moment when she separated from them to return to the safety of the forest.

Other things of which none of them heard were happening. One morning the peones of Don Sariego were chopping the long sugar-cane with their machetes, while their master watched them from his horse. Others carried the stalks and piled them upon the rickety cars. As each cart was loaded, the *carreteros* drove it jangling into the sugar-mill. Don Sariego was watching them and the peones were too busy to look about. A long line of soldiers crossed the bridge near the Plaza de Colon and followed the broad military road that climbs the steep grade below Riky Piedras. One by one the frightened men looked up and dropped their long knives or bundles of cane, and stood watching the strange sight. Suddenly they recognized the soldiers.

"Los Yankees! Los Yankees! Volganos, volganos, madre de Jesu!" they exclaimed frantically, and scurried across the fields, some towards the house of Don Sariego, following him, others toward the miserable rows of thatched hovels where they lived, and still others, more frantic and cowardly, ran pell-mell through the tall cane. Coming out upon a back road, they scrambled across the little foot-bridges, and fell breathless into the plaza before the old church of Santa Maria de los Remedios. In a jargon of prayers and exclamations of fright, they unbound interminable pleadings to the Holy Mother for safety from the American devils.

Elsewhere confusion reigned; everywhere men were hurrying, gathering arms and shouting warnings in an effort to make a feeble resistance to the Americans. It was useless; the half-fed peones and the luxurious Spaniards were no match for the soldiery. The island passed forever from the control of Spain.

All this news Juana heard from the peones as they came to the forests to gather wood for the charcoal burning. Her heart stood still with the joy that strengthened her hope. Soon the men began to bring stories of the new faces seen in the village. Little by little she heard how various peones, imprisoned in the dark, close cells in the penitentiary at San Juan and Rio Piedras, had returned and were once more happy with their families and friends. These stories brought her new hope and courage for the end of her cruel exile. But she was yet too fearful to venture far from the hiding, although the soldiers now occupied the village and she had little to fear from the insular police. The long-instilled dread of the Spaniards still lived within her and made her distrustful.

Many days after, they came and told her that Ricardo was released and was returning. Juana grew stronger now, and spent a longer time weeping and talking to her children that day when they came to see her. She even ventured with them upon the road to the village, and made feeble efforts to smile at their playfulness. Daily some new occurrence increased her hope. At last one day as the skies seemed brighter than usual and Juana felt stronger and happier than ever, she heard Ricardo's full voice calling her through the forests. Her heart rose and filled her throat, and her fever-wasted body trembled. She made a feeble answer, her voice softened by the fullness of her joy. But Ricardo heard. In a moment he had reached her and held her trembling and sobbing to his breast, her weary head hanging upon his unsteady shoulder. The speechlessness of reunion made more touching and tender their meeting. Together they came out of the forest, her three bedraggled children swarming noisily about Ricardo's legs, while the wondering peones stood off and watched them with smiles and shoutings.

Don Jaime's plantation had been sold for debt to an American, and Ricardo was employed as the over-charge man. Juana was happy; she had reaped the reward of her awakening. She had a new house with all the things her simple heart had always desired. The American's wife made much over Juana's round-faced, brown children. The days sped quickly, joyously; never had the tropic sun seemed so bright, the beautiful Porto Rican twilight so soothing, and the children so full of happiness. All day they romped in the tall grass or splashed in the arroyo. Juana again plied her lace threads on the porch of her new home, twisted the black tobacco leaves and satisfied the children's ravenous appetite with the delicious compound of rice and beans and dried codfish. In the evening, she and Ricardo sat together beneath the sweet-smelling puma-rosa trees, listening with grateful hearts to the rustle of the plashing arroyo.

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Yours truly,
MRS. A. E. BRIGGS,
Eldred, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of May, 1912,
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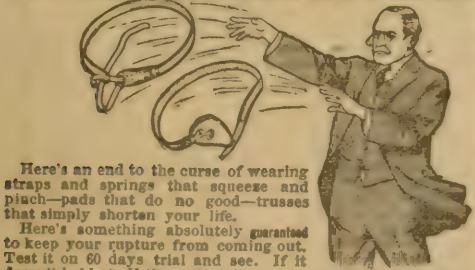
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Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

In good stead. Some cattlemen are in the habit of using strong solutions of sulphate of copper in the treatment of foot troubles, but we have noticed bad effects from such strong medicines and consider them unnecessary unless cauterization is required, and this is better done with the perchloride of antimony. The need for the latter application is seen most where a fungus growth has appeared between the digits and which is very difficult to cure. If it is not thought best to use the knife for their excision—a manner of treatment which should be left to the veterinarian—then apply the perchloride once daily for several days if necessary to cut down the growth, then dress with the pine tar and oil of tar dressing and bandage as directed. In operating upon diseased feet it is always important to remove all diseased, loose, or under-run horn, for if this be not done the pus continues to burrow and soon the entire foot will either slough off or present numerous pus-discharging sinuses, which are difficult to heal, and so lame the animal that it will not stand or eat. One summer this disease of the feet occurred in connection with ulcerated condition of the mouth and tongue and suggested the presence of the specific germ known as "bacillus necrophorus" as the probable cause. At the same time where the cattle were kept out of streams and ponds and given soft feed to eat, with treatment of the sores on the above lines, the disease quickly disappeared.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. It is unreasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

MILCH GOATS.—Kindly tell me about how many goats I should keep to produce as much milk as a good cow, and would it be less expensive to keep the goats? What is the best breed of goats for milk?

Mrs. R. C. T., Lynchburg, Va.

A.—The finest milch goats give four, five or more quarts of milk a day and the common goat may give half or more of that amount. The goat can be cheaply kept if you have rough pasture and a supply of other suitable foods. Where all feed has to be bought it would pay best to keep a good cow. Remember too, that goat's milk has a peculiar flavor which is objectionable to some consumers. This milk is highly beneficial to a weakly infant and sometimes proves the only nourishment that agrees with the stomach in such infants. The breed of goats is especially valuable for milk production.

TREATING AN OLD ORCHARD.—I bought a farm last spring with an orchard on it. The apples are all full of worms and fall from the trees. The trees are quite old.

F. BIRCH, Callicoon, N. Y.

A.—The old trees may be too far gone to make treatment worth while. If possible employ a local expert orchardist to look them over and advise as to chances of "recovery." If they are worth saving it will be necessary to plow the land and seed and work to crops for a few years. All old dead branches should be removed and burned and this will include dead, scaly bark. All holes in trunks will have to be thoroughly scraped out for removal of dead wood; then fill each hole with concrete, after a thorough painting of the parts. Scrape all trunks and large branches and then whitewash with fresh made wash. Cut out all "water sprouts" and have the trees properly pruned; then spray with bordeaux mixture as advised in spring issues of this paper and keep up the spraying during the season.

PEAR TREE MIDGE.—Some of our pears fell before they were ripe. Those that remained on and ripened have a little white worm in them. Some of those that dropped were half rotten. What is the cause and how to prevent this? I have never before been bothered with fruit worms.

MAYNE A. SCHNECK, Albany, N. Y.

A.—From your description it would appear that your pears are afflicted with the "pear tree midge." The larvae of this fly that lays its eggs in the young fruit early in the season, as the fruit develops the pears become swollen and misshapen and drop from the trees. The maggots are very small, less than one fourth inch in length, and white with brown heads. The midge is easily identified by the way that the pears become swollen and deformed when infested with this pest. There is no certain remedy for this pest other than spraying with strong arsenical solution early in the year which destroys the crop. The best preventive is to hand pick and destroy all the fallen and infested pears containing the young larvae.

WANTS TO LEARN FARMING.—I am desirous in the near future of taking up a few acres of land with a view to vegetable gardening and poultry, locating close to a town where there will be a ready market for the produce. I am at present employed in a factory, but I cannot tell at any time when my services may be no longer required. I am not a youth but a married man, turned forty, so am not within the Dr. Osler standard. Apart from that, if possible, I have no intention of spending the remainder of my life in a factory. My knowledge of farming is nil, of gardening little more, but I have the inclination and possess the will. I work hard ten hours a day, sometimes twelve, and I believe if I expend at the least one half the same energy on the land as I do in the factory I should get results and succeed. I have heard tell of others like myself, who have taken up small farms of ten acres, and some one acre, who have succeeded and wished they had been given their jobs years before and been compelled to go onto the land, but I have never read of their experiences. Are there any standard books published which will give all the instruction and information for a greenhorn beginner with such a project in view? If not, I should be glad if any advice you can offer.

E. C. B., New Haven, Conn.

A.—The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., supplies free bulletins on almost every subject pertaining to farming, dairying, horticulture and stock raising. Ask the secretary of agriculture to send you a list and then select and order such bulletins as you most require. Also apply to the director of the agriculture experiment station for such bulletins as such bulletins as will suit your needs. Do not throw up your work in town unless you can for a year or more work with some successful, practical farmer, truck gardener or horticulturist. It needs quite as much, or more, skill, experience and knowledge to succeed on any sort of farm as it does to do the work in which you are now engaged. Experience bought without training will cost dear in cash and disappointment; but the rugged, persevering worker who has sufficient capital will be likely to succeed in the end.

ASPARAGUS.—Last spring I planted three-year-old asparagus roots using plenty of fertilizer. They came up very thin and could not be used, and now they have grown up into a fern. What should I do with them so as to get good results next summer? Also how do you treat them when they come up in the spring? What is best to kill the roots of a common willow tree?

J. R. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A.—Your asparagus bed is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances; but we suspect that the roots were not strong and that the land was insufficiently prepared and fertilized. Do not cut the green "ferns," but cultivate between them to conserve moisture and as soon as they die down in fall top dress the patch heavily with well-rotted manure as a mulch. Work the manure into the ground as soon as possible in spring. Cut the shoots as soon as they are well above ground in spring and continue the cultivating as suggested here. It is not best to cut a crop from a new, thin stand of asparagus. The land should be rich and mellow to give best results. (2) The popular way of killing the willow is to keep the bark peeled down for a few feet throughout the summer season. This kills down the tree; but the roots may give trouble. If so they will have to be grubbed out. We know of no other way of killing them.

MAKING A ROOT CELLAR.—I live in the woods up north and want to make a cheap root cellar for the saving of potatoes and vegetables. Can you give me some instructions how this may be done? M. Z., Wis. A.—A cheap root cellar can be made by digging, chinked and plastered. The walls in your part of the country where the winters are severe, should be double. They may be two feet apart and the space between the walls filled with sawdust or dry sand. Moss from trees or low land may be used for the purpose. The

roof also should be double and filled in the same way. The door and side openings should be double and made to fit tightly. Dig out four feet for the house and be sure that the land is perfectly dry. The cellar must not collect water. Put a ventilator in the roof so that the temperature may be kept not more than two or three degrees above freezing. Put bins around the sides for the storing of potatoes. In extremely cold weather tubers and roots in the bins may be covered with straw and the ventilator will of course have to be shut. In the northern states it is usual to draw earth around the walls, right up to the eaves of the roof, and many settlers also cover the roof with sods. Unhewn logs may be used if earth is to cover the walls.

A Day with Uncle Charlie

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

woman on the American stage, the lady who earns three thousand dollars a week in vaudeville and who has sung many of my songs. There are a couple of lines in the chorus of one of her songs that she wants changed and brought up to date. "Call me up and let me have them in half an hour, as I want to sing them tonight." I write three or four couplets and have them ready in half an hour, then I phone them, or if I know the song, sing them. Presently I hear a ripple of silvery laughter. "That's the one I like best. A thousand thanks. Will mail you a check tonight." Next morning there is a check for ten dollars. That's payment at the rate of five dollars a line. Someone you see appreciates the fact that it takes money to live, and that when you are able to deliver the goods you are entitled to be paid. But unfortunately those windfalls come to me only on rare occasions. It does not matter whether you get three thousand dollars a week or three cents, always remember that time is valuable, and if ability can be demonstrated it should be paid for when used for business purposes. The laborer is worthy of his hire, or as the socialists say, worthy of his product.

At four o'clock there is a very gentle buzzing of the doorbell and soon there appears on the scene an entrancingly beautiful little girl, the daughter of a neighbor, who drops in to see me two or three times a week. We are the greatest chums in the world. I am waiting for her and we are to be married some day, at least that's how we have got it all arranged. She is five years old by the way. When we first got acquainted she wanted to know why I stayed in bed. I told her it was because someone had stolen my pants and I couldn't afford to buy any. She told me she would borrow a pair from her father, so I could get up and take her to the candy store. She was quite heart broken when her father declined to give her a pair of pants. One Sunday she came to see me and told me she was going to Sunday school for the first time. "Now if you only had a pair of pants," she said, "you could come with me." I told her when she got to Sunday school, as her father would not loan me his pants, to ask the minister if he would not loan me a pair of his. She came back quite disconsolate two hours later, and told me she had begged her teacher to ask the minister for the loan of his pants, and the teacher told her she was a naughty girl. I always made it a practice to give her pennies when she called, and she would immediately run off to the nearest store and buy some chocolate candy called "nigger babies." One day, however, she refused to accept her usual penny, and has steadily declined to take any money since. For quite a while she refused to tell me why she would not accept my proffered pennies. After a lot of coaxing, however, she looked in my eyes and said with great solemnity: "I'm not going to take any more pennies, because I want you to save all your pennies, and then some day you'll have enough money to buy a pair of pants." By forcing air into the hollow of my left cheek and emitting it slowly, I can make an excruciatingly funny sound like the catarfawling of a sick cat combined with the explosion of a soda water fountain. Children always scream with laughter when I make this noise. My little fairy friend, being very sympathetic and hearing that I was sick, and noticing the frequency with which the doctor's automobile stopped at my door (there is nothing that escapes the notice of the sharp-eyed city child) wanted to know what was the matter with me. Blowing out my left cheek and making the funny cat noise, I told her that some years ago I had swallowed a cat, and the doctor came daily to try and get it up, and I wouldn't be well until he succeeded in extricating it. She at once went home and told her mother that she knew what had made Mr. Douglas sick, he had swallowed a cat. Every day for some time after she would make a call to find out if they had got the cat yet. For a little while she was afraid that the cat would jump out, and she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tremulousness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Faintness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Williams' Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Williams' Heart Tablets are within your reach.

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A Recent Discovery. The Most Effective Nerve Strengthening Ever Found by Science. 50c Trial Package Sent Free to Any Man or Woman to Prove Its Remarkable Results.

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This change comes rapidly. The results are lasting. It is absolutely safe, containing no injurious ingredients whatever. Absolutely different from anything that has ever before been used for nerves.

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Every man and woman suffering with fatigued, weak nerves, nervous prostration, excessive nervousness, brain fog, insomnia, neuralgia, low vitality, general weariness, loss of strength and weight, or any condition which arises from poor, weak nerves, may now get "nerves of steel," clear head, courage, power, quick wit, energy, by taking this great discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

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Prove the results of this great discovery for nerves, FREE. It speaks for itself. A 50c trial package of this great nerve awakener will be sent free in sealed wrapper, by return mail, to every man or woman who sends his or her name and address, as instructed below. Do it today. A revelation is in store for you.

FOR MEN.—Nerve force gone! You are what your nerves are, nothing else. If you feel all run-down from overwork or other causes, if you suffer from insomnia, "caved-in" feeling, brain fog, extreme nervousness, peevishness, gloominess, worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, energy and vitality, loss of weight and digestion, constipation, headaches, neuralgia, or the debilitating effects of tobacco or drink, send for the free trial package of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers.

FOR WOMEN.—If you suffer from nervous breakdown, extreme nervousness, "blue spells," desire to cry, worry, neuralgia, back pains, loss of weight or appetite, sleeplessness, headaches, and constipation, and are all out-of-sorts, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers will make you feel that there is more to life than you ever realized before. Send today for the free trial package.

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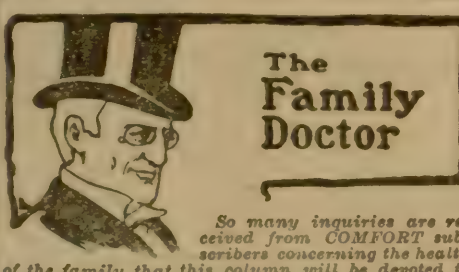
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The
Family
Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. K. C. White Plain, Md.—Bright's disease is not to be cured by any simple treatment. Indeed, it may not be cured at all, but it may be relieved, but you will have to be treated by a physician who can examine you. You may not have it, as the symptoms you mention do not necessarily indicate Bright's. We suggest that you go to a free hospital in Baltimore, or nearer if there is one, and be examined. At the same time your other ailments can be treated there by physicians who are competent.

Mrs. J. H. Carthage, Mo.—We are extremely glad to inform you that we do not prescribe any treatment to prevent a young man from having a mustache and we believe he would love his mother less if he thought she was asking for such prevention. We hope you do not let his hair grow in pretty curls as southern mothers do. The only remedy they would think of suggesting for removing the superfluous mustache is lather and a razor. That will remove it, sure.

X. Y. Z., Petaluma, Cal.—The climate of California may be glorious, but some of it is not good for bronchial affections and lung trouble, and you are finding that out in Petaluma. Go back into the mountains where it is high and dry and we think you will find your health greatly improved. Or spend the winter over in Arizona where it is dry and warm. Dry air is what you need, and you can't get that in the coast counties.

Forgetmenot, Barton, Wis.—A hot bath just before going to bed will usually be found a fine sedative for the nerves. Cold baths are not good for nervous people at any time. Part of your nervous trouble is from poor digestion and you should be careful what you eat and how you eat it. Drink no tea or coffee, substitute hot milk, with a little sugar or salt, or both in it. Dressmaking is confining work, and you must manage somehow to get out in the open air for exercise, even if you have to get up half an hour earlier. Practice deep breathing, beginning when you first get up, standing before an open window, winter or summer.

Sweet Pea, Rosecommon, Mich.—Warts are rather an indication of a nervous condition than of impure blood. The simplest way to remove them is by application of caustic, which you can get at any drug-store. Be careful in applying it not to let it touch the skin around the wart, as it will burn. If you are troubled at all with indigestion, remedy that, by dieting.

Earnest, Blaker Mills, W. Va.—Too frequent visits to the soda fountain are not healthful, as even plain soda is not intended to be a constant beverage. The other soft drinks to be had at soda fountains, if pure, are not injurious if taken moderately. Like anything else to excess they are hurtful. But there is danger from impure drinks.

Blue Bell, Bartley, Nebr.—To stand perfectly erect one must have the spine straight, the head up and chin on a line with the chest and a little drawn down and in, the shoulders thrown back, the abdomen drawn in and upward and the heels touching. You will find that if you keep your abdomen drawn in it will have a tendency to keep the shoulders back, the head up and the spine straight. Soldiers are taught to take and keep that position. If the abdomen is let sag down, the whole body will do so.

Blue Eyes, Middletown, N. Y.—Bashfulness is only partly due to nervousness, and you blush because you are self-conscious. That is you are thinking of yourself as the chief object in view. Get that out of your mind. Think of other people and forget there is any such a being as yourself. You can greatly improve your self-possession by practice and that is the only cure.

Mrs. H. C. T., Wenatchee, Wash.—Don't be afraid of a little extra expense for the sake of your health. Dentists may charge pretty well for their services, but it is not better and cheaper to have your teeth and cure them to save the money and have trouble all the time trying to cure yourself when you don't know how? Go to a dentist, let him examine your teeth and prescribe properly for them and you will feel so good you won't begrudge the doctor his fee.

Mrs. E. E. G., Oklaunion, Tex.—We are inclined to think your heart trouble is due to indigestion, though you make no mention of that. A great many people who have poor digestion and heart pressure and pain from the gases resulting from indigestion of food in their stomachs imagine they have heart disease of the organic kind. Sometimes it kills them, but it is not real heart disease, but acute indigestion, so called. Consult a physician and get his opinion about your trouble and have him treat it accordingly.

E. A. L., Herman, Minn.—Effusion of blood in the eye—blood shot—may result from a blow or by a paroxysm of coughing or from over-exertion and in such cases sightlessness is about all there is to be remedied. However, when the hemorrhage happens in the night to young people it is an indication of neurasthenia. In advanced life such hemorrhages without apparent cause may be the sign of brittleness of the arteries which will produce hemorrhage of the

brain. In your case, it would be well for you to consult a physician and learn definitely the cause of the hemorrhage so that it should receive proper treatment. What you use in soaps and cosmetic does not produce it, and it is probably from over-exertion.

Mrs. E. B. Brandenburg, Texas.—You are another one of those mothers who are ruining the future of their children by not giving them proper care under a physician's direction. Both of yours are suffering now, but you do nothing except to inquire by mail what you should do for them. You can do nothing but take them to a doctor and let him prescribe for them. All COMFORT mothers of this kind, please take notice.

Mrs. E. D. Hunkey Ally, Mo.—Where the skin becomes unnaturally white or dark from disease or poison absorbed in the system, there is no cure, except under the direction of physicians who can examine the patient and treat according to his knowledge. Sometimes a cure is effected and sometimes not, and it never is done quickly. Household remedies, old women cures and simple treatment are of no avail whatever.

New Subscriber, Rison, Ark.—Depilatories that you may use yourself are only temporary in their effect on removing superfluous hair. Experts claim to remove it permanently by electricity, but you will have to go to them or have them come to you, which makes it very expensive. There is always a risk in trying to change nature and the extra hair growth on your neck is nature's doing.

H. L. S., Lumberton, N. C.—You have added to your natural bad health the discomforts of indigestion by eating any kind of food you happen to want and eating it half masticated. It is a wonder that you haven't killed yourself. Now stop drinking tea and coffee, and take hot milk, holding each mouthful some time before swallowing it; eat rice and eggs and dry toasted bread, whole wheat if you can get it; eat no pastry or sweets and no meat except chicken or lamb; quit all fried food and eat such vegetables as you can digest perfectly, raw cabbage being one; eat cooked fruit rather than raw, and never swallow a mouthful until you have chewed it to a pulp. Half an hour after meals and night and morning take a pinch of soda in half a glass of hot or cool water, hot is better. Take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda dissolved in glass of hot water every other morning for a month immediately on rising.

Z. A., Royalton, Minn.—Very few human bodies, if any, are equally developed in all parts at birth, and if they were, unless equally used, one part would become larger than another, as the right hand is larger than the left. It is difficult to change nature and if you are not equally developed all over, you must grin and bear it.

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Are you thin? Nervous? Weak? Do you suffer from "all tired out" feeling? Is your health not up to standard? Then get **TRIPLE BOX OF CERTONE FREE**. It is the drugless remedy, so safe, harmless and good that it can be given to everybody, from infancy to old age. It is the true tonic nutritive combination endorsed by leading physicians. Wonderful in action. Agreeable to taste; acceptable to the weakest stomach. Begins its health-building work immediately. Many say they feel the excellent effect the first day.

BUILD UP FOR A SUCCESSFUL WINTER: LOOK WELL AND FEEL WELL

Dr. J. H. Thomas writes: "I am feeling better, stronger; appetite good, neuritis much better." Hettie Sanders writes: "Certone has done all you claimed for it and I feel like a new woman." Mrs. V. Tate writes: "The sample package you sent me lots of good as a tonic, and my nerves are much better. Please find order enclosed for a Dollar box of Certone." Mrs. L. Talbot writes: "I am delighted to find that now I can work without experiencing that utter exhaustion. My body seems to have received the something it needed." Mr. H. S. Osmon writes: "Enclosed find money order for which send me another box of Certone. I gained 15 Pounds on the other box." Mr. Henry L. Smith writes: "I have been taking Certone for the past two months and in addition to improved color and filling out of the face, I have gained Ten Pounds in weight." Mrs. Z. A. Lundie writes: "I have taken one box of Certone. I feel as though I am a strong athlete. I sleep better and have a very good appetite."

And so the letters come, telling of flesh gained, nerves toned up, stomach, digestion and appetite improved, vigor and ability restored in true, natural, lasting manner. And don't forget the improved looks that come with improved conditions. That alone is pleasing to anyone.

Certone is one of the most important products of modern science. Certone is a wonderful producer of pure healthy flesh and blood. It specially feeds and tones up the nerves. It alters the condition of weakness to strength. It is the best and truest drugless tonic for children, growing boys and girls; young, middle-aged and very aged men and women.

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I hereby offer a reward of \$1,000 to any person who will show that Certone contains alcohol, quinine, arsenic, or any other harmful drug.

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Do Not Imagine the Roots of Your Hair Dead while They are Lying Dormant in the Scalp.

DON'T REMAIN BALD Investigate Koskott Method; Let us Send You Our \$1.00 Box and New Book Free.

READ every word of this if your hair is thinning, falling out, if you are gray haired, if you have dandruff or are becoming bald. Modern scientists have absolutely proved the existence of one of the smallest parasites known to science, dermodex folliculorum. They are liable to get on the scalp from combs, brushes and to crawl into the hair of other people. They subsist on hair nutrient. There are also other enemies to the hair of fungoid or parasitical nature. The hair becomes weak and falls out, leaving the roots, which are not shed, morbid matter or covered by sebaceous matter. The dermodex folliculorum, like all microbes or infinitesimally small parasites multiplies rapidly. By ridding the scalp of these minute "germs," clearing away the dandruff perfectly and promoting the natural feeding of the hair roots by pure blood and natural oils, these roots which have been dormant in the follicles, or under shell-like cover of morbid matter, dermodex folliculorum, greatly magnified.



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Koskott Treatment contains specially selected and scientifically formulated ingredients, the purpose of which is to quickly and gently clear the scalp and follicle apertures of the dermodex folliculorum and scorchies and to cause the dormant roots to be properly nourished through the blood and oils. Just as within a few days, this develops rapidly into beautiful, SOFT, HEALTHY HAIR.

KOSKOTT LABORATORY, 1269 Broadway, 6 359

may be able to again send forth long, vigorous, healthy hairs. Imagine, please, a bulb or root of a plant corked tightly in a bottle. It will remain so for years until the bottle is uncorked and elements provided to permit growth. Apply the same theory to the hair. Nothing can cause hair to grow from a root that is dead. BUT DON'T BE TOO SURE IT IS DEAD, even if you have been bald for years. Many proven cases show that hair is grown after a person has been bald for many years—the true reason being that the dormant "corked-in" roots were finally given a chance to perform their natural functions again. Koskott Method has a record of success where other preparations have failed. We believe it is the most wonderful hair-growing method in the world, and we want you to prove it is your own case. To show our confidence we will give you a \$1.00 box out of the Koskott Triplex Treatment absolutely free.

We want to send a dollar box free out of our Koskott Triplex Treatment; we ask you to write, enclosing only 10 cents (silver or stamps) to cover part cost of mailing and advertising. Every dollar sent is returned with extra stamps for your postage and trouble of writing, if you are dissatisfied and merely ask you do not risk a cent. Would we do this if we had any doubt? Of course not; we want you to be astonished and delighted! Do not waste time, not now. Save your hair. Every day counts. Address:

\$1.00 BOX
and our Book
FREE

WATCH, RING FREE
AND CHAIN

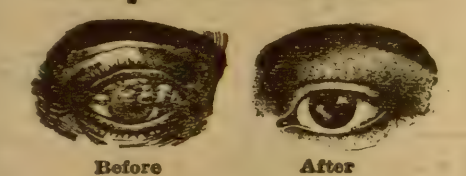
American Movement Watch, engraved case, warranted time keeper, chain and Ring with Sparkling Gem, free for selling 20 Jewelry Nov. 10c at 10c. ca. Write for them. When sold return \$2.00 and we send Watch, Ring and Chain. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 368 East Boston, Mass.

FREE TOBACCO REMEDY

To prove that the White Cross Tobacco Treatment positively removes all craving for nicotine and promptly banishes the tobacco habit, the White Cross Society (chartered by the State of Missouri) will send liberal free sample. Simply send name to H. C. BURGET, SECRETARY, 500 Kemper Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Eyes
Cured

Sample Bottle FREE



The Above Show for Themselves What a Few Weeks Use of Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion Has Done.

Grateful Patients Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and all Eye Diseases—many have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy one week. Send your name and address with full description of your trouble to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 6913 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., or fill out the coupon below, and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

Free Bottle Coupon

This coupon is good for one trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Remedy sent to you prepaid. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 6913 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill.

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This Happy Wife

Wishes to tell you FREE
HOW SHE STOPPED
Her Husband's Drinking

Write to Her and Learn How She did It.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 504 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

She also tried this remedy on her brother and several neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly.

(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

Magnolia Blossom



Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our Free Box of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
South Bend, Indiana

Box 41

4 Actress FREE
Rings
Send your name and address and we will send you 12 Beautiful Actress Rings to sell at 10 cents each. All the rage in New York. When sold return us \$1.20 and get these four Beautiful Actress Rings Free, also the premium list of nearly 50 premiums and how to get them.

HOWARD & CO.,
112 Rose St., Albany, Pa.

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render ber. Misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1223 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY.

DR. CANNADAY, 106 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

GOITRE

\$2.50
TREATMENT FREE

Send To-Day



Don't Be Disfigured

If you have an ugly goitre, let me send you a generous sample of my wonderful remedy for a test. Don't be discouraged by failure of other doctors and remedies. My treatment is different. Let me prove its value to you in the privacy of your own home by sending you my \$2.50 Goitre Treatment FREE. It quickly reduces the size of goitre, relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. My treatment is almost always effective from the first. Patients everywhere report cures.

Here is what Mrs. V. G. Watson, Pinnacle, N. C., one grateful woman, says: "I can highly recommend your treatment to all who suffer from goitre, for I have taken one treatment and so far as I know, I am permanently cured. My goitre has entirely disappeared, and my nerves and general health are a great deal better."

Write today for the \$2.50 FREE TREATMENT in plain package, and let it speak for itself. You risk nothing. Do it now.

DR. W. T. BOBO, Goitre Specialist,
915 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

A Day with Uncle Charlie

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

cautiously kept at a safe distance, but after a little time she overcame her fears, and now when I make the cat noise, she squeezes my cheek, and goes into fits of laughter. This is what she calls pinching the cat's tail, which she thinks causes my cheek to bulge. So when she rings the bell to pay me a visit she always informs Maria or Billy that she has come to "pinch the cat's tail." Her visit is a delightful diversion. She comes from a home of refinement and has been told to make her visits brief, so she just flits in like a ray of golden sunshine, and after a romp and a laugh she disappears and our work is resumed.

It is now six o'clock. Correspondence has been cleaned up and a reply to one of the letters which you see monthly in this department has been started. Maria now says: "Time for your nap," and brings an elderdown spread, fixes my pillows, and I turn over on my side, relax, and usually get a restful and refreshing sleep for an hour. While I am sleeping, Billy and Maria prepare song and poem books for mailing, or the typewriter is carried into the room at the back of the house, and typewritten matter, which I have corrected and altered, is retyped, and put in proper shape for sending to Augusta for the printer.

At seven o'clock we have supper. My supper is an exact repetition of my breakfast and never varies. Another batch of letters has come in by the six o'clock mail, and then there are the evening papers. We all three read and converse as we eat, and eat as we read. At eight p. m. Maria again takes her seat at the typewriter. Billy who has quickly disposed of the supper things, reads, or plays the piano or goes out to visit a friend, or to the theater with one of her numerous admirers. Unless interrupted by visitors, dictation and typewriting go on until ten o'clock. I now read a chapter or two of the Bible while Maria busies herself fixing things I need or may need during the night. At twenty past ten a tray is placed on the table at the right hand side of my bed. On it is a thermos bottle, one of those wonderful inventions which will keep liquids either hot or cold for many hours. This is filled with warm milk, diluted with water. Next to it is a cup and saucer and a sleeping powder, a harmless nerve sedative which is used only when I find it impossible on account of pain to secure the sleep and rest my tired body and weary brain so sadly need.

A pitcher of boiled water for drinking purposes is also on the tray. At ten thirty o'clock the gas is extinguished, and with a cheery good night from both my guardian angels, I'm left in the dark to my own meditations. From ten thirty to eleven and sometimes later, propped up on my pillows I think over the events of the day, have a mental stock taking of what I have done and what I have accomplished. I am always harassed by the thought that my work is slipping in arrears. The months roll round so quickly. I think of the piles of letters around me that I would like to answer, but cannot. Every day my responsibilities seem to grow greater and my ability to cope with them grows less. In the silent watches of the night I think of what will happen when body and brain can no longer be speeded, and at last fail to respond to the call that is daily made upon them. My work is my life and I love it. It rejoices my heart and fills my soul with gladness to know that there are millions who are looking eagerly for my monthly message of fun and cheer, and I devote every moment of my spare time to the study of all literature bearing on current events and dealing with national problems, so that I may be better able and better equipped to show you the right as God gives me the ability to see the right, and I dread to think that there will some day come a time when my pen will be forever still and my monthly message will vanish from these columns and after a few months my very name be forgotten. It is a sad and depressing thought that ever haunts me, for that day may come at any time.

Six years ago I was writing monthly talks for seven different magazines, but I had little time to read and study then, and though I had a message to give to humanity, and was consumed with a desire to lift the lid from the seething pot of national corruption and let the light penetrate into the dark corners of social and industrial rottenness, editors did not then want the light or the truth, they just wanted to continue the old game of fooling all the people all the time, and asked only for literary soothing syrup of the most harmless sort, much of which they still hand out to you. Thank God things have changed since then, the slumbering consciences of the nation has awakened and the people are hungry for the truth, and I'm trying my level best to do my part in giving it to them. When the panic of 1907 came, four of the seven magazines I was writing for, either went out of existence or had to dispense with special features. One other was unable to meet its obligations, and today, apart from a little stunt I do in another publication, I devote all my time and attention to you, the members of the COMFORT family. My strength has ebbed with the on rolling years, and I can no longer turn out the scores of songs, poems, playlets and vaudeville sketches that I once did. But God was, and is ever good to me, and as one door was closed another opened. My books of verse and song which thousands of you have taken to your homes and hearts, have, through the profits derived from their sale, not only made up for the loss of income caused by my inability to do the work I once did, but they have enabled me to concentrate all my time, thought and energy in serving you and COMFORT's interests, which are the interests of humanity. COMFORT's reading family is equal in size to nearly the entire population of Canada. It is more than a family, it is in size at least a nation, and like all nations it has many wants and many needs, and as loving service is the highest ideal to which mortals can attain, I nightly pray to God to give me the strength to minister to those needs in the way that will bring the best results for all, who like myself are seeking for the truth, the blessed truth that is to set us free from the shackles of crime, sin, poverty and misery, which now darken our beautiful land, a land which God has ordained shall be an earthly paradise, the habitation of a happy, contented, noble race, truly civilized, worthy of its divine origin.

And so propped up on the pillows I dream my dream of that better time that is yet to be, and pray long and earnestly that I may be spared to do my humble part in helping humanity to realize the divine ideal of peace, love and brotherhood that we shall in His good time ultimately attain.

My prayers and meditations ended. I turn on my right side, draw the coverlets around me, close my eyes, bid the ever active brain be still, and commending my spirit to the care of Him who gave me life, cast loose from the moorings of earth and drift drowsily from the cold, hard realities of this work-a-day world, into the mystic realms of slumberland, thus ending one more day in the busy life of Uncle Charlie.

P. S. The above is a description of a normal day in my life, but only about one third of my days are normal. The other two thirds I am interrupted by callers and visitors, most of whom have no appreciation of the value of time, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

ONLY TAN SHOES FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS.—American soldiers will wear only tan shoes in the future, and there will be only one kind of shoe instead of three. At present the soldiers have black and tan shoes in three types, dress,

Salespeople EVERYWHERE WILL WISH TO FIND OUT WHY agents of the "DEER HEAD" Specialties are doing better than others. A postal will bring all particulars. A. LOWELL WFO. CO., 259 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.



Her Hearing Has Been Restored.

This illustration hypothetically represents a lady who has been deaf and who has been troubled with those awful buzzing or ringing noises in the head. Her hearing is restored and unnatural noises have ceased. She takes a walk in the open and is entranced by the singing of the birds, the chirping of the crickets, the humming of the bees and other sweet sounds of Nature. It is as if paradise were opened to her, for she realizes the ecstasy of the moment, and appreciates the full meaning of being able to

hear perfectly. Truly, joy has entered her life. A very interesting book has been written by a noted artist in which he shows how deaf persons may be soon rid of their infirmity by a safe simple home treatment. A copy of this book will be mailed free, by the author, Dr. George E. Coutant, 7 Y, Station E, New York, N. Y. Write to him and he will cheerfully send it. His is a genuine method by which any man or woman may be cured at home. No drugging, no electric apparatus.

garrison, and marching. The "modified" shoe will replace all these. It will take about a year, however, to use up the supply of shoes now on hand.

TRAIN RUNS TWO MILES A MINUTE.—Foremost among the countries constantly engaged in railroad improvement which has high speed for its object is Germany. Connecting Zessen with Marienfeld is a military railroad, fourteen and a half miles in length and as straight as a rule. On this line, the world's highest speed records have been made. Each car is fitted with four electric motors, two at each end, developing 1,000 horse-power in all. Day by day, the speed was

increased until 130 miles per hour was reached. It was the opinion of conservative engineers that 150 miles per hour could be had. Others place the figure per hour at 200 miles. Even this minimum rate is greater than in America.

A LUCKY FIND.—Workmen, in demolishing an ancient house in the Rue de Strasbourg, at Nantes, discovered a number of gold and silver coins of different epochs. The most interesting bore the effigy of Alphonso VIII, King of Galicia and Castile, who reigned from 1126 to 1158. They bear an inscription in Arabic in these terms: "The Emir of the Catholics is aided by Allah, and Allah protects him."

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS

I offer a genuine, guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury to the other 91 in poisonous and seriously injurious to health in several ways, causing stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, insomnia, indigestion, blood, rheumatism, lumbago, eczema, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, chronic indigestion, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by repulsive nauseating remedies. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, soothe the irritated membranes and nerves and gradually overcome the craving. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days method. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit, mailed in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Keep this show to others. This ad. may not appear again. Mention if you smoke or chew. Address: EDW. J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., 147 D New York, N. Y.

Holly Boxes of Holiday Cards and Santa's Novelties

Add Christmas Touch to Gifts



BRIGHT CARDS, TAGS, STAMPS, SEALS and STICKERS to beautify your CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR presents. Choice new assortment. Greeting Cards in embossed gold. The glad Christmas-time with its CHEER and HAPPINESS is the proper POST-CARD SEASON.

We offer you an assortment supply of very beautiful embossed gold and colored cards in new, decorated, holiday boxes, also bright lithographed colored packages, containing 65 novelties, comprising embossed CHRISTMAS TAGS, large and small, GUNNED CHRISTMAS LABELS, CHRISTMAS STAMPS, CHRISTMAS SEALS and CARDS.

25 CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS in each box, the PRETTIEST, DAINTIEST set you ever saw, new designs all exquisitely done in BRIGHT, HARMONIOUS COLORS, and SPLENDID GOLD effects, and beautifully EMBOSSED.

The idea of remembering friends near home or at a distance at Christmas and New Year's is not a new one but with the aid and use of the new popular Post Card, it more than ever is a fixed part of the season's festivities. To remember all one's relatives and friends usually required a large number of cards and consequently large expense. All this is avoided by using our cards which come in assorted boxes, each containing a different varied assortment. We can only show some of the many styles in much reduced form in this illustration. There is OLD SANTA CLAUS, CHRISTMAS KENNEL with his long GRAY BEARD, CHRISTMAS BEELS, CUTE, LITTLE FOLKS, VERSES, HOLLY, POINT SETTA, EVERGREEN, SNOW, BIRDS, and each card conveys a Merry Christmas or Happy New Year greeting.

The use of these beautiful emblems of holiday cheer is now so prevalent that without them the gift seems lacking in Christmas sentiment. The gummed seals, Santa Claus heads, holly and Christmas leaf stickers, and Christmas stamps beautifully embossed and printed in colors and gold serve to seal letters and packages, or may be used as materials for GETTING UP AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF NICHE HOME-MADE PRESENTS. The stylish Christmas tags and greeting cards can be tied to or enclosed within the packages to bear a cheery message with the gift. THE EXQUISITE, LARGE, IMPRESSED, GREETING POSTCARDS in new designs and brilliant colors convey your holiday remembrance and season's greetings to friends whom you cannot favor with a present.

"One might as well be out of the world as out of fashion," as the proverb goes. So we assume that you desire a set of these stylish Holiday-Gift decorations to add an air of elegance and tone of refinement to your Christmas presents, and will be glad to obtain the large 90 or 180 PIECE ASSORTMENT in splendid new designs which we offer you free.

READ THESE SPECIAL OFFERS

FIRST. One new subscription to COMFORT at 25c for 15-months secures a NINETY PIECE ASSORTMENT of Cards, Tags and Seals, or your own two-year 30c. renewal and FIVE CENTS EXTRA, 35c. in all secures one of the 90 piece assortments.

SECOND. You may send two 15-months' subscriptions at 25c. each for one 180 PIECE ASSORTMENT, or send a 30c. renewal with one new 15-months' 25c. subscription, 55c. in all for one 180 piece assortment of Cards, Tags, Seals etc. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

LADIES' UNDERGARMENTS MADE AT HOME FOR YOURSELF OR THE CHILDREN

From your Own patterns and ideas of fine quality
ENGLISH LONG CLOTH.



Suggesting some of its practical uses.

Every mother or grown-up daughter appreciates well-fitted stylish undergarments. The children and especially the babies look best dressed in all white. Think of the garments made of white linen or lawn in the outfit of every family, and mother has to make nearly all, if not all, of them by hand.

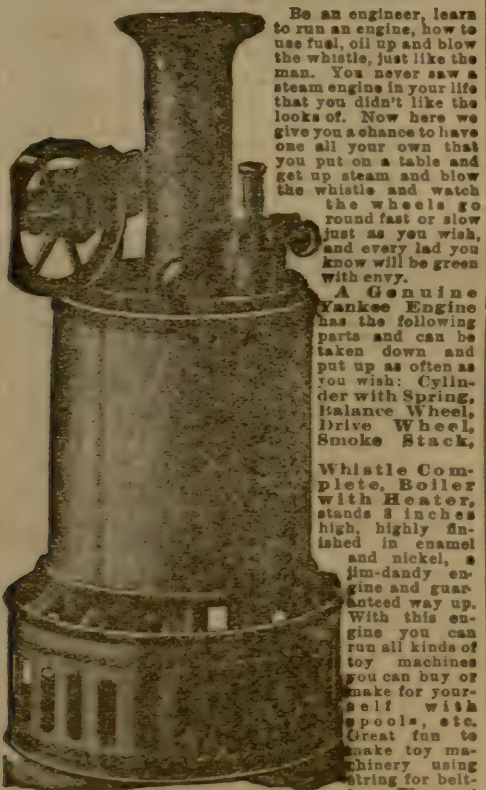
COMFORT has selected a twelve yard piece of extra fine quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH, or linen fine and sheer in quality and texture which is manufactured solely for woman's undergarments. Probably you know just what the material is and just how satisfactory it makes up into Drawers, Corset Covers, Nightgowns, Marguerites or Chemises, or for Baby's underclothes, dresses, etc. In a twelve yard piece there is sufficient material for many different pieces, it is a family supply for a long time. If any of the young ladies of the family are to be married here is an opportunity to obtain the necessary material for the wedding outfit, and it is fine enough and pretty enough for any bride. Each piece is twelve yards long and the material is 36 inches wide.

With every twelve yard piece we will supply free of charge one paper pattern which may be selected from our regular pattern offer, elsewhere in this publication.

CLUB OFFER. We shall send one twelve yard piece of this First quality ENGLISH LONG CLOTH for a club of only eight 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. A remarkable bargain offer. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Real Steam Engine FREE.

EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.



Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every lad you know will be green with envy.

A Genuine Yankee Engine has the following parts and can be taken down and put up as often as you wish: Cylinder with Spring, Balance Wheel, Drive Wheel, Smoke Stack,

Whistle Complete, Boiler with Heater, stands 8 inches high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a Jim-dandy engine and guaranteed way up. With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for yourself with wheels, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery using nothing for belt-

ing. We want every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only 4 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at the special subscription rate of 25 cents.

This small club amounting to \$1.00 pays for the full subscription for the 4 addresses and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Cross-Stitch Instruction Book and Outfit.

For Working Cross-Stitch Designs on Canvas, Linen, Huck and Scrim with Embroidery Cotton and Needles.



We have just compiled a most comprehensive and valuable book on CROSS-STITCH embodying the best of the oldest and newest CROSS-STITCH ideas. Profusion of illustrations give practical help to pages of authentic instruction. These with a color key, for many designs, show at a glance just what colors are to be used to produce the harmonious result intended. This descriptive idea is so simple everyone succeeds at CROSS-STITCH work with our booklet. Everyone is doing something in CROSS-STITCH nowadays. In this booklet you are shown and taught how to make a CROSS-STITCH BABY TOWEL, SHIRT-WAIST FRONT, PINCUSHION, BUREAU SCARF, COLLAR and CUFF SET, TIDY, CHILD'S PLAY DRESS, ALPHABETS, ANIMALS and miscellaneous designs innumerable. To interest you in CROSS-STITCH we now

offer you free for but one new 25c subscription to COMFORT one Skein Embroidery Cotton and one Needle. In the Book we fully describe FOUR BIG CROSS-STITCH OUTFITS. Cut above illustrates Outfit No. 4 of CROSS-STITCH SCRIM, HUCK, LINEN, CANVAS, ETC., which is given free for club of five. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT Make Money Printing Cards

All have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy Printing Outfit a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most of the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pinners to handle type and a metal case everlasting ink pad. We send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate and grow folks make use of sets for marking linen by preparing an indelible ink pad.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each, must be actual subscriber, not renewals, for which we send postpaid, a complete Outfit. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Beautiful German Silver Mesh Bag

FOUR INCHES WIDE, OVER THREE INCHES DEEP, SIXTEEN INCHES LONG LINKED CHAIN, ENGRAVED FRAME AND LINED WITH SOFT WHITE KID.

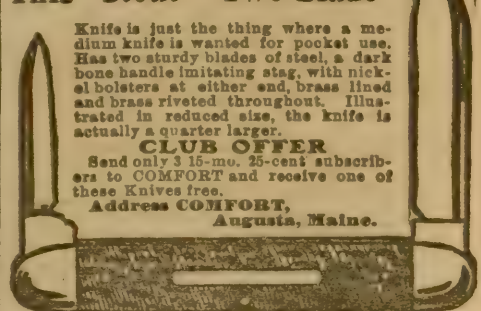


You have seen and admired these fashionable SILVER MESH BAGS. So extremely popular are they that you see them everywhere you go. In the shop windows, in every catalogue, and carried by all the ladies and misses. Such a bag as we show above actually retails for \$2.50, and is an extreme bargain at that price. Only by purchasing in quantities are we enabled to offer them for so few subscriptions to COMFORT, for only a limited quantity and limited time. Each bag is made of best German Silver, solid, heavy frame. No sham or imitation about it, tastily engraved, the illustration does not half convey to you the excellent appearance of the bag.

We are so confident this Bag is such a real value, so first class in all respects, that we guarantee them in every way, and you are at liberty to return any bag not meeting with your approval, and we will refund money without asking a question. What could be more fair? Until the quantity we obtained is gone we shall accept orders on following liberal

CLUB OFFER: Send us only eight subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one bag free. Any lady unable to solicit a club of subscribers may send \$2.00 for a bag providing ONE NEW 25c. fifteen month subscription to COMFORT is sent in addition. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Stout "Two-Blade"



Knife is just the thing where a medium knife is wanted for pocket use. Has two sturdy blades of steel, a dark bone handle imitating stag, with nickel bolsters at either end, brass lined and brass riveted throughout. Illustrated in reduced size, the knife is actually a quarter larger.

CLUB OFFER

Send only 3 15-mo. 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT and receive one of these Knives free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Stereoscope FREE and 50 Views FREE

Scenes from All Parts of the World



We offer a most elegant and beautiful assortment of scenic and commercial views showing places of historic interest and famous for natural beauties. This series of stereoscopic views are especially gotten up at great expense to go with our imported stereoscope which is our world famous aluminum crystalline style. The Scope has a genuine aluminum hood, frame is of fine finished cherry wood with beautiful folding handle which closely packs underneath; the sliding bar and every part of the stereoscope is made in the best manner. The lens are of extra fine quality and selected for clearness and brilliancy. Many evenings of entertainment can be gotten from this outfit and you can enjoy a trip around the world by having a stereoscope and set of views in the home. We have just gotten a large number of these outfits at a ridiculously low price and it thus enables us to give our club workers a chance to secure this choice assortment on very favorable terms.

Club Offer. For a club of three 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send the complete outfit consisting of Stereoscope and fifty views all securely packed sent post-paid without any cost to you whatever. Do not fail to send at once for this premium so that not only yourself but your friends can enjoy it. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A BABY DOLL AND A DOLL Free! AS BIG AS BABY Free!

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.

These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You

get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eye; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk



and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or one of lighter weight.

A Baby Doll Free

We will give you two dolls for the former price of one. With each Twenty Inch Doll we will give you an extra doll absolutely free. The seven inch baby doll is included with the Big Doll, and both have some new features this year.

DOLLS AND BABY DOLLS FREE. For two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months we send A Doll set, One Large and One Small Doll, a club of three subscribers secure Four Dolls, a double set, Two large and Two small. Four subscribers at 25c. each secure six dolls, Three large and Three small. If you are now a subscriber to COMFORT you secure Two Dolls for sending one new subscription at 25c. and 15c. extra, 35c. in all. Order early please. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT. 80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.



Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other Stamping Outfits makes us realize the importance of every careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT.

1 Pillow Top design, size 18x18 inches; 3 Different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Round pincushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 for the design for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece 18x18 inches; 1 Doll design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violet design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cape; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Ladies Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of violets for hemstitched squares, etc.; 1 Spray each of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch Collar design; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linen, etc.; 1 Complete set initials, 1-2 in. high, old English for table linen, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 1 Centerpiece size 8x8 inches, for French eyelet embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table cover; 1 skirt panel design; 2 Butterfly designs; 1 Bird design, size 2 1/2x5 1/2 inches; 1 American Flag; 1 English Flag; 3 Leaf designs; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Opera Bag design; 1 Poppy design, size 3x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

This is an entirely new Outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT. It represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one ink pad. With each Outfit we also include free a copy of "Stitches in Embroidery" by Mme. Du Parquet invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this Outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, for one SWEETHEART STAMPING OUTFIT post-paid as shown and described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drunkards Saved Secretly

Any Lady May Do It At Home—
Costs Nothing To Try.



Every Woman in the World May Save Some Drunkard.

At last, drunk no more, no more. A treatment that is tasteless and odorless, safe absolutely so; heartily indorsed by temperance workers; can be given secretly by any lady in tea, coffee or food; effective in its silent work—the craving for liquor relieved in thousands of cases without the drinker's knowledge, and against his will. Will you try such a remedy if you can prove its effect, free to you? Then send the coupon below for a free trial package, today.

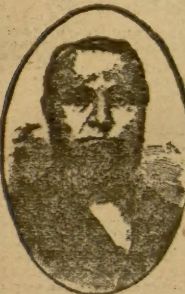
Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company,
3381 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

A WOMAN MAYOR—Mrs. Susie Wissler, a widow, has been elected mayor of Dayton, Wyo., on the independent ticket. A majority of votes were cast by women. More and more, the women are coming to the front.

RUPTURE SUFFERERS AH-OY!



Let an old sea-captain's experience be of aid to you. My book will tell you all about how I was badly ruptured, how I tried trusses, etc., in vain and how, after all was said and done, I got hold of something which quickly and permanently healed me. If you want to be rid of rupture, lengthen your life and enjoy contentment, just write me for my book; I will send it with Free Remedy if you write now. You needn't send a cent. I want you, like

many others, to afterward write that you are deeply gratified at having found a true cure at last. Address CAPT. W. COLLINGS, Box 57H, Watertown, New York

A Day with Uncle Charlie

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

though I am delighted to see them and ever eager to grasp the hand of a friend, few people seem to realize the fact that a visit of several hours' duration is a terrible physical strain on a sick man. Then another third of the time I am almost completely down and out and unable to see anyone or do anything except have the newspapers and my mail read to me. The harassing thought that mail needs attention, and that work is getting behind, makes days of illness the more unbearable and terrible. I know that the instant I am well enough to attend to things, we must go at breakneck speed to make up for lost time. Thus it often happens all day Sunday and far into the night the typewriter is clicking and body and brain are being pushed to the limit to make up for lost time. Of rest and recreation Maria and I know nothing. I've not had a day's vacation in sixteen years, and except the Bible have been unable to read a book through since 1897. I can only glance at and digest passages in works on economics and sociology that the faithful, studious Maria has marked for my perusal. It is hustle, speed and drive 365 days in the year. Everything has to be done on schedule time, and time lost must be made up somehow. I am surrounded with everything that makes the invalid's life bearable, but there are those more helpless than I who look to me for support, and I have worries, cares, responsibilities and burdens to carry that would crush a dozen average well men. I dream of rest and peace and freedom from the grind of everyday toil, and rest is the only thing that would give me bodily ease, but if I had the kind of life I now crave, in two days I'd be longing to be back in harness again, and I have to be in harness and must wear out and not rust out, for when I can no longer keep up the fight I must in common with all others situated as I am, go down in the struggle. But when the end comes you will find me still in armor, fighting to the end for right against moneyed might, battling for the down-trodden, underpaid masses, championing with my last breath the cause of the under dog and demanding justice, righteousness and the square deal, not for a few but for all. It's a glorious fight and I would rather be helpless on a bed of sickness for a thousand years, privileged to engage in such a fight with brain and pen, than live a life of luxury and ease as thousands do in a world filled with poverty, ignorance and misery, caring naught who suffers from want, who sinks or swims, as long as I had all my wants supplied. The average and callous of wealth who "has got his" is indifferent and callous to the want and misery that surrounds him and he can speed his luxurious car through the slums where hunger, disease and wretchedness ever exist, without a qualm of conscience, or feeling the least perturbed at the sickening sights around him. As for me my sentiments find full and complete expression in the following couplet taken from a little poem of mine:

While there's a soul that's chained by want and struggling to be free
The wealth were mine, this earth would hold no happiness for me.

CHINAMAN SHIPPED AS EXPRESS MATTER.—An express company established a precedent when Gee Fong, a Chinese, en route from lower California to Vancouver, as express matter, was delivered at his destination. Gee was released by the immigration authorities and lost no time in starting for the Chinese quarter, accompanied by relatives, who met him at the pier. The express company was under bond to the United States government to prevent Gee's escape while passing through United States territory.



BIG MAIL FREE

Your NAME PRINTED in our Mailing Directory and sent to firms all over the world so they can send you FREE Samples, Catalogs, Books, Papers, Magazines, etc. Send 25c to cover cost of printing your name and you'll receive a big mail FREE. Proof: In 1912, Gentlemen—I have already received 2000 parcels of mail, and still they come, scores of papers, samples, magazines, etc., for which I had often paid 10 to 25c each. L. T. Jans, Send to Big Mail Co., 1128 F. Foster Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

A PAIR OF

Nottingham Lace Curtains

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has
Just Been Added for Selection to All Who
Send a

Club of Only 5 New Names.

The Curtains are full width and just what anyone needs to adorn the home with. Everyone of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of Lace Curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as \$6.00 or \$8.00 a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

SPECIAL OFFERS. If you will send us a club of only 5 subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send one pair of Curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only nine 25-cent fifteen month subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 14 subscriptions at 25c. each. COMFORT goes to each subscriber 15 months and Curtains to you.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

How Is Your Health?

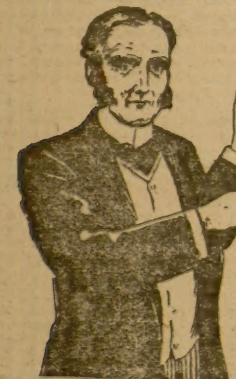
If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel
Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary OXEN REMEDIES, consisting of one 25 cent Oxien Porous Plaster and samples of the Oxien Pills together with a free Sample Box of Oxien Tablets the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to



Send for
a
FREE
BOX
of
OXIEN
(One Week's Supply)

Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 32 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Two Wheel Chairs in October

163 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Two wheel chairs again in October, the same as in September, but November will surely lift us out of the rut. The Wheel-Chair Club always does good work in November, and I am confident that you will respond to my appeal and make this month an occasion of thanksgiving to as many wheel-chair applicants as possible. So hurry along your wheel-chair subscriptions and I will hurry off the Thanks-giving wheel chairs.

Mrs. Sarah M. Howell of Gainesboro, Tenn., gets one of the October chairs, as she heads the list with 132 subscriptions to her credit. The other goes to Mrs. Emily Doolittle, Wayland, N. Y., who stands next with 106 subscriptions.

The world is largely actuated by selfish motives, but our Wheel-Chair Club is based on pure philanthropy, and so I believe that our good friends who support its noble charity will feel that they cannot celebrate Thanksgiving in its true spirit unless they have done something to help the unfortunate. There is no better, no easier, no more effective way to do so than by getting subscriptions for the Wheel-Chair Club.

You can all do something, more or less, and every little counts. Do your best for the Wheel-Chair Club this month, and be it much or little you will celebrate your Thanksgiving in the true spirit, knowing that you have shared it with the unfortunate.

The following letters of thanks from grateful shut-ins for their COMFORT wheel chairs, and this month's Roll of Honor will surely interest you.

With season's greeting and best wishes to you all,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in during the month of October, one wheel chair will be sent to the first subscriber in the list who is entitled to one. I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little easier each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Can Wheel Himself all Around in the House and Out on the Porch

CIVIT, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have just received my wheel chair and it is fine. I can wheel all around the house in it and out on the porch. I am more than pleased with it, and I want to thank you and Mr. Gannett and all who helped me get the chair. May God bless you all. Gratefully yours, BENNIE LONG.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Enables This Shut-In to Get Out of Doors

CAMP, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My wheel chair arrived safely, and I am delighted with it. I hardly know how to express my thanks to you, and to all who helped me get the chair. I can get out of doors without any trouble now. Again thanking you for all your kindness, Gratefully yours, CLEVE WINGATE.

Can Get Around So Easily in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

ROUND HILL, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My wheel chair arrived safely, and I could never tell you how pleased I am with it. I can get around so easily now. God bless Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett, and all who helped me get this chair. Your grateful friend, LORETTA HASEY.

Can Get Out in Her Wheel Chair to Enjoy the Sunshine and Fresh Air

REARDAN, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My wheel chair came safely to hand. I am greatly pleased with it. I can get out of doors now to enjoy the sunshine and the fresh air. I want to thank you and all kind friends who helped to earn this chair. Very gratefully yours, MRS. O. P. NELSON.

Crippled Girl Goes to Church in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

BIG ROCK, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My daughter received her wheel chair safely and is delighted with it. She is so helpless she can't wheel herself in it, but it is so much easier, than to have to carry her, as we had to do before we got the chair. She has been to church in it twice. May God bless you Uncle Charlie, and all kind friends who helped us get this chair. Your grateful friend, MRS. LULU MITCHELL.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

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Engraved Gold Bracelet. Three Year Guarantee.



14 Kt. Gold Finish
Hand Engraved.

THIS ROUND BRACELET with artistic engraving and unique SPRING FASTENING is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like Solid Gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter, we consider it a beautiful pattern. Your Initial or Initials may be engraved on the shield, or not, as you choose. This bracelet is a Summer of 1913 style so you will want one while they are fashionable and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offers: Send us only one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one of these beautiful Bracelets free. It positively must be a new subscription. Send 10 cents extra, 35 cents in all, if for your own sub. or a renewal. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE IDEA OF A WOMAN

Having Pimples, Blackheads, Superfluous Hair and Other Facial Blemishes and Appearing in Public is Positively Repulsive.

Why Should any Woman be Thin, Scrawny and Homely When She has it in Her Power to be as Beautiful as Her More Fortunate Sister? A Well Known Beauty Reveals Secrets of Beautifying That Every Woman Should Know; Also tells How to Remove Wrinkles and Develop the Best to Beautiful Proportions, by New Discovery. Let this Woman Send You FREE Everything She Agrees and Beautifully Your Face and Form Quickly.

This clever woman by her marvelous and simple methods has brought about a wonderful change in her face in a night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust her method is truly wonderfully rapid. She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen. She made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

You can imagine her joy when, by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, but a common sense method.

It is simply astonishing the thousands of women who write regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment. It is beautifying their faces and forms after beauty doctors and other methods have failed. No woman need be unattractive any longer. She has it in her power now to be beautiful, attractive and fascinating.

Ethel Baker of New York, writes: "My bust, which was once flat and scrawny, is nicely developed."

E. Walbel, of N. J., writes: "I was always troubled with hair on my arms, but now they are as clear of it as the palm of my hand."

Gertrude Morrow, of Pa., writes: "Your beauty treatment causes the wrinkles to quickly disappear."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cunningham is sending FREE to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womanhood, as it makes known her remarkable but simple methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles; How to develop the figure quickly; How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; How to remove superfluous hair instantly; How to clear the skin of blackheads, pimples and chins; How to remove dark circles under the eyes; How to quickly remove double chin; How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body; How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling; How to stop forever perspiration odors.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cunningham, Suite B236-2637 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particularly simple and this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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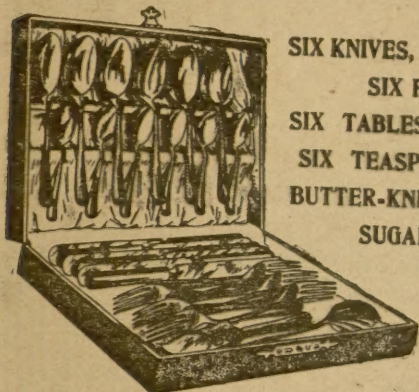
Can Get Around So Easily in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

ROUND HILL, KY.

A black and white illustration of a woman in profile, facing left, with a joyful expression. She is wearing a high-collared dress with a patterned bodice. She holds a large, open sack that is overflowing with coins. The sack has text printed on it: "50,000 PAID TO MARY". The coins are depicted as simple ovals with a cross-like pattern on one side. The illustration is in a classic, woodcut style.

ENTER NOW: Win a November Prize: Win Double in December. Win a Grand Prize, too.

Twenty - Six Piece Table Silver Set



SIX KNIVES,
SIX FORKS,
SIX TABLESPOONS,
SIX TEASPOONS,
BUTTER-KNIFE,
SUGAR

SHELL,
own and have it now at the liberal subscription offer we can now make.

Attractively arranged in a lined case, as shown in our illustration. You need no longer wish for a SILVER SET. Here we offer it in a very substantial HINGED COVER CASE, covered with EMBOSSED PLUSH, a metal clasp, intended to be displayed in your DINING-ROOM where it serves both as an ornament and a receptacle for the Silver when not in use. Chests and Cases of Solid Silver look no better and serve their purpose no more satisfactorily than these sets we offer for a few subscribers.

The combination of pieces is just right, splendid patterns in the right quantities, substantially made on hard metal base highly plated, are durable, wearable, useful and satisfying all through.

COMBINATION SILVER SETS are a new style and are in great demand, all the jewelers show and sell them, so you should have one of your own and have it now at the liberal subscription offer we can now make.

Club Offer. Send us only 15 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for a complete 26 piece set in lined, leatherette-covered hinged case. To be sent to your own (or nearest) express office free of charge.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Cathedral Angel Chimes

Three Sweet Musical Bells. A New and Striking Musical Novelty Suitable both for Ornament and Amusement all the year round.

Cathedral Angel Chimes consist of 5 beautiful Angels with trumpets, 3 candle sticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor. Surmounting the whole, imposed over the turbine, the Herald Angel with trumpet, the machine being twelve inches high and six inches broad. It is made of bright silver nickel-plated metal, the turbine is finished in blue enamel with gilt stars. Then we have an added feature in our New Chimes; under the three musical bells is a metal tablet upon which in eight or more colors is the beautiful picture of the Birth of Christ in a Manger. The effect is as though it were hand painted, and is very beautiful and inspiring.

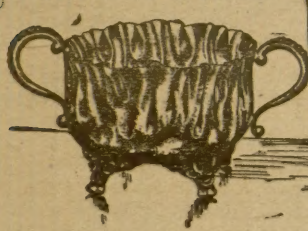
The Chimes are so constructed that when the candles are lighted the turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the turbine to revolve, the pendant bells strike gently on the bells in succession, and as the bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkling of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal parts lends delight to the occasion for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially for table decoration in sitting- or dining-rooms, making a splendid centerpiece, and one never tires of the sweet chimes tinkling. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by reversing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operate. Any one can do it and we warrant every machine to work to satisfaction.

Club Offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, paid for by the club.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPLENDID THREE-PIECE SILVER SET

The Smaller Round Dish for Candy, Olives, Nuts, Whipped Cream or Pickles.



The Seven-Inch Dish for Salad, Fruit, Nuts and Candy.

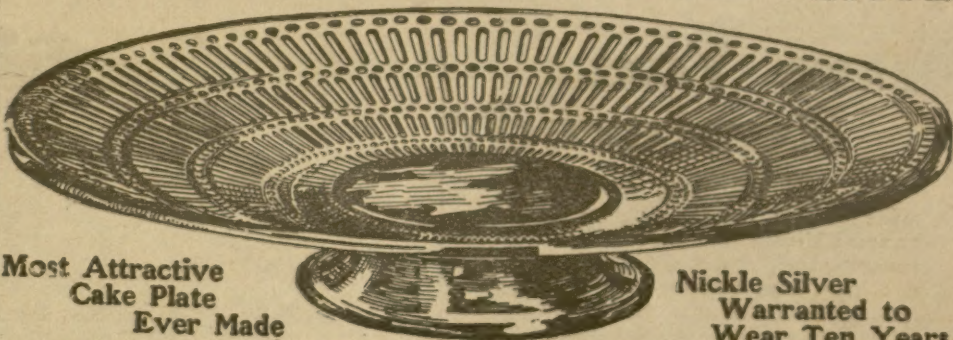


The illustration represents only the general style of the three-piece set. One gets no idea from this of the unusual beauty, nor of the effectiveness of this ruffled silver effect. The whole set or single pieces will prove exceptionally useful. A cream pitcher, sugar bowl and the large dish make up the set. The large dish may be used for berries, fruit, nuts, whipped cream, jelly, preserves or other purposes, or if preferred as an ornament for the table or mantle, but the pitcher will be useful daily on the dining table, or may be kept for best, and the same with the sugar bowl, which will oftentimes be of use for other things, such as olives, nuts or whipped cream. These sets are unusually large, full size, practical size, the big bowl is seven inches in diameter, four inches high, with capacity of at least three pints, the sugar bowl and cream pitcher are of just the right size, have four feet and handles. Each piece is gold lined and will positively wear for years and give entire satisfaction.

Club Offer. Send only 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for this Gold Lined Silver Set of three pieces, which will be sent by mail or express prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NEW PIERCED DESIGN CAKE PLATE



Most Attractive
Cake Plate
Ever Made

Nickle Silver
Warranted to
Wear Ten Years

Old style high pedestal cake plates with a ball or handle are now succeeded by this new design pierced plate, which we are unable to properly display in the above illustration. This ten inch in diameter plate is very low, the pedestal is not over three quarters of an inch high, the plate itself is but slightly elevated above the table surface, giving the pleasing low effect. A cake plate ten inches across the top is very generous in size and will accommodate a number of pieces or a few, as necessarily requires. There is another very popular use for the pierced design odd pieces of china, silver, etc. Nothing can be more suited to display than this Basket, on plate rail or sideboard, and it matters not how much or how many pieces you may have, this especially attractive pierced design plate will prove a valuable acquisition to your Dining-Room. For lunches and teas, for dainties and small cakes or cookies and sandwiches this plate is designed, and many prefer to speak of them as Sandwich Plates rather than cake plates. Many catalogue houses mention them only as sandwich plates. Many patterns made up in sterling silver and warrant it to wear at least ten years, for only a few subscribers to COMFORT as per the club offer following.

Club Offer. Although these Plates are very expensive we find it possible to offer one free for only ten subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months, and we deliver, free of expense to you, by mail or express.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Speaking and Sleeping DOLL FREE

Can Say PAPA and MAMA
I am the Prettiest, Daintiest, Sweetest
Lace-Dressed Doll you ever saw

Observe my Beautiful Raiment. Lace-trimmed Gown and Hat. Openwork Hose, Low Shoes with Buckle and all sorts of frills and furbelows.

This newest premium is a Special Extra Large Size Imported French Doll, over a foot tall, and can be made to sleep and speak. To be exact, she measures sixteen and one-half inches from the sole of her feet to the top of her lace hat, requiring a big box eighteen inches long to pack her in. It is one of the most beautifully dressed Dolls ever given away as a premium for so few subscriptions or for such little effort as we require.

This is a wonder Doll and will positively please every little or big girl who receives her from us. Her pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls; her handsome costume of lustrous silk finish; latest fancy trimmed, lace-bordered HAT; lace-trimmed underwear; openwork stockings, dainty low shoes with buckles, etc., etc. She is dressed throughout in the latest Doll fashion.

Our illustration does not do her justice; we can only show about how splendid she is. It would be impossible to show up her charms and graces, but you get a very good idea, and will be delighted when you receive and open the package and see her; and to see her is to love her, she is such a GRAND DOLL BEAUTY.

CLUB OFFER.

For only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send free and post-paid, one of these magnificent, large Dressed Dolls.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS ASSORTMENT EXTRA HEAVY SILVER PLATED WARE.

New offered in eleven different pieces comprising an elaborate and complete assortment. Especially desirable Wedding Gift, equally as desirable to all housekeepers.

Unless you have some of the Spoons in this pattern you have no idea how beautiful it is, with the soft gray frosted handle with high polished blades or bowls. You may think you have enough silverware now; even if you have a variety there is always use for more, especially such very Beautiful ware as we now offer you, and COMFORT is such a great monthly, people readily subscribe, so you actually will obtain these Spoons for but a moment's time.



Club Offers. We have arranged the following schedule of club offers, enabling you to obtain free as much of the assortment as you require, if not all.

For only two 25c. subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: Six Teaspoons, Two Tablespoons, a Dessert-spoon, Sugar Shell, or Butter Knife. For only three subscriptions to COMFORT, we will send your choice: either a Gravy Ladle, Pie Knife, Cold Meat Fork, or Berry Spoon. For a club of twelve subscriptions to COMFORT, a set of Six Knives and Six Forks. A club of thirty subscriptions to COMFORT for the entire assortment of 26 pieces. All must be 25c. fifteen-months subscriptions.

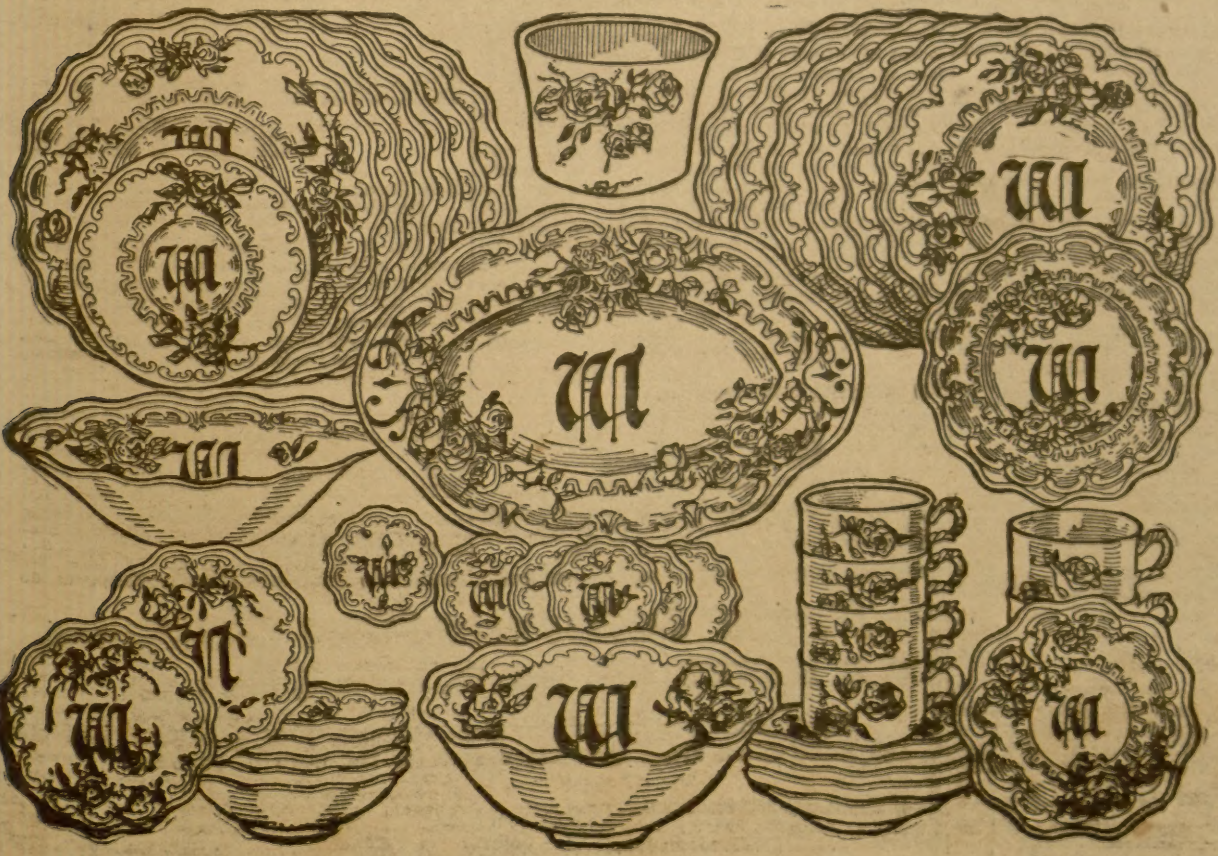
Carefully look over the different articles and decide which ones you desire most then first send in a small trial club for sample after that we are sure you will get the entire assortment when you find how nice the goods are.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FREE for Only Six Subscribers

I Can Say Papa and Mama and also Close My Eyes



FREE This Beautiful Monogram Dinner Set of 42 Pieces

Each Piece Decorated with your Initial in Gold. Positively the Biggest and Finest Dinner Set ever Given Away as a Free Present. Any Lady Can Earn this Set in a Few Hours' Time.

This beautiful Monogram Dinner Set, full size, for family use, consisting of 42 pieces just as shown, is a present that will bring delight to the heart of any housewife and can be had absolutely free of charge for a few hours' easy, pleasant work among your neighbors and the people of your vicinity. This set is made of finest Parisian china, is a pure delicate white and decorated with wild rose design in colors, with the edges traced in gold. It is a set of dishes that you will be proud to own and put on your table and show your friends.

Your own initial in pure gold will be on every piece except the cups and saucers. The set consists of six large plates, six dessert plates, six large cups and saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six butter plates, two large vegetable dishes, one large platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and one gravy bowl, making 42 separate pieces, positively the grandest array of dishes ever offered for this small amount of work.

Club Offer: For only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for fifteen months we will present you with one of these beautiful Monogram 42-Piece Dinner Sets. The set will be carefully packed and shipped by freight upon receipt of the club order. Remember only 14 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months procure this Gold Decorated 42-Piece Initial Dinner Set. State what initial wanted when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It Don't Wear A Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

Are You Ruptured?

If so, the BROOKS APPLIANCE is made for You; You and all other Men, Women and Children who are sufferers from this annoying and dangerous trouble. That truss you have been wearing—one of many you have tried—chafed and irritated you and was worse than nothing. It had springs and pads and harness and straps and fixings galore and was continually getting out of shape—slipping down or working up and always needing attention. Then, there were salves and washes and ointments to make the case worse and harder to bear. I want to say that you will find none of these annoyances and vexations in the BROOKS APPLIANCE. At least they are reduced to a minimum. This APPLIANCE was made with a view to eliminate, to do away with, just such trouble. I would have been foolish to work half a lifetime, thinking out and perfecting a thing that had no advantage or was not better than scores of other inventions upon the market. In my APPLIANCE you will find the old objectionable features LEFT OUT. You will find it easy to wear. You will scarcely realize you are wearing it. There is no binding, drawing and slipping out of place. It does its work effectively and with comfort to the wearer. I want you to read my book, in which I have taken pains to give full particulars about it. Then, there are a few letters printed in it—selected at random from among hundreds written by men and women who have been cured. You can write these folks and see what they say. If I were you I would see to this matter without waiting. You can put off some things without running much risk, but a rupture is a dangerous proposition to neglect. A rupture is not only bad and serious of itself, but it leads to things infinitely worse. Fill out coupon and mail TODAY. Tomorrow will do, but today is better.

Don't Make The Child Wear a Truss Through Life

I want to Reach the Parents of Every Ruptured Child in the Country.

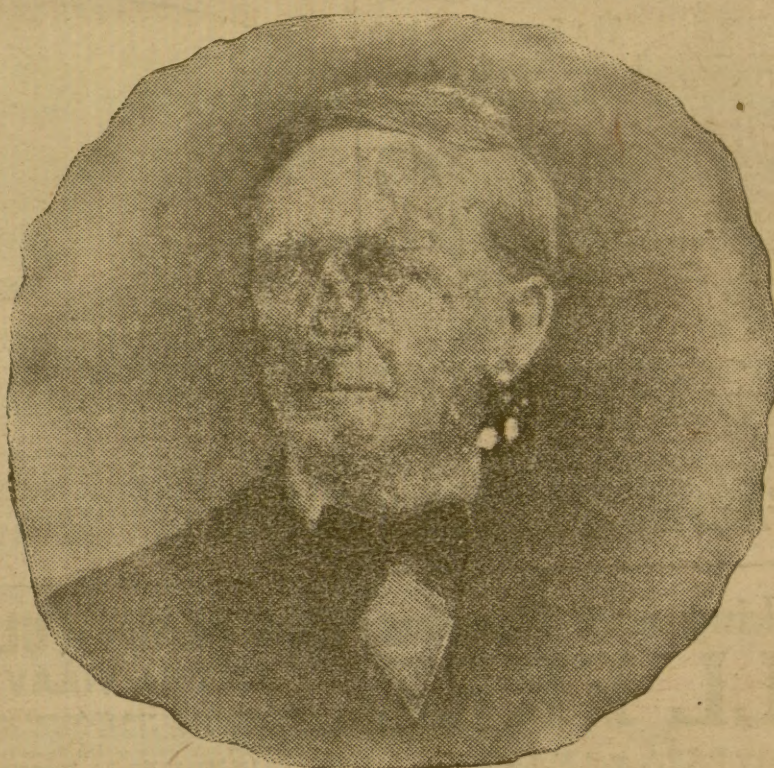
The Truss Is a Flesh Torturing Invention Fit Only As a Relic of Barbarity.

I want them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make for children who are afflicted in this way.



The Brooks Appliance Cured His Rupture. Now He Is As Sound And Whole As, If He Had Never Been Ruptured.

My appliance can be put on any child with perfect safety to the little one. For growing children there is nothing better to be had—no matter how much you pay—than my Appliance. I want the parents or others who may have children in their care to understand that there should be no delay in getting proper help for ruptured children. Every day that the rupture is allowed to go on without the right means of correcting it—just



The above is C. E. Brooks of Marshall, Mich., the Inventor, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you may also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my appliance or not.

so much harder will it be for the child to get rid of it.

No ruptured child can ever be free from the thought of the rupture and it is not fair to any child not to have an equal chance with other children. No matter what we may wish to think—ruptured children do not have an equal chance.

Common trusses do not help. Thousands of men and women know that from their own experience with such trusses. But it is not necessary for children to wear harsh, cumbersome, steel trusses any more.

You may have had to wear something like this but don't make your child do it. Give the child something better.

My Appliance is better and I want to prove it to you.

I will make an Appliance to the child's measure, send it on TRIAL—put it into your hands to see and use and then you can say whether it is what I claim or not.

The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with every movement of the child; there is an even, gentle pressure which gradually binds the broken parts together—as you would bind a broken limb—and then no matter how much the child jumps, runs, rolls over or falls down—the pressure is kept up just the same—always drawing the parts together.

Write me today and get all the information—send the coupon.

Others Failed But The Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully, WM. PATTERSON, No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send For Brooks' Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Cured at the Age of 76.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours, SAM A. HOOVER.

High Point, N. C.

Child Cured in Four Months

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly, ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Recommend From Texas Farmer.

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I feel it my duty to let you, and also all people afflicted as I was, know what your Appliance has done for me. I have been ruptured for many years and have worn many different trusses, but never got any relief until I got your Appliance. I put it on last November, but had very little faith in it, but must say I am now cured. I have laid it away—have had it off for two weeks and doing all kinds of farm work with ease. While I was wearing it I had a gripe and coughed a great deal but it held all right. Words cannot express my gratitude towards you and your Appliance. Will recommend it to all ruptured people.

Yours sincerely, J. E. LONG.

Bald Prairie, Texas.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Free Information Coupon

C. E. BROOKS, 42 C. State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....
City.....
R. F. D.....State.....